The Blue Book of FAVORITE SONGS

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THE BLUE BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS
AND
THE GRAY BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS
COMBINED
WITH A SUPPLEMENT

326 Selections, Complete with Music

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"The Golden Book" and "The Gray Book"

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Family of Faith Library

PART ONE

The Golden Book of FAVORITE SONGS

Revised & Enlarged

Responsive Readings

LEADER: *Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,*
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

ASSEMBLY: Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

LEADER: *When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.*
If thou hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,
The Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.
Psalms

UNISON: We hold these truths to be self-evident:
That all men are created equal;
That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights;
That among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;
That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Thomas Jefferson

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

LEADER: *Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*

ASSEMBLY: Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

LEADER: *We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.*

ASSEMBLY: It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground.

LEADER: *The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.*

ASSEMBLY: The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

LEADER: *It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.*

ASSEMBLY: It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. Abraham Lincoln

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LEADER: *God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children,—brothers and sisters all.*

ASSEMBLY: We are citizens of these United States, and we believe our Flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great country, and will show our love for her by our works

LEADER: *Our country does not ask us to die for her welfare; she asks us to live for her, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her.* Mary McDowell

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UNISON: The Flag means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child. We must have but one flag. We must also have but one language. This must be the language of the Declaration of Independence. Woodrow Wilson

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Pledge To The Flag

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

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America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

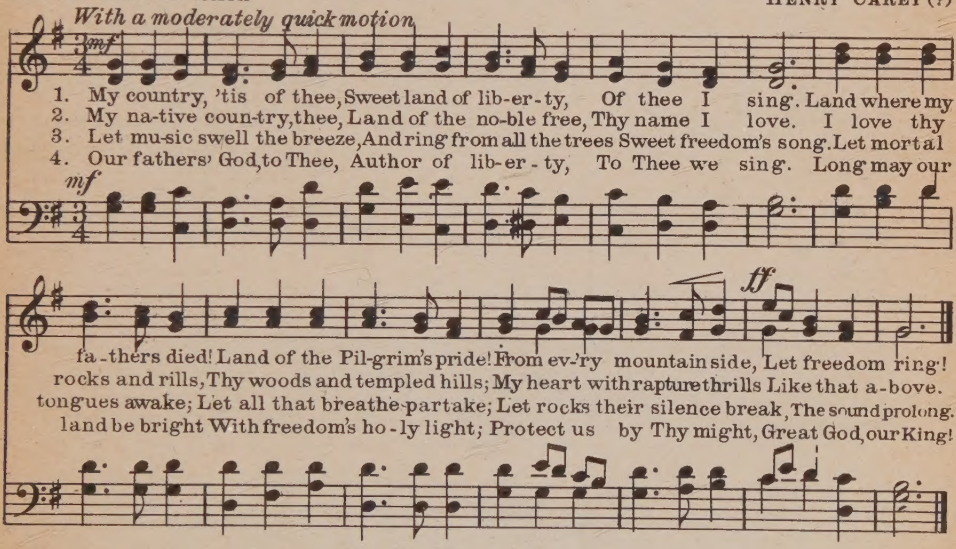
America was written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, a Baptist minister, who was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and died November 16, 1895.

One of Dr. Smith's friends was Lowell Mason, the eminent musician. A friend had given Mr. Mason a lot of German music books. Being unable to read German the musician took the books to Dr. Smith and asked him to translate some of the songs for him.

Dr. Smith says: "Turning over the leaves of the book one gloomy day in February, 1832, I came across the air, 'God save the King.' I liked the music. I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour 'America' was the result. It was written on a scrap of paper I picked up from the table and the hymn of today is substantially as it was written that day."

The hymn was first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street Church, Boston. It did not have great popularity until the Civil War. Since then it has become the best known and most frequently sung of any of our national songs. The origin of the music is uncertain. But one writer aptly says: "There certainly must be something more than ordinarily inspiring in an air which has struck the popular heart of two of the great nations of the earth."

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY (?)


With a moderately quick motion
mf
1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our
mf
ff
fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grim's pride! From ev'-ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

God Bless Our Native Land

(Tune — America)

1. God bless our native land,
   Firm may she ever stand
   Through storm and night!
   When the wild tempests rave,
   Ruler of wind and wave,
   Do thou our country save,
   By thy great might!

2. For her our prayers shall rise,
   To God above the skies,
   On him we wait;
   Thou who art ever nigh,
   Guarding with watchful eye,
   To Thee aloud we cry,
   God save the state!

CHARLES T. BROOKS AND JOHN S. DWIGHT

The American's Creed

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies." — William Tyler Page.

The Star-Spangled Banner

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed under the following circumstances:

It was on the evening of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, that a British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. A Dr. Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochrane's flagship.

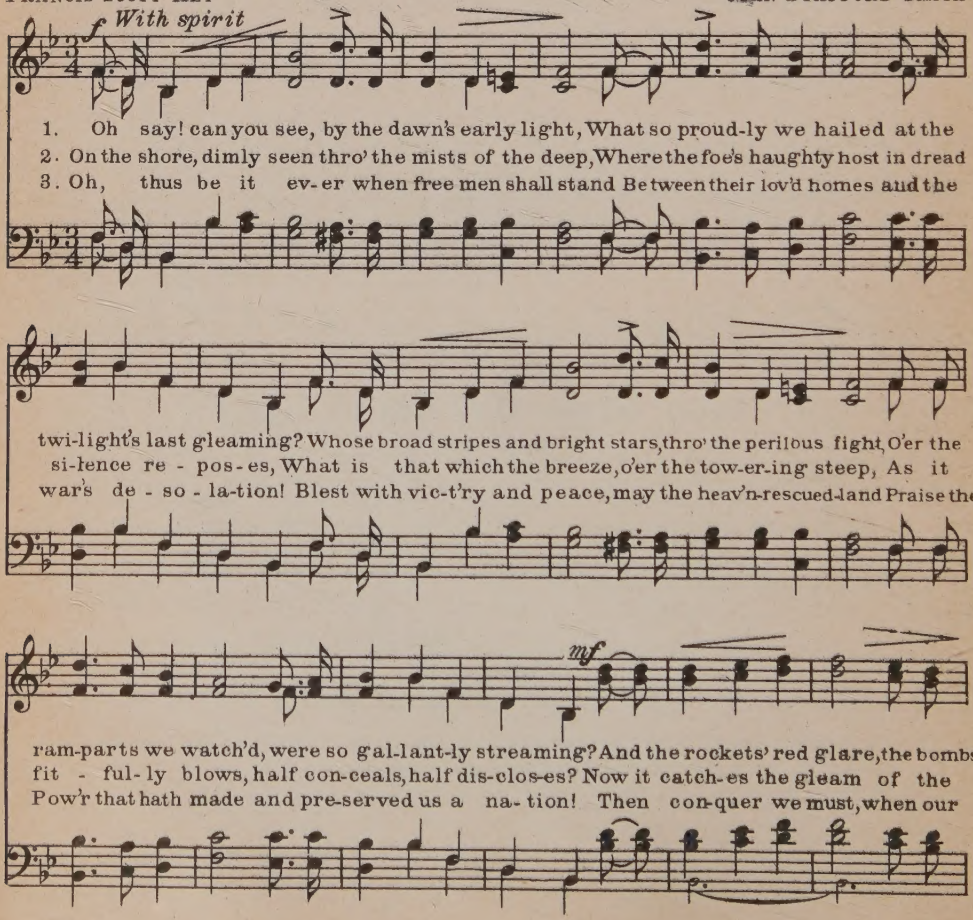
Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beanes, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeaver to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beanes to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13th, the bombardment was kept up, and in the light of the "rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when, in the first rays of dawn of September 14th, he still beheld the same glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of that wonderful song "The Star Spangled Banner."

The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying his poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson, who saw its worth and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to an old English air known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," the composition of which is credited to John Stafford Smith, who is supposed to have written the music some time between 1770 and 1775. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in public by Ferdinand Durang, an actor, in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md.

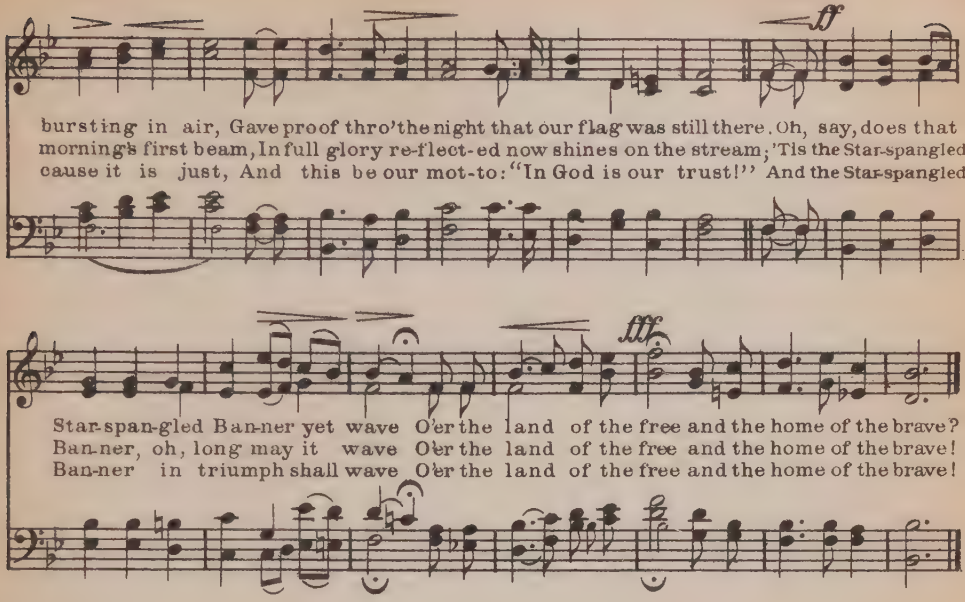
Francis Scott Key was the son of John Ross Key, an officer of the Revolutionary Army. He was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843, leaving "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a monument to his patriotic spirit, and an inspiration to his countrymen.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — JOHN STAFFORD SMITH


With spirit
1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the
twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's de - so - la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued-land Praise the
mf
ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

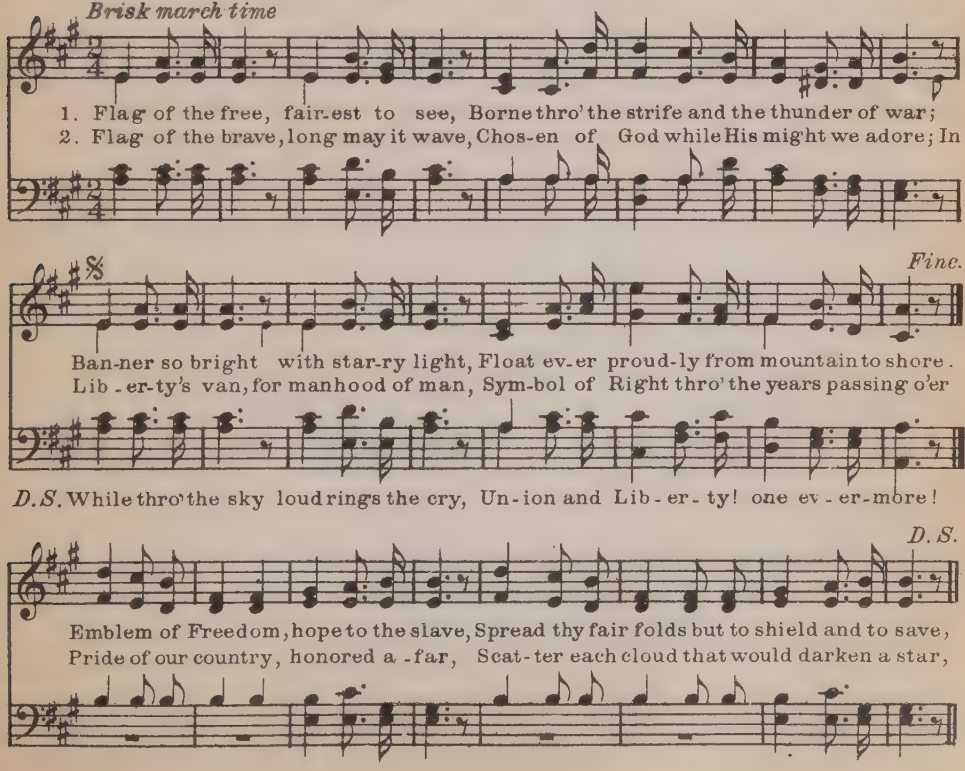
The Star-Spangled Banner—Continued

CHORUS


ff
bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled
fff
Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Flag Of The Free

UNKNOWN — ARR. FROM WAGNER

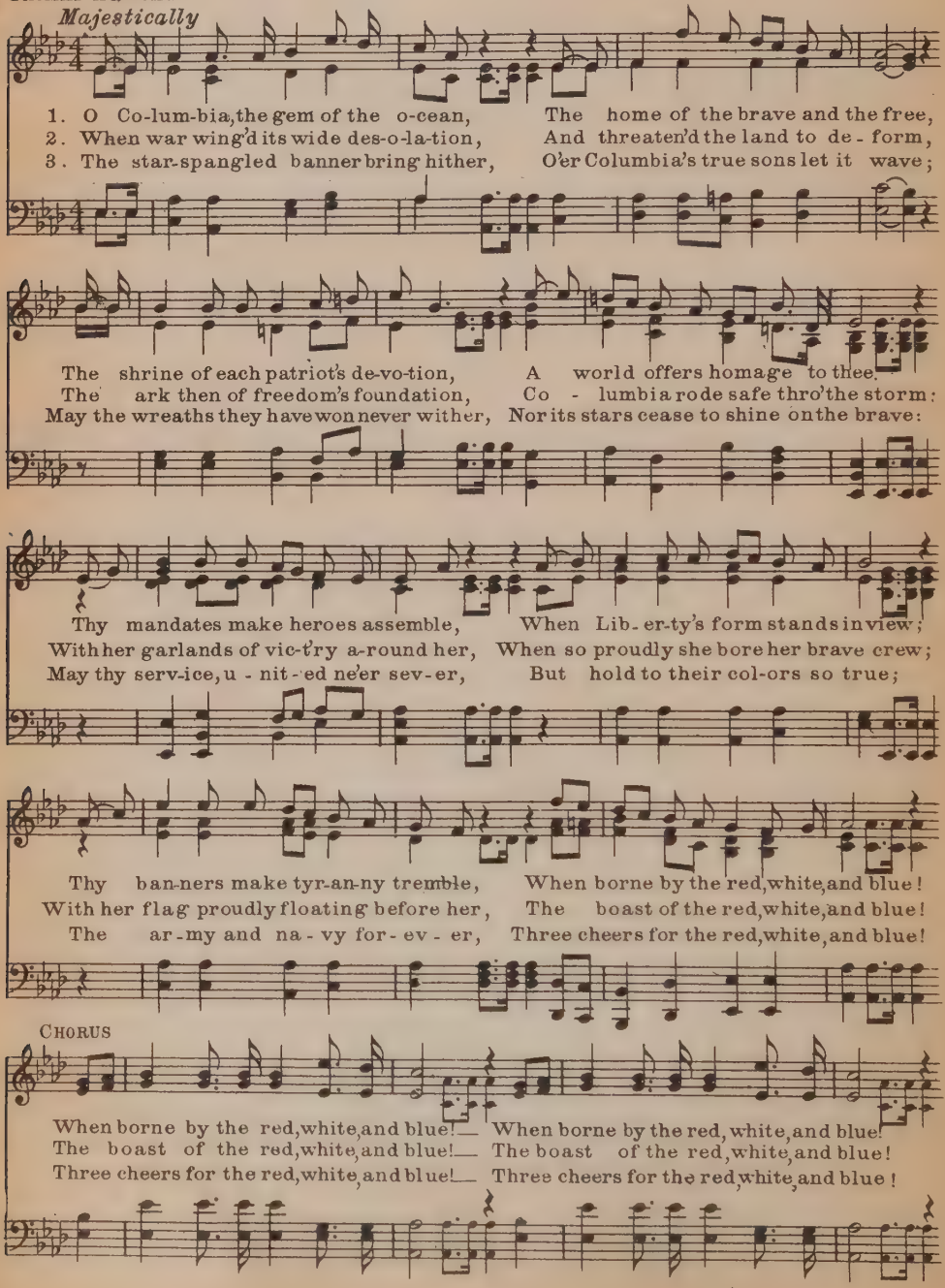

Brisk march time
1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see, Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos-en of God while His might we adore; In
Fine.
Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light, Float ev-er proud-ly from mountain to shore.
Lib-er-ty's van, for manhood of man, Sym-bol of Right thro' the years passing o'er
D.S. While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un-ion and Lib-er-ty! one ev-er-more!
D.S.
Emblem of Freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Pride of our country, honored a-far, Scat-ter each cloud that would darken a star,

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas a Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

THOMAS A BECKET

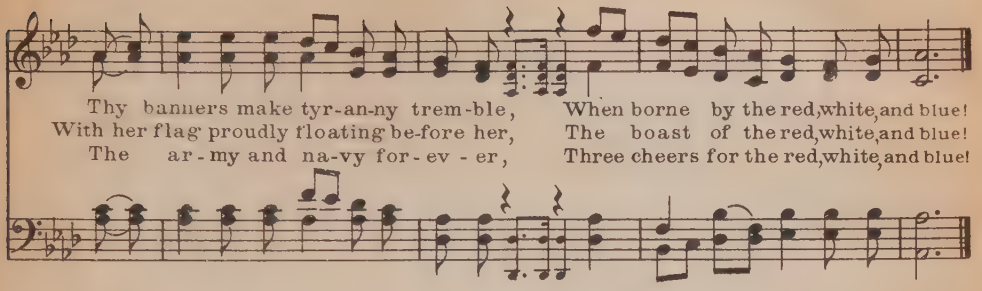
Majestically


1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de - form,
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
May thy serv-ice, u - nit - ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na - vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS

When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Columbia The Gem Of The Ocean—Continued

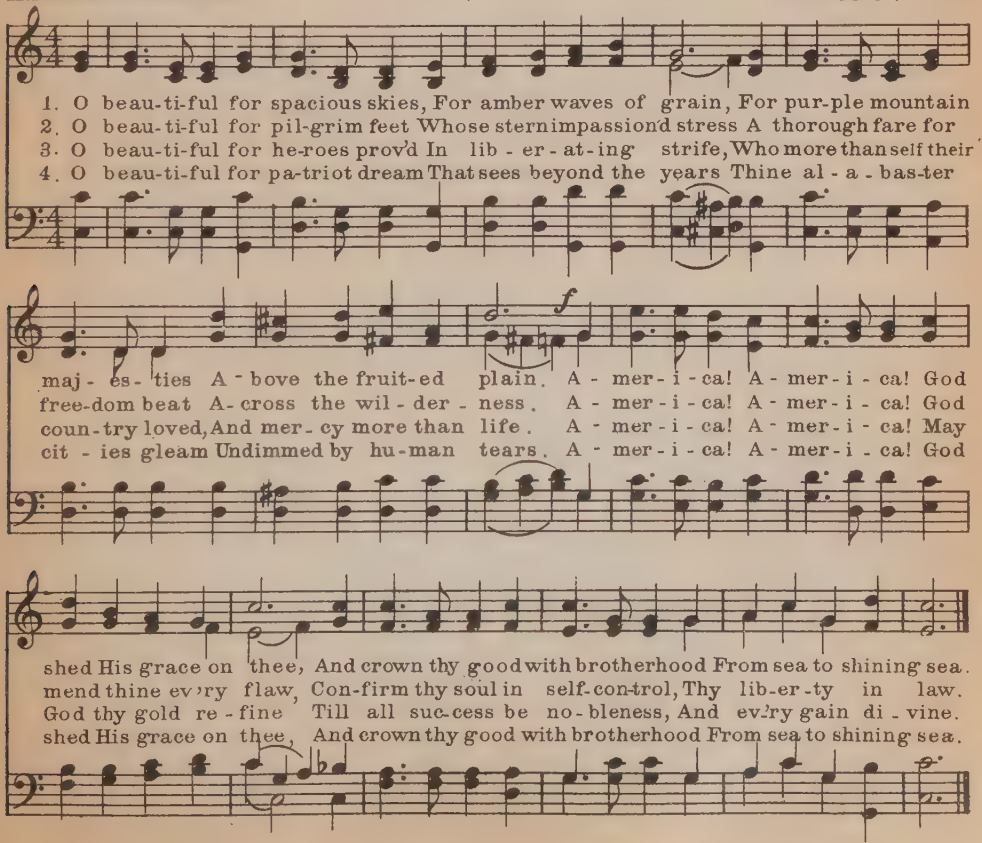

Thy banners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red,white,and blue!
With her flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red,white,and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red,white,and blue!

America, The Beautiful

(Tune—"Materna")

The words of this song were written in the summer of 1893 by Katherine Lee Bates upon her return from her first trip to the summit of Pike's Peak where the opening lines had been inspired by the beautiful view of "spacious skies" and "purple mountain majesties"! They were first printed in a magazine on July 4th, 1895 and were soon after set to music. They have been sung to numerous tunes, but the one given below "Materna," by Samuel A.Ward,is the best known and the one to which "America the Beautiful" is at present most often sung.

KATHERINE LEE BATES — SAMUEL A. WARD


1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For pur-ple mountain
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose sternimpassion'd stress A thorough fare for
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter
maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
coun-try loved,And mer-cy more than life. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May
cit-ies gleam Undimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no-bleness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.
shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

Yankee Doodle

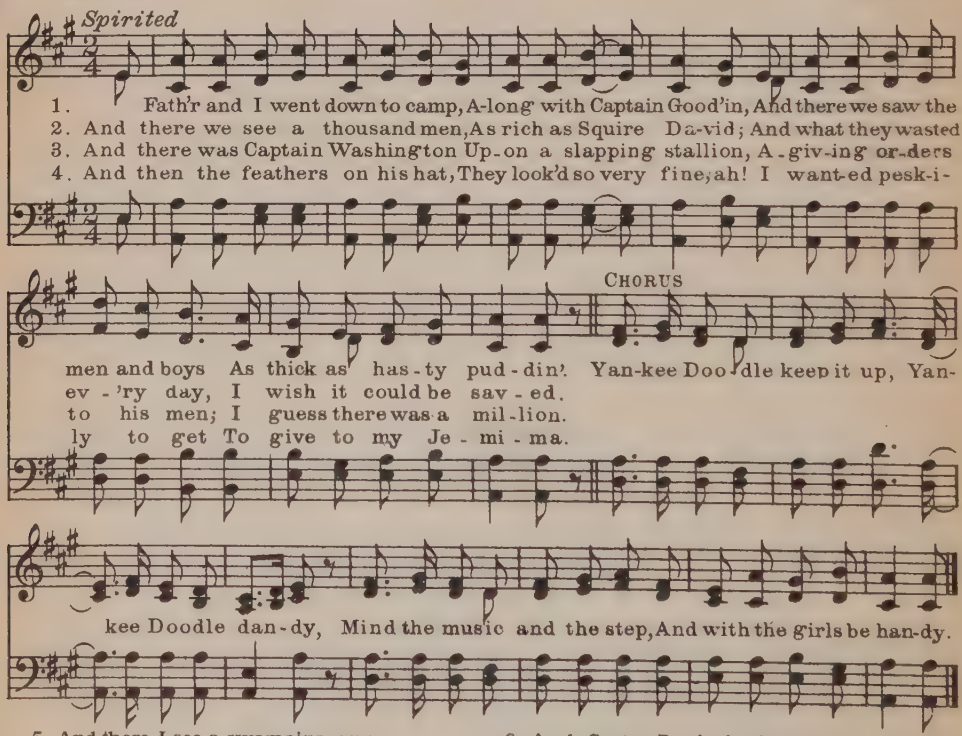
When the Revolutionary War began, the colonists had no national hymn. We are told that during the French and Indian War a Dr. Richard Shackburg in a spirit of dirision gave to the poorly clad and awkward colonial soldiers the words and music of "Yankee Doodle," telling them it was a fine martial tune. When they played it the British were greatly amused. Twenty years after these same militiamen marched to victory at Lexington to this much derided tune, while their British teachers skulked behind fences or sought refuge in retreat. And five years after this Cornwallis marched to the same tune at Yorktown to surrender his sword and his army to General Washington.

Little is known of the history of the tune or of the origin of its name. No doubt it is several hundred years old, but authorities disagree as to its origin. One says the tune was commonly used by the Spaniards. Another claims the song was sung by German harvesters who worked in Holland and who sang a harvest song to this well known air. While another tells us that the Puritans of Cromwell's time were ridiculed as "Naukeys" in a stanza adapted to this same tune.

The word "Yankee" is sometimes given as an Indian corruption of the word English. Or, as has been said, it was a contemptuous term applied to the Puritans. Others claim it to be a cant word, expressing excellence, which originated in New England, but which finally came to be applied to the people of that region as a derisive epithet. "Doodle," according to the dictionaries, means a trifling or simple fellow.

The words which were applied to this tune by the colonists were little more than meaningless doggerel, and are little known now. It is not the lofty sentiment of the words, but the catchy, rollicking tune and the sacred associations, which give this song its place among our national songs.

Dr. SHACKBURG — UNKNOWN


Spirited
1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with Captain Good'in, And there we saw the
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wasted
3. And there was Captain Washington Up-on a slapping stallion, A-giv-ing or-ders
4. And then the feathers on his hat, They look'd so very fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-
CHORUS
men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din'. Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-
ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.
kee Doodle dan-dy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

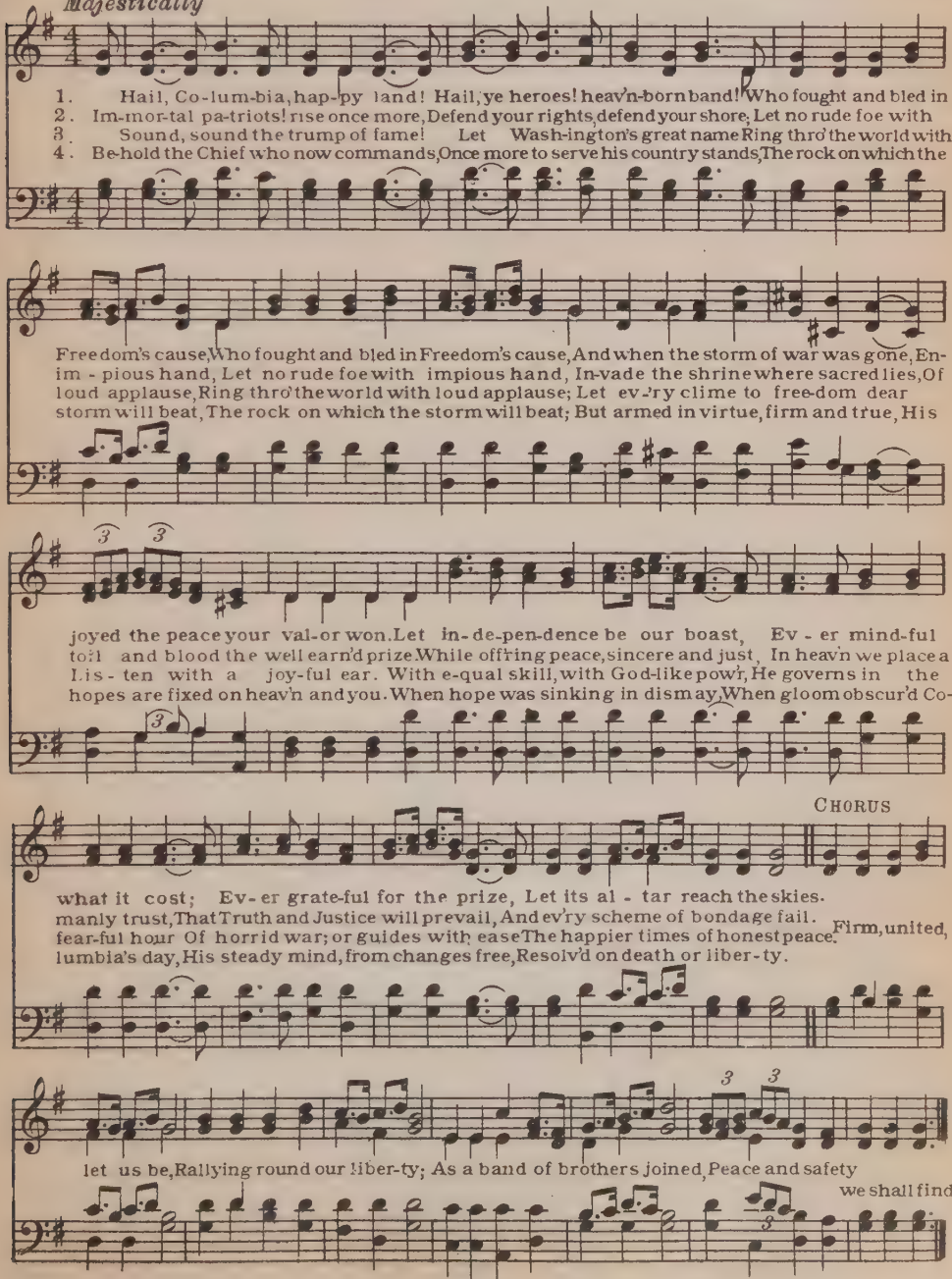
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Hail, Columbia!

The music of this song, originally known as "The Washington March", is generally attributed to Philip Phile. It was written in 1789 as an inaugural march for George Washington. The words were written nine years later by Joseph Hopkinson for a special occasion. At the time, England and France were at war and Americans were being divided by their sympathies for one or the other of these countries. No allusion is made in this song to either of the countries but its purpose was to keep Americans united. This sentiment has won for "Hail, Columbia!" a place among our national songs.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON — Attributed to PHILIP PHILE

Majestically


1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought and bled in
2. Im-mor-tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ington's great name Ring thro' the world with
4. Be-hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the
Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with impious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of
loud applause, Ring thro' the world with loud applause; Let ev'-ry clime to free-dom dear
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in virtue, firm and true, His
joyed the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful
toil and blood the well earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In heav'n we place a
Lis - ten with a joy-ful ear. With e-qual skill, with God-like pow'r, He governs in the
hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When gloom obscur'd Co-
CHORUS
what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
manly trust, That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.
fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The happier times of honest peace.
lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolv'd on death or liber - ty.
let us be, Rallying round our liber-ty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety
we shall find

Dixie

"Dixie Land," or "Dixie," as it is generally called, the most popular of the songs of the South, was written by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio. In 1859, Mr. Emmett was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels," then playing in New York. One Saturday evening he was asked by Mr. Bryant to furnish a new song to be used in the performances the following week. On Monday morning Mr. Emmett took to the rehearsal the words and music of "Dixie". The song soon became the favorite all over the land. In 1860, an entertainment was given in New Orleans. The leader had some difficulty in selecting a march for his chorus. After trying several he decided upon "Dixie." It was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the battle-fields, where it became the great, inspirational song of the Southern Army.

Many different words were written to the tune. Those by Albert Pike, of Arkansas, were much used and are, perhaps, the most worthy of mention.

Like "Yankee Doodle," (with which it holds a close place), the original words of "Dixie" voice no great patriotic sentiment, and the music is not of a lofty character. Yet, like its companion, its notes stirred the hearts and crystallized souls who fought for the "Flag of Dixie."

To-day, to the music of these two strange songs, there echoes the tread of a united people whose hearts are moved alike by the stirring strains, and who as they listen are ready to say with uplifted hands, bared brows, and reverent lips, "We give our heads and our hearts to God, and our Country."

D.D.E. DAN D. EMMETT

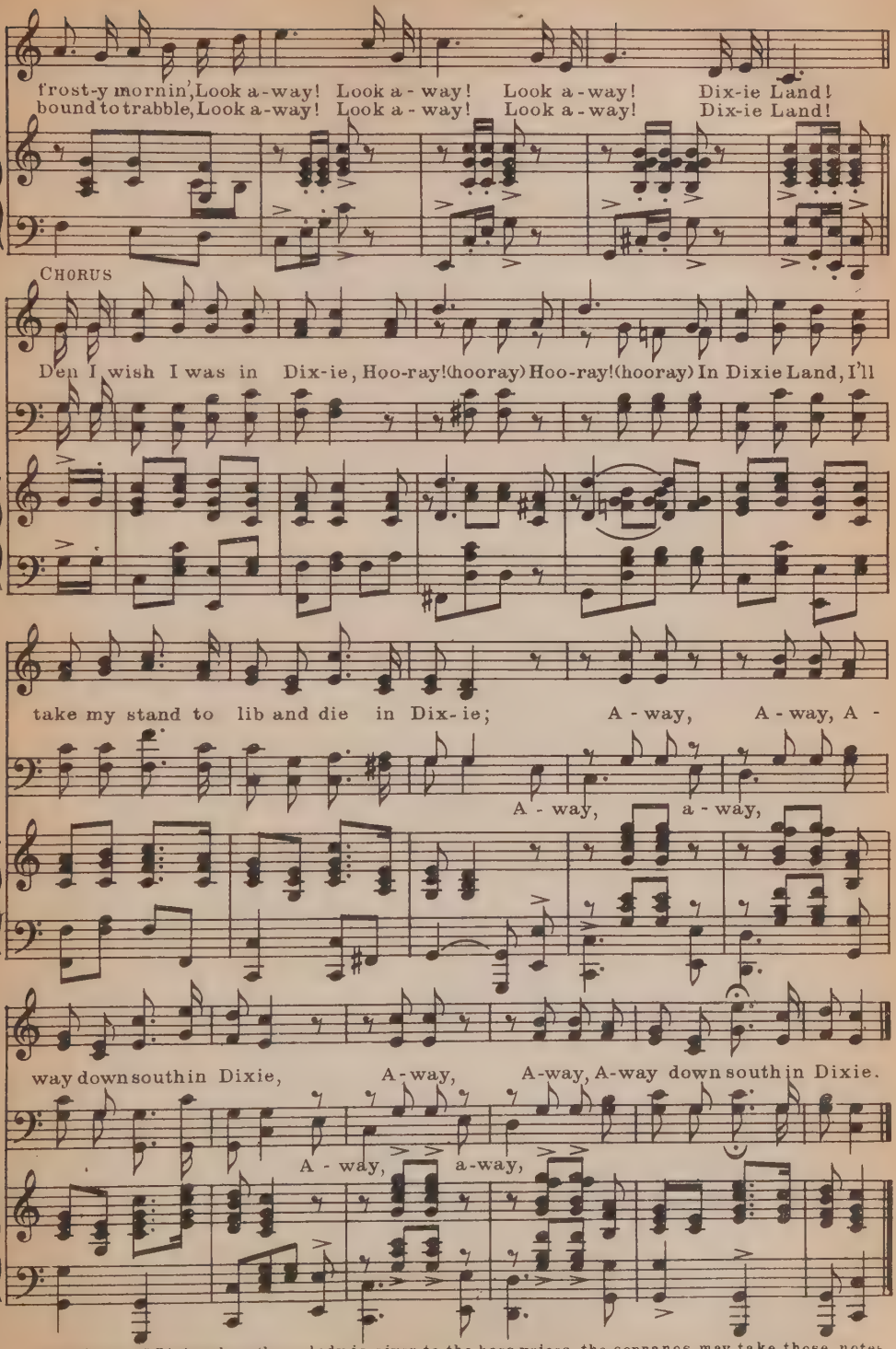
Lively

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Makes you fat, or a lit - tle fatter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie

Land In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To Dix - ie Land I'm

Dixie—Continued


frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land!
bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land!
CHORUS
Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! (hooray) Hoo-ray! (hooray) In Dixie Land, I'll
take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie; A - way, A - way, A -
A - way, a - way,
way down south in Dixie, A - way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.
A - way, a - way,

In the chorus of Dixie, where the melody is given to the bass voices, the sopranos may take those notes two octaves higher than written, if it seems best to have the sopranos on the melody throughout the song.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe, the author of this stirring war song, was born in New York, May 27, 1819, and was married to Dr. S.G. Howe in 1843.

In December, 1861, Dr. and Mrs. Howe, with a party of friends, paid a visit to Washington. Everything about the city had a martial aspect. The railroads were guarded by pickets, the streets were full of soldiers and all about could be seen the "watchfires of a hundred circling camps."

One day the party drove several miles from the city to see a review of the Federal soldiers. An attack by the Confederates caused much excitement and delayed their return. Finally they started back to Washington under an escort of soldiers, and to while away the time they sang war songs, among others, "John Brown."

Waking in the gray dawn of the following morning Mrs. Howe found herself weaving together words to the music she had sung the day before. Fearing she might forget the lines if she slept again, she arose and wrote down the verses of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The poem was first published in the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1862. The verses were published without the author's name, and she received but five dollars for them.

Of this great hymn a recent writer says, "Unlike many of the songs of the Civil War, it contains nothing sectional, nothing personal, nothing of a temporary character. While we feel the beauty of the lines and their aspiration after freedom, even in the piping times of peace, it is only in the time of storm and stress that their full meaning shines out. Written with intense feeling, they seem to burn and glow when our own emotions are aroused."

JULIA WARD HOWE — WILLIAM STEFFE

Moderate march time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi-ery gos-pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

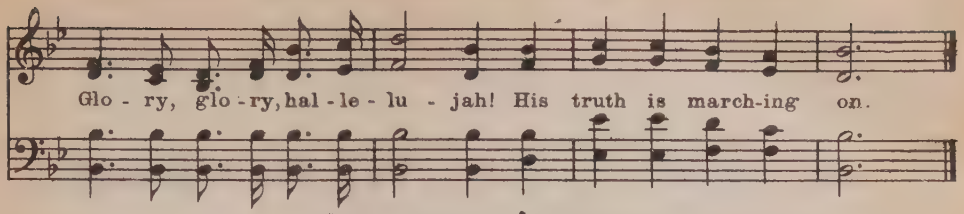
trampling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful
build-ed Him an al-tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
deal with My con-tem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal:" Let the He-ro born of
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men

light-ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.
sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
wom-an crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
ho-ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

Battle Hymn of the Republic — Continued



John Brown's Body

(Tune–Battle Hymn of the Republic)

1.
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!
Chorus:

2.
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!
Chorus:

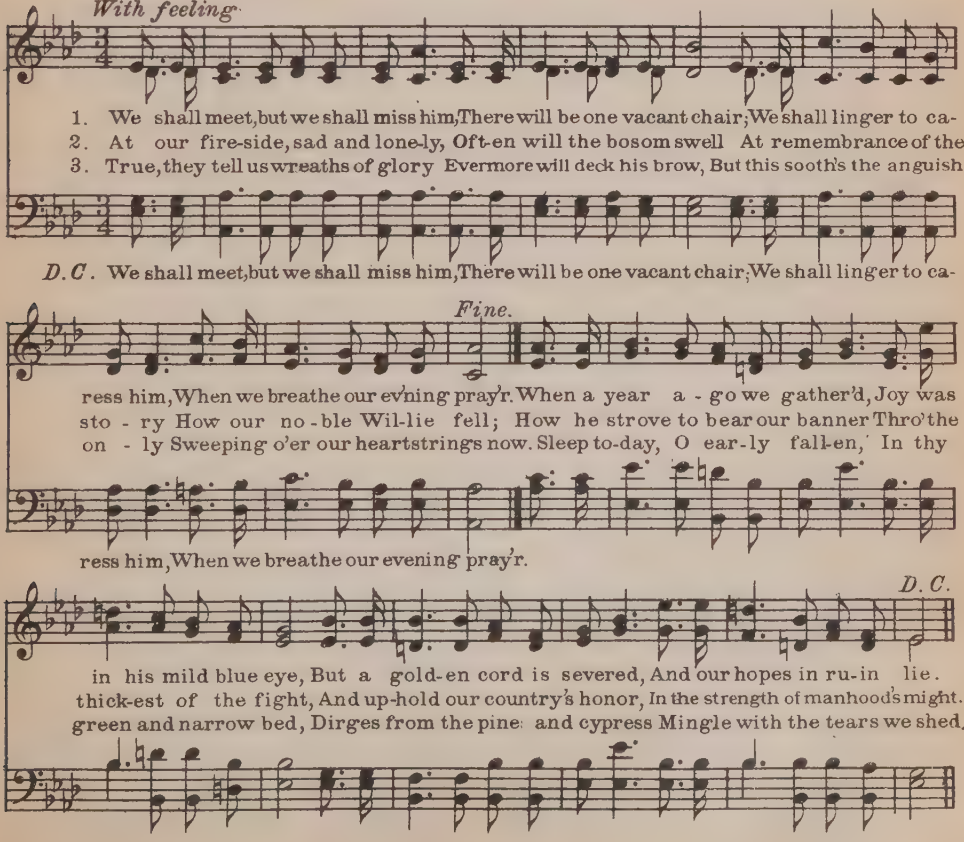
3.
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

4.
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on.

The Vacant Chair

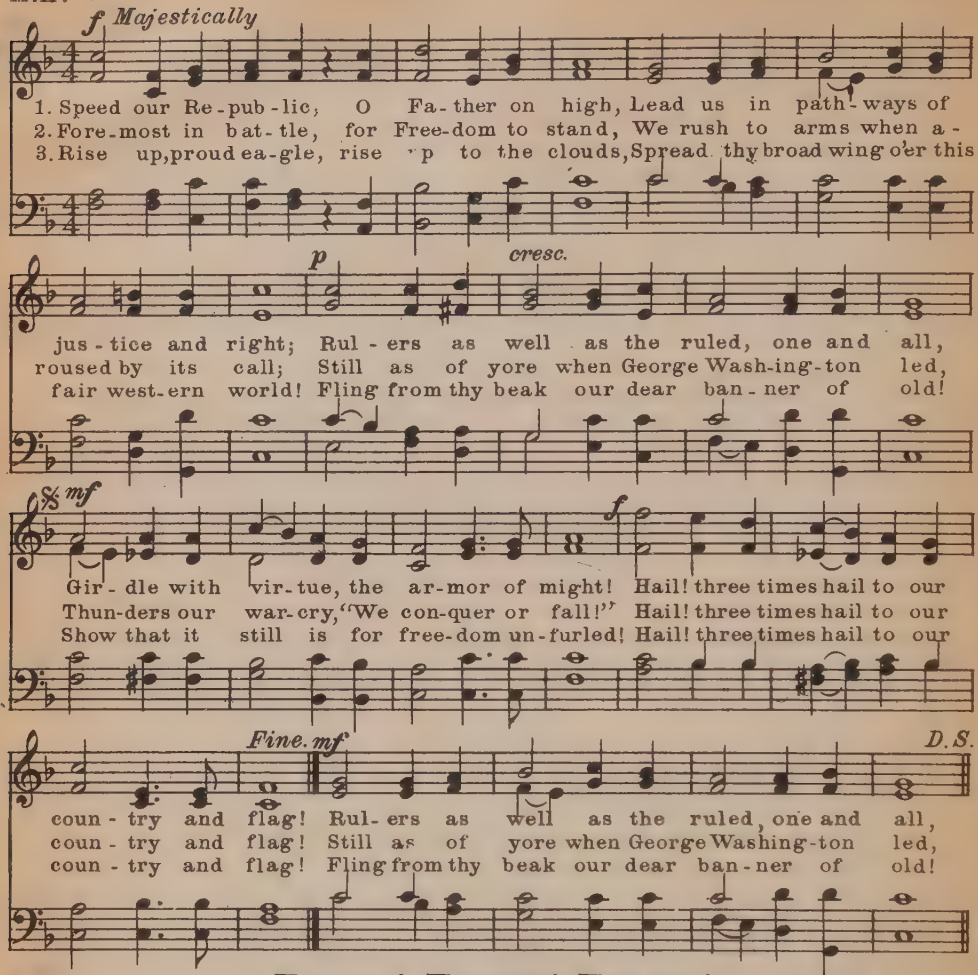
H. S. WASHBURN — GEORGE F. ROOT


With feeling
1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-
2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bosom swell At remembrance of the
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glory Evermore will deck his brow, But this sooth's the anguish
D.C. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-
Fine.
ress him, When we breathe our ev'ning pray'r. When a year a - go we gather'd, Joy was
sto - ry How our no - ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our banner Thro' the
on - ly Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy
ress him, When we breathe our evening pray'r.
D.C.
in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is severed, And our hopes in ru-in lie.
thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's might.
green and narrow bed, Dirges from the pine and cypress Mingle with the tears we shed.

M.K.

Keller's American Hymn

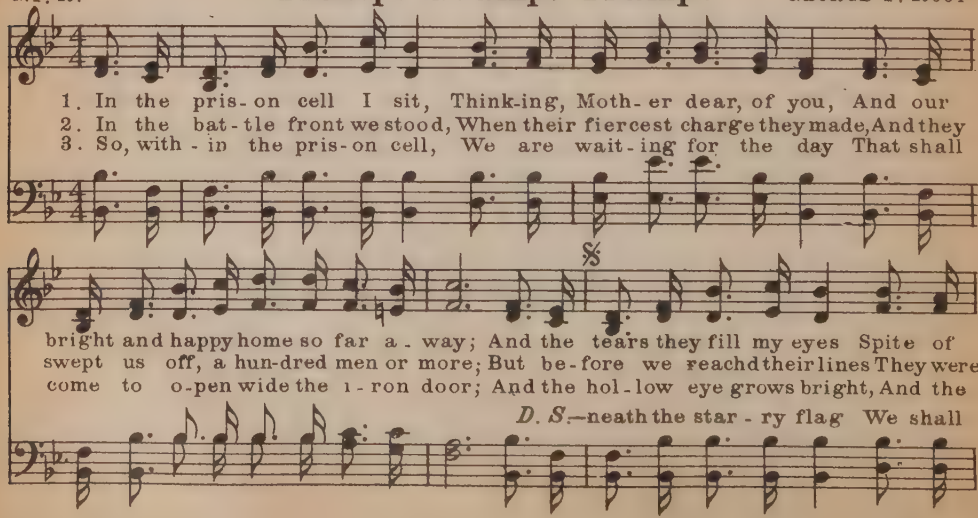
MATTHIAS KELLER


f Majestically
1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Free-dom to stand, We rush to arms when a-
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this
p
cresc.
jus-tice and right; Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!
mf
Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our
Thun-ders our war-cry, "We con-quer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our
Show that it still is for free-dom un-furled! Hail! three times hail to our
f
Fine. mf
D.S.
coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun-try and flag! Still as of yore when George Washing-ton led,
coun-try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban-ner of old!

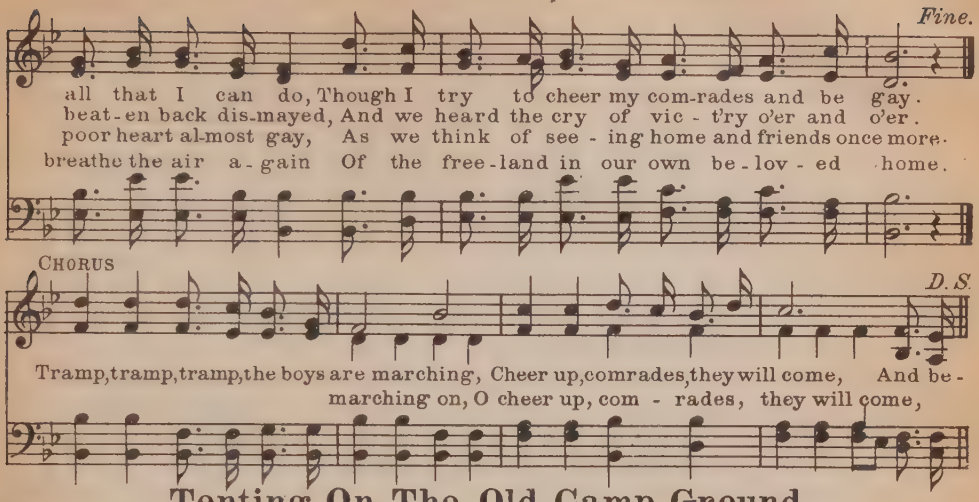
G.F.R.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

GEORGE F. ROOT


1. In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat-tle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall
bright and happy home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be-fore we reached their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the
D. S.—neath the star-ry flag We shall

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!—Continued

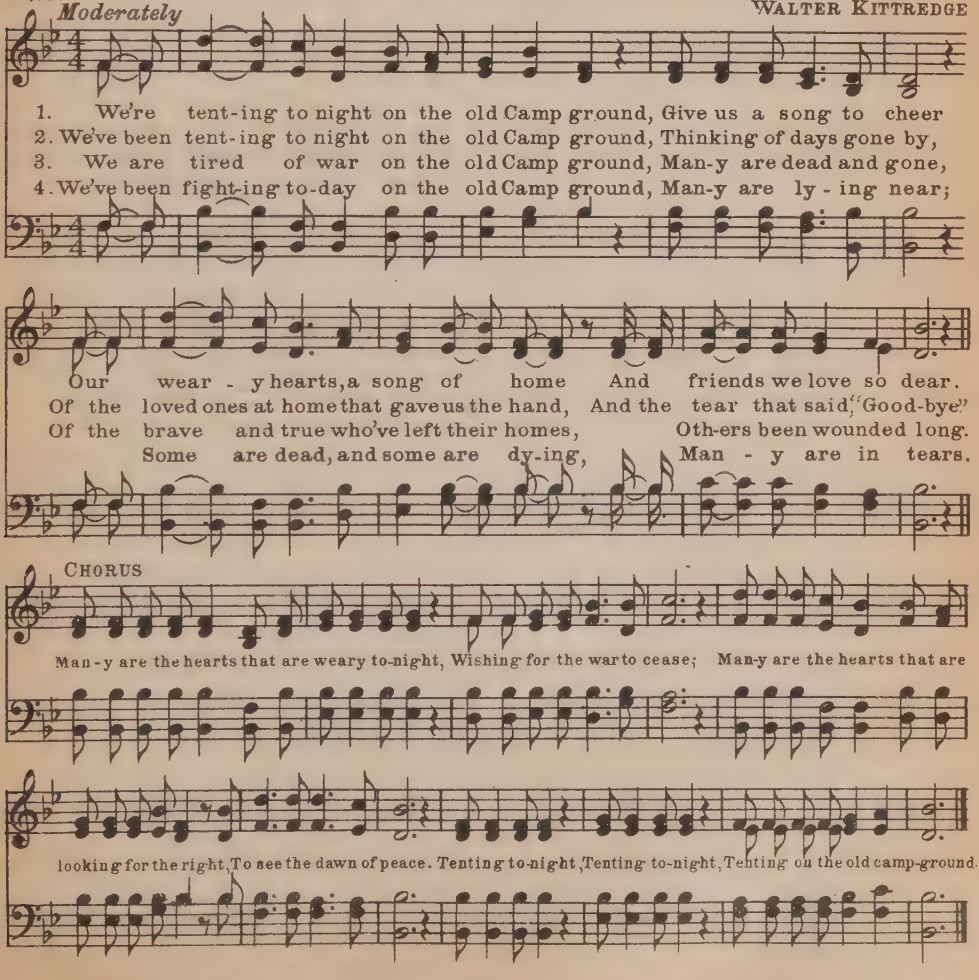

Fine.
all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat-en back dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
breathe the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov - ed home.
CHORUS
D.S.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching, Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be-
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

Tenting On The Old Camp Ground

W.K.

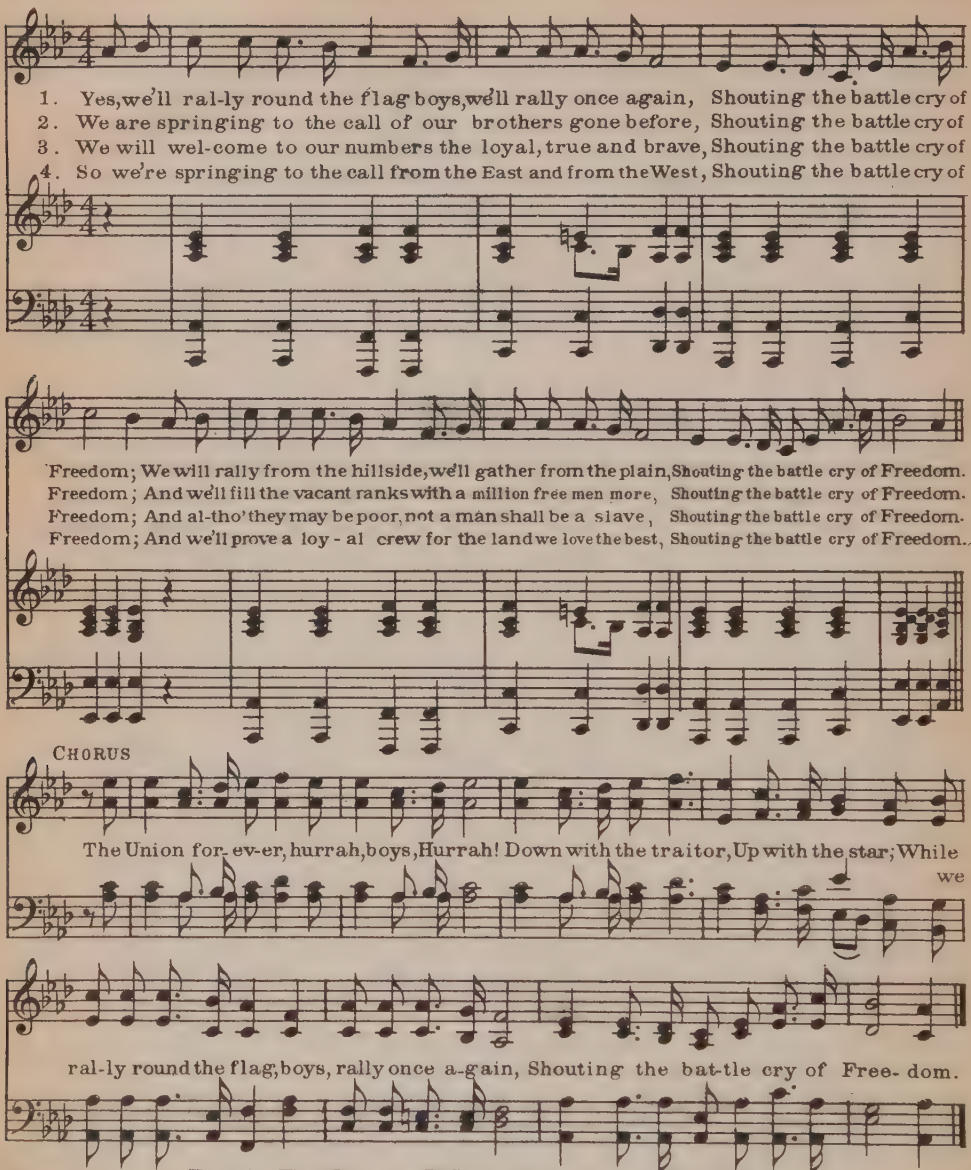
Moderately

WALTER KITTREDGE


1. We're tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone,
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground, Man-y are ly - ing near;
Our wear - y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said, "Good-bye"
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wounded long.
Some are dead, and some are dy-ing, Man - y are in tears.
CHORUS
Man-y are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are
looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old camp-ground.

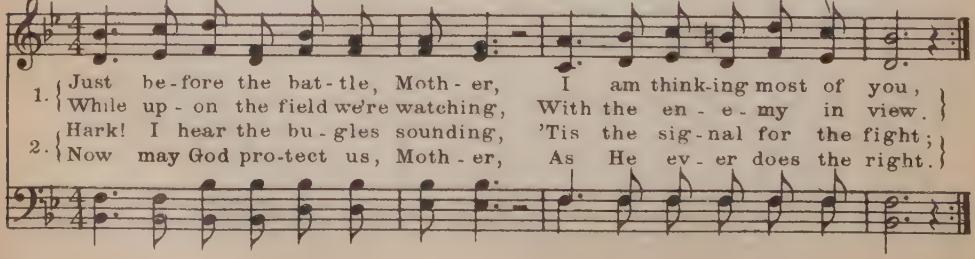
The Battle Cry Of Freedom

G.F.R. GEORGE F. ROOT

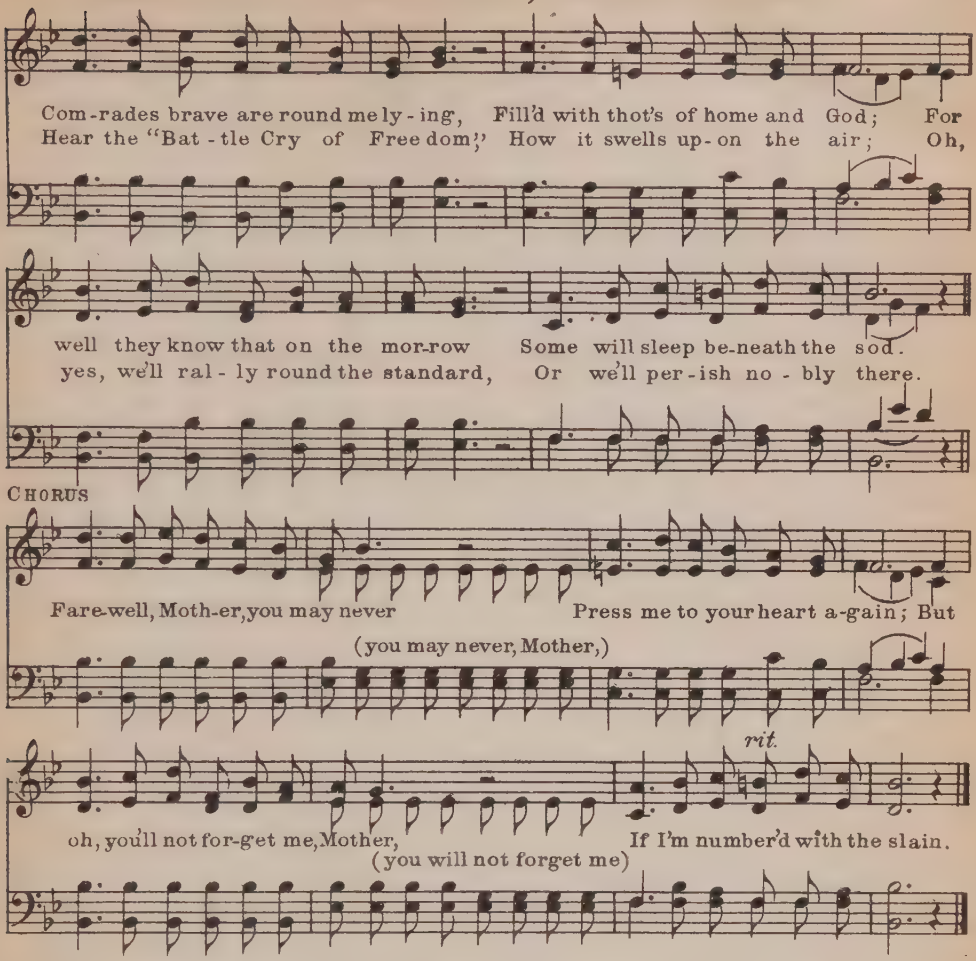

1. Yes, we'll ral-ly round the flag boys, we'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of
2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before, Shouting the battle cry of
3. We will wel-come to our numbers the loyal, true and brave, Shouting the battle cry of
4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shouting the battle cry of
Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free men more, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And al-tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
Freedom; And we'll prove a loy-al crew for the land we love the best, Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
CHORUS
The Union for-ev-er, hurrah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we
ral-ly round the flag, boys, rally once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle cry of Free-dom.

Just Before The Battle, Mother

G.F.R. GEORGE F. ROOT


1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, I am think-ing most of you,
While up-on the field we're watching, With the en-e-my in view.
2. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight;
Now may God pro-tect us, Moth-er, As He ev-er does the right.

Just Before The Battle, Mother—Continued


Com-rades brave are round me ly-ing, Fill'd with thot's of home and God; For
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Free dom;" How it swells up-on the air; Oh,
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
yes, we'll ral-ly round the standard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.
CHORUS
Fare-well, Moth-er, you may never Press me to your heart a-gain; But
(you may never, Mother,)
rit.
oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother, If I'm number'd with the slain.
(you will not forget me)

Civil War Songs

The nine foregoing songs, and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which follows, are among those which came into existence during the Civil War. Because each embodies some typical sentiment of the time, it holds a place among our popular national songs.

The stories of "Dixie," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "John Brown's Body" have been previously given.

"Keller's American Hymn" attracted little notice during the Civil War but in 1872, at a Peace Festival, it was featured and became well known. It stands as a guiding principle of what we would like our country to be.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was written, composed and first sung by Walter Kittredge as his patriotic contribution after he had failed to pass the physical examination for entrance into the Union Army.

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is a stirring number popular ever since the Civil War when it was composed. The name of the author and composer, "Louis Lambert," was a nom de plume used by Patrick S. Gilmore, famous as a band leader and promoter of festivals and jubilees.

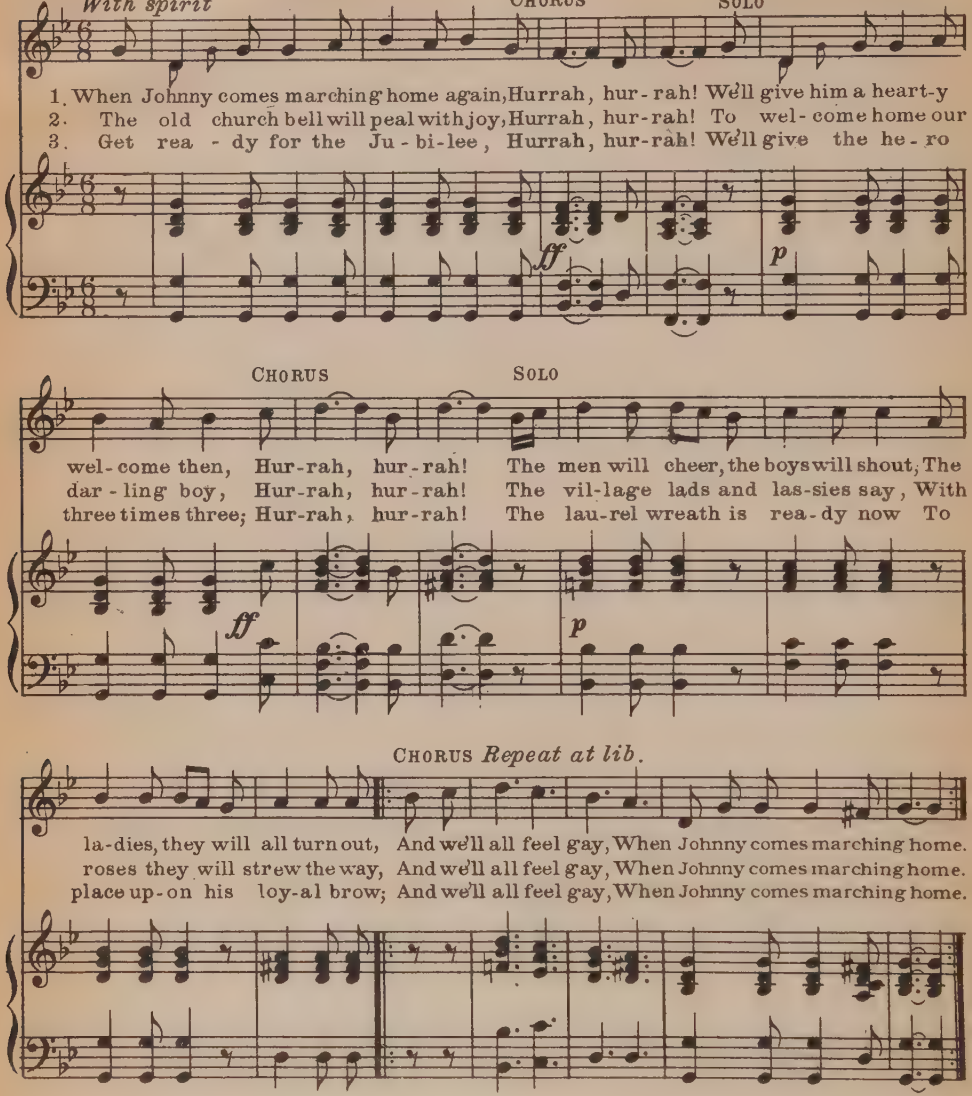
George F. Root contributed "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle Mother," and with Henry F. Washburn, he wrote "The Vacant Chair."

All of these songs were written under the influence of emotions excited by the Civil War. Today, after our more recent war experience, they take on a newer and deeper meaning.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

L.L. SOLO LOUIS LAMBERT

With spirit CHORUS SOLO


1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hur-rah! To wel-come home our
3. Get rea-dy for the Ju-bi-lee, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give the he-ro
ff
p
CHORUS
SOLO
wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With
three times three; Hur-rah, hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is rea-dy now To
ff
p
CHORUS *Repeat at lib.*
la-dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

A National Prayer

O God of purity and peace, God of light and freedom, God of comfort and joy, we thank thee for our country, this great land of hope, whose wide doors thou hast opened to so many millions that struggle with hardship and with hunger in the crowded Old World.

We give thanks to the power that has made and preserved us a nation, that has carried our ship of state through storm and darkness and has given us a place of honor and power that we might bear aloft the standard of impartial liberty and impartial law.

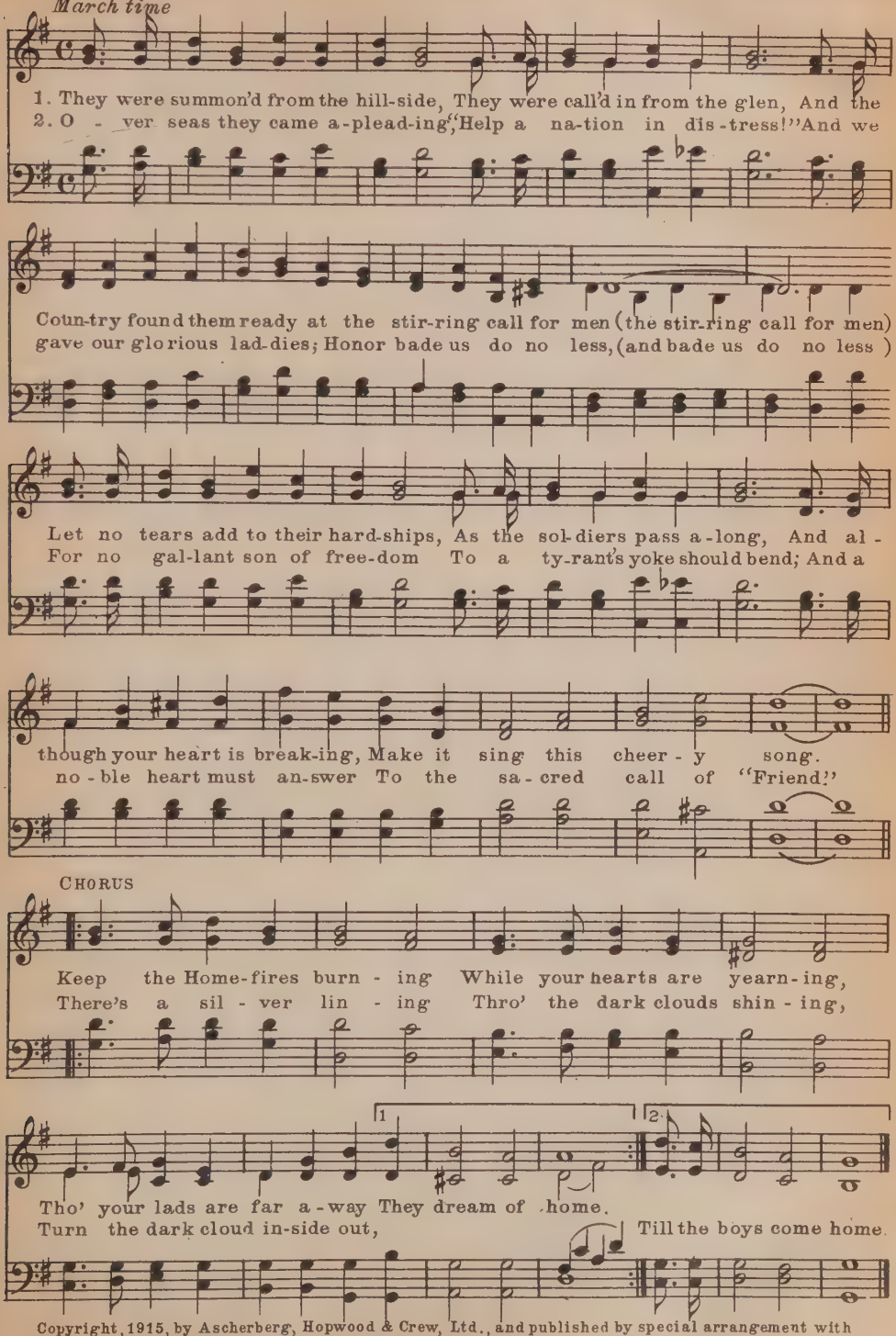
May our altars and our schools ever stand as pillars of welfare; may the broad land be filled with homes of intelligent and contented industry, that through the long generations our land may be a happy land and our country a power of good will among the nations. *Amen.*

CHARLES GORDON AMES

Keep The Home Fires Burning

LENA GUILBERT FORD — IVOR NOVELLO

March time


1. They were summon'd from the hill-side, They were call'd in from the glen, And the
2. O - ver seas they came a-plead-ing, "Help a na-tion in dis-tress!" And we
Coun-try found them ready at the stir-ring call for men (the stir-ring call for men)
gave our glo-rious lad-dies; Honor bade us do no less, (and bade us do no less)
Let no tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a-long, And al -
For no gal-lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a
though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer - y song.
no - ble heart must an-swer To the sa - cred call of "Friend!"
CHORUS
Keep the Home-fires burn - ing While your hearts are yearn-ing,
There's a sil - ver lin - ing Thro' the dark clouds shin - ing,
1
2
Tho' your lads are far a-way They dream of home.
Turn the dark cloud in-side out,
Till the boys come home.

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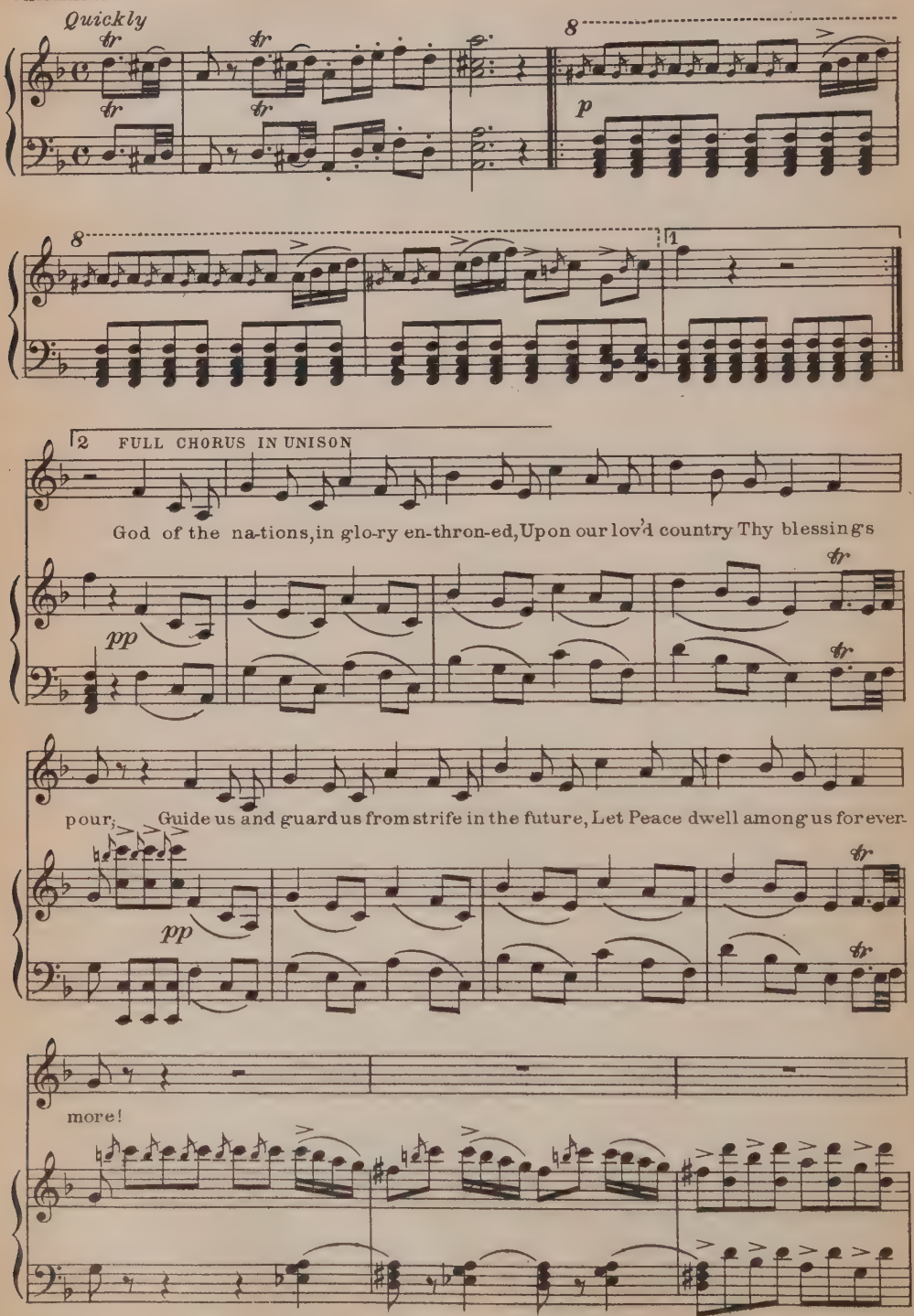
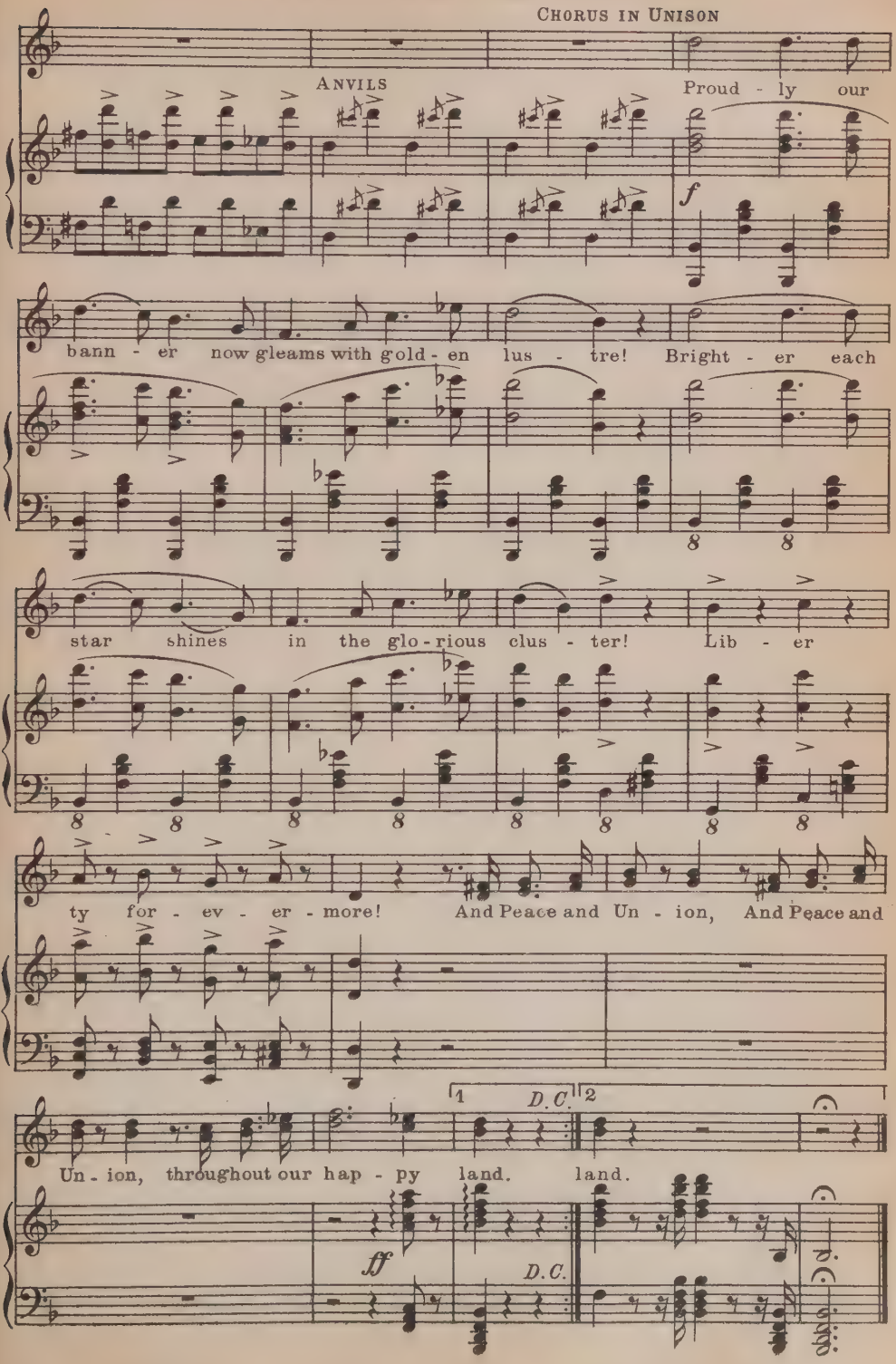
Anvil Chorus

(From the opera, Il Trovatore)

CAMMANARO — GIUSEPPI VERDI

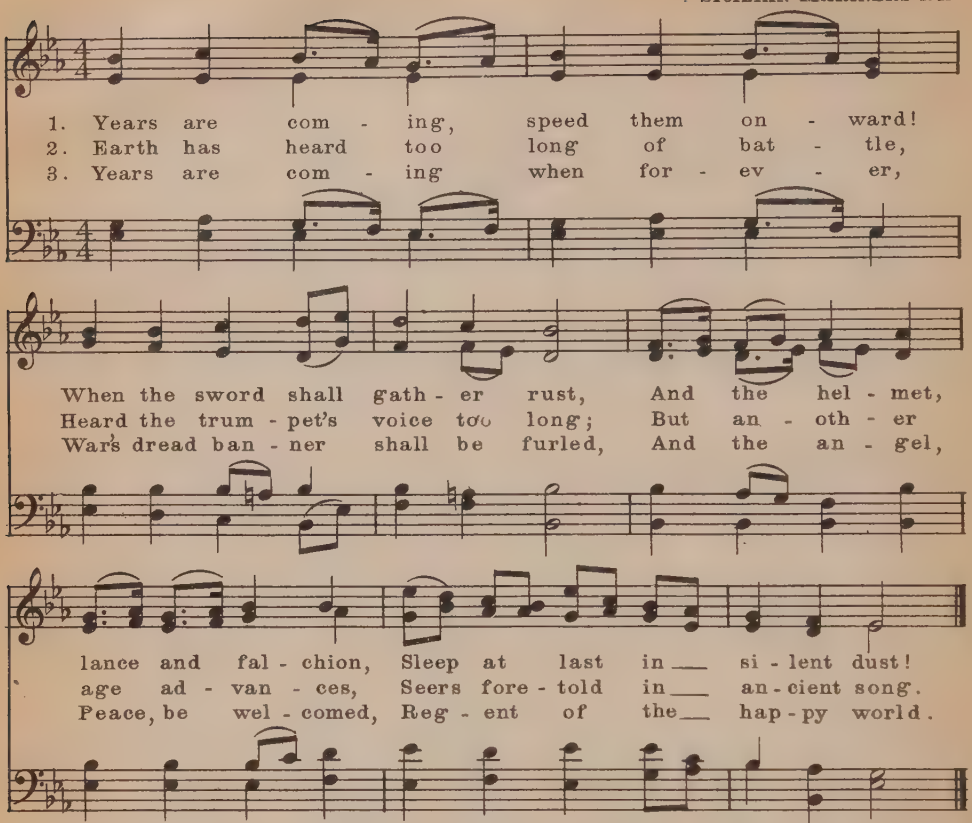


Anvil Chorus – Continued


CHORUS IN UNISON
ANVILS
Proud - ly our
f
bann - er now gleams with gold - en lus - tre! Bright - er each
star shines in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er
ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace and Un - ion, And Peace and
1
D.C.
2
Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land. land.
ff
D.C.

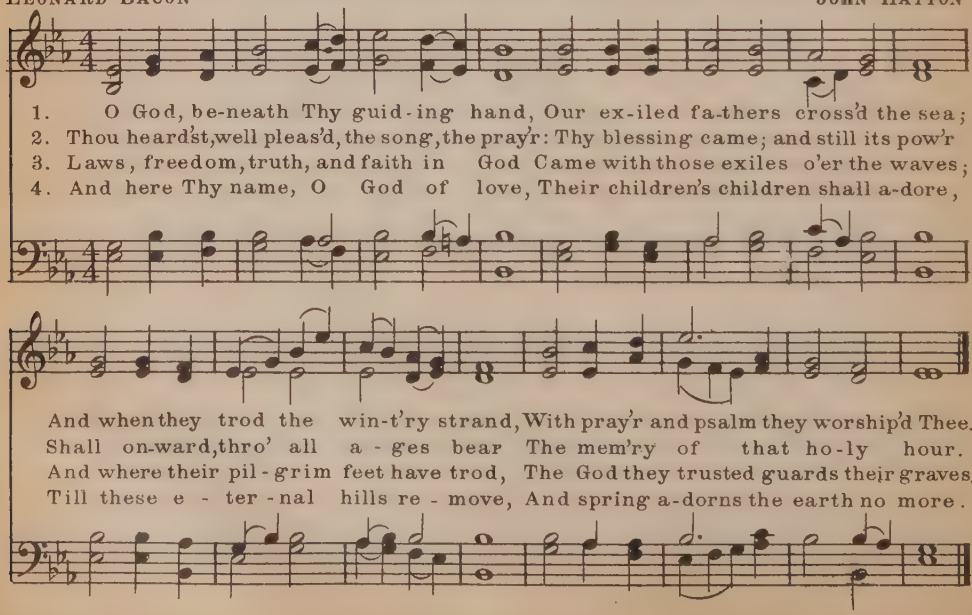
Years Of Peace

SICILIAN MARINERS' AIR

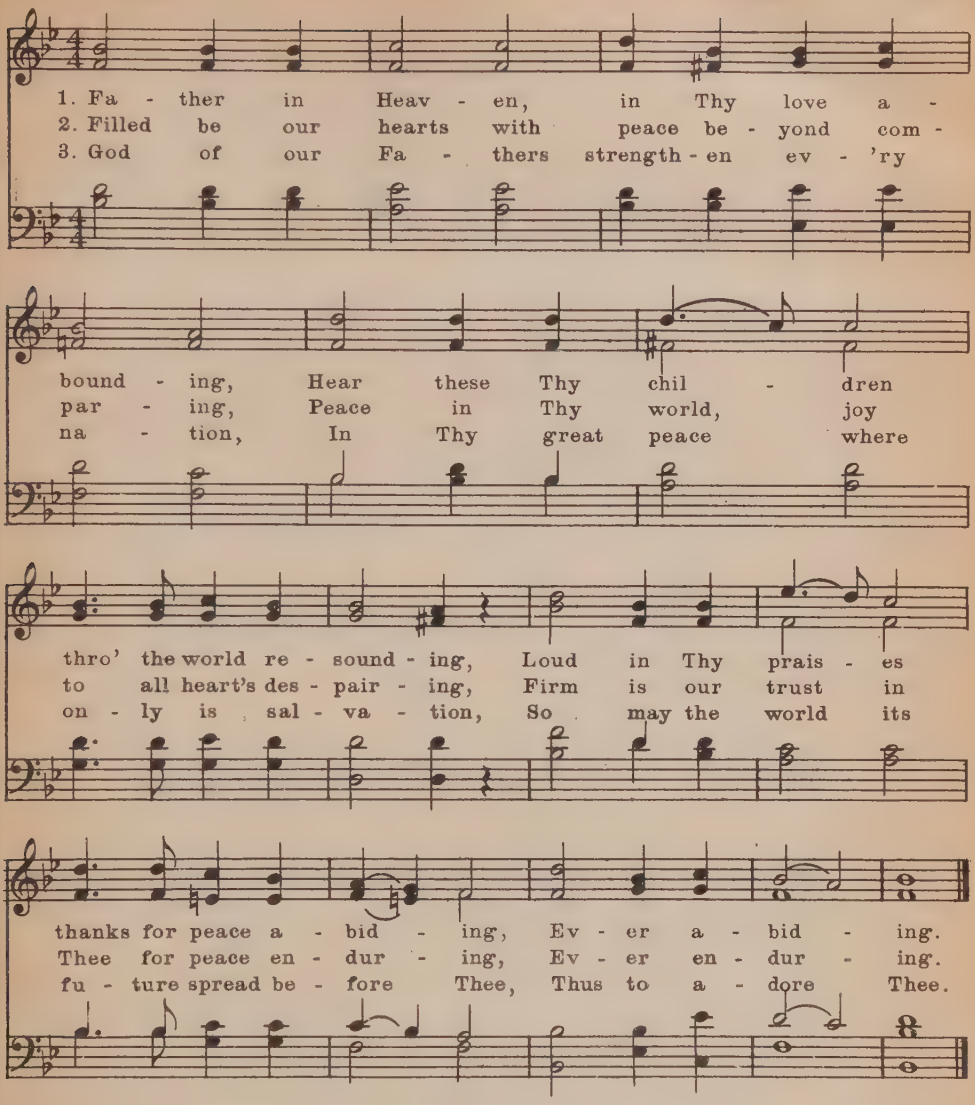

1. Years are com - ing, speed them on - ward!
2. Earth has heard too long of bat - tle,
3. Years are com - ing when for - ev - er,
When the sword shall gath - er rust, And the hel - met,
Heard the trum - pet's voice too long; But an - oth - er
War's dread ban - ner shall be furled, And the an - gel,
lance and fal - chion, Sleep at last in si - lent dust!
age ad - van - ces, Seers fore - told in an - cient song.
Peace, be wel - comed, Reg - ent of the hap - py world.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON — JOHN HATTON


1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers cross'd the sea;
2. Thou heard'st, well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a-dore,
And when they trod the win-t'ry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.
Shall on-ward, thro' all a - ges bear The mem'ry of that ho-ly hour.
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a-dorns the earth no more.

Praise For Peace

ANGUS S. HIBBARD — FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING

1. Fa - ther in Heav - en, in Thy love a -
2. Filled be our hearts with peace be - yond com -
3. God of our Fa - thers strength - en ev - 'ry
bound - ing, Hear these Thy chil - dren
par - ing, Peace in Thy world, joy
na - tion, In Thy great peace where
thro' the world re - sound - ing, Loud in Thy prais - es
to all heart's des - pair - ing, Firm is our trust in
on - ly is sal - va - tion, So may the world its
thanks for peace a - bid - ing, Ev - er a - bid - ing.
Thee for peace en - dur - ing, Ev - er en - dur - ing.
fu - ture spread be - fore Thee, Thus to a - dore Thee.

Integer Vitae

The Latin words, which are two stanzas from Horace's XXII Ode, may be sung to the music of "Praise for Peace." A rather free translation of the Latin is also given.

Using the Latin words, the song is a very effective number for male voices.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Neque venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra;

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuasas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

He who is noble, kind in thought and action,
Faithful to duty, pure, and single hearted,
Needs not a weapon, needs not man to guard him,
Virtue defends him.

What though he wander o'er the burning desert?
What though he journey o'er unfriendly mountain?
Sleeping or waking, though by death surrounded,
Virtue defends him.

Home, Sweet Home

While the United States has no great war song which ranks with those of other nations, it has one song of peace that reaches not only the hearts of its own people, but touches a responsive chord in the hearts of the whole world. The song is "Home, Sweet Home."

Its author, John Howard Payne, was born in New York City, June 9, 1792, and died at Tunis, April 10, 1852. Payne's mother died when he was thirteen, and after that the author of the world's home song never knew what it meant to have a home of his own.

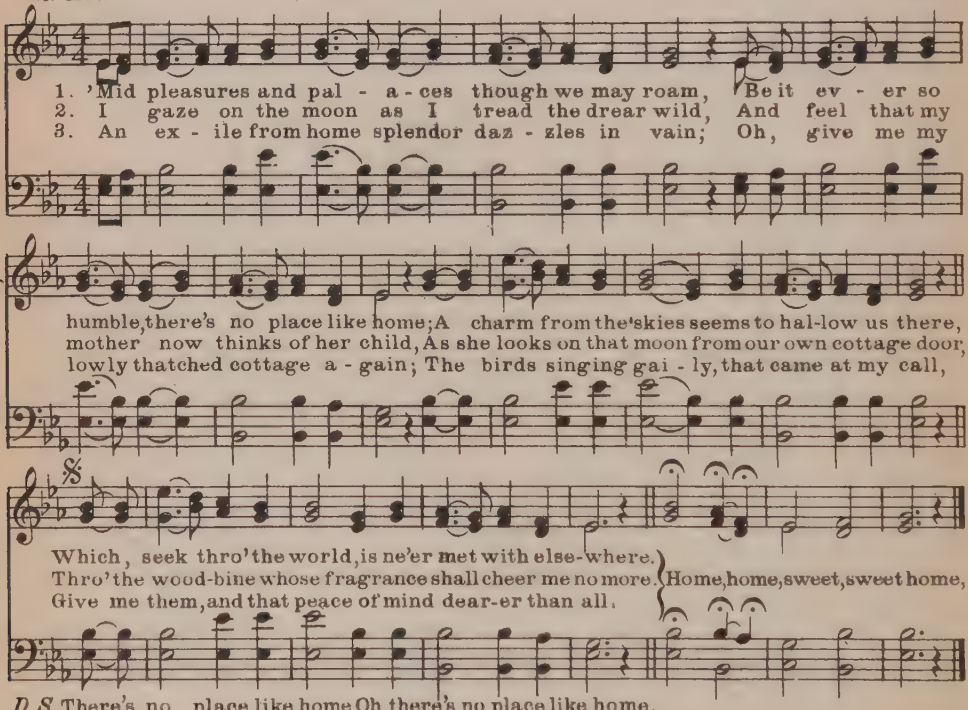
At the age of thirteen Payne became a clerk in a mercantile house. At seventeen he went on the stage and achieved great success in the large eastern cities. He was twenty-one when he appeared in Drury Lane Theatre, London. He lived abroad for twenty years, and, altho he seemed to have been diligent and fairly successful, he was poor and often wretched.

He wrote several successful dramas, among them, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." At the suggestion of the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, the play was changed into an opera and the words of "Home, Sweet Home" were introduced into it. The song was a great success and enriched all who handled it except its author. He did not even receive the twenty-five pounds which was his share of the proceeds from the sale of the manuscript.

In 1832 Payne returned to America. Later he was appointed consul to Tunis and died there in 1852.

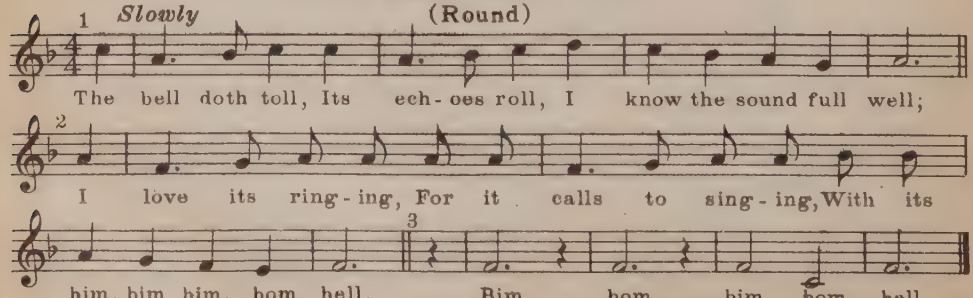
In 1883, through the generosity of W. W. Corcoran, the remains of John Howard Payne were brought to his native land and buried at Oak Hill Cemetary, Washington, D.C.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP


1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
lowly thatched cottage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my call,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. {Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dear-er than all.
D.S. There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

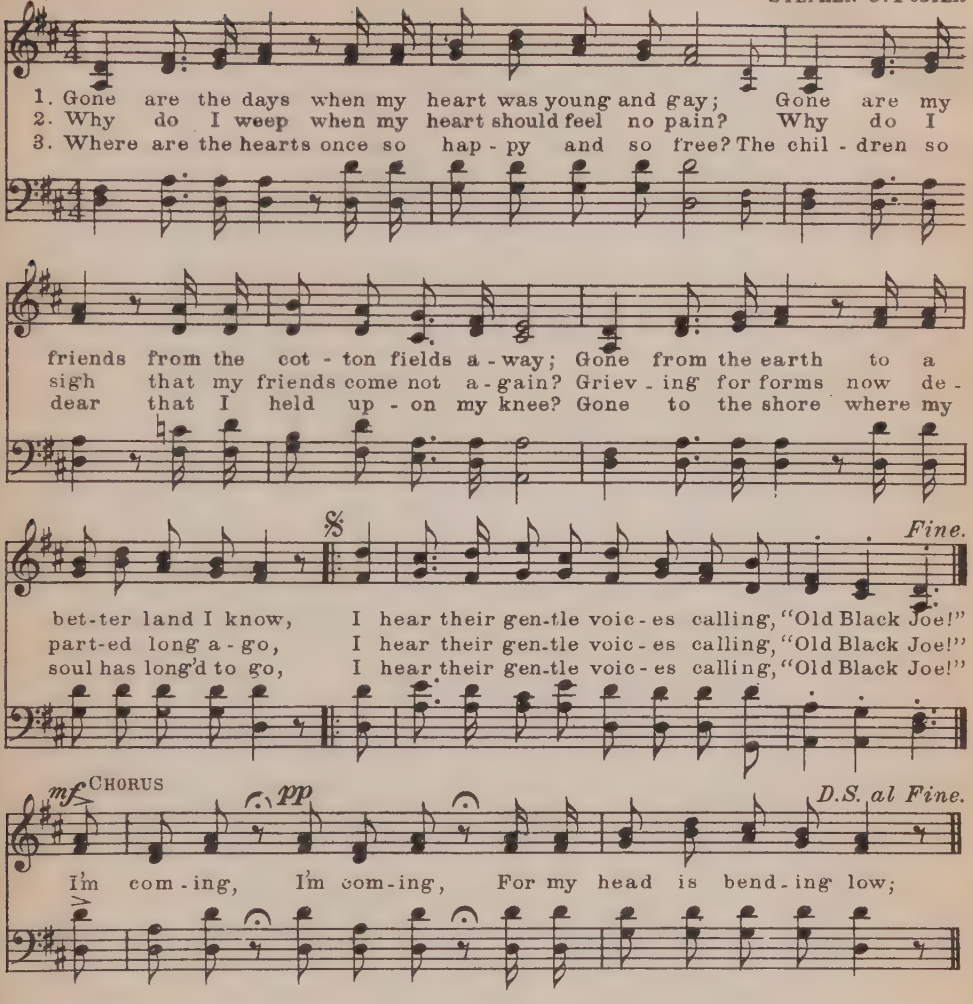
The Bell Doth Toll

(Round)


1 Slowly
The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;
2
I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its
3
bim, bim, bim, bom, bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

Old Black Joe

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so
friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my
Fine.
bet-ter land I know, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen-tle voic - es calling, "Old Black Joe!"
mf CHORUS
pp
D.S. al Fine.
I'm com - ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

Stephen C. Foster

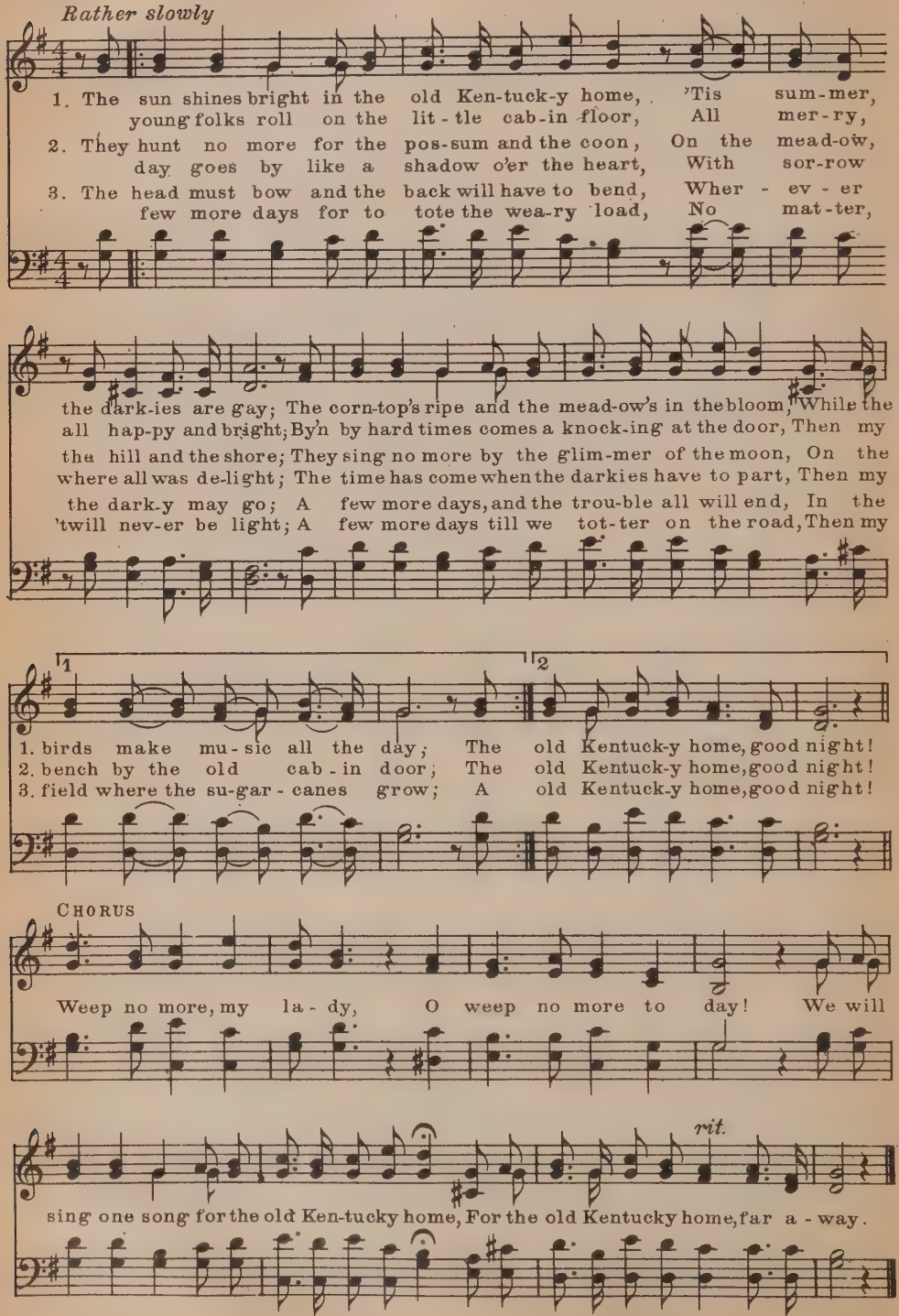
Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk-songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attendend negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people. His first success in composition was "Oh! Susannah". Soon after, he produced "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Massa's In The Cold, Cold Ground" which at once became popular.

"The Old Folks At Home" (Way down upon the Swanee River) is his masterpiece. A more tender song of home and its memories has never been written. Another of his songs which achieved great popularity is "Old Black Joe".

Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

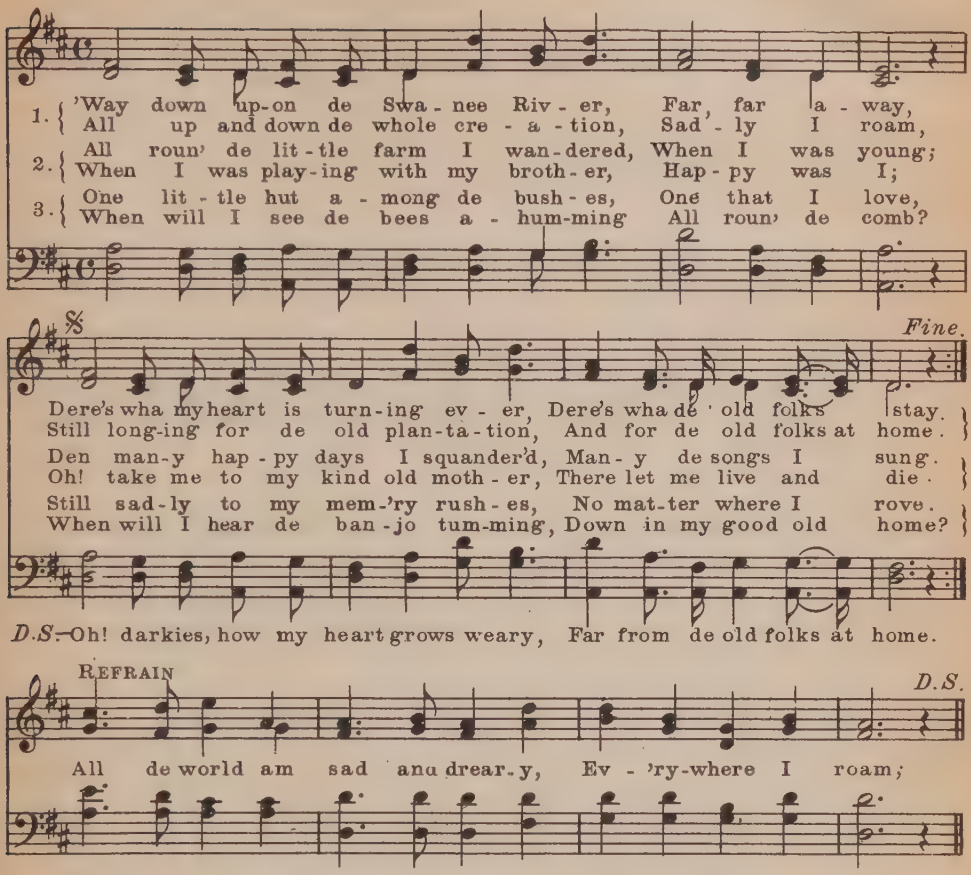
My Old Kentucky Home

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slowly

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer,
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry,
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow,
day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sor-row
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter,
the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knock-ing at the door, Then my
the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
where all was de-light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the
'twill nev-er be light; A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my
1
2
1. birds make mu-sic all the day; The old Kentuck-y home, good night!
2. bench by the old cab-in door; The old Kentuck-y home, good night!
3. field where the su-gar-canes grow; A old Kentuck-y home, good night!
CHORUS
Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to day! We will
rit.
sing one song for the old Ken-tucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way.

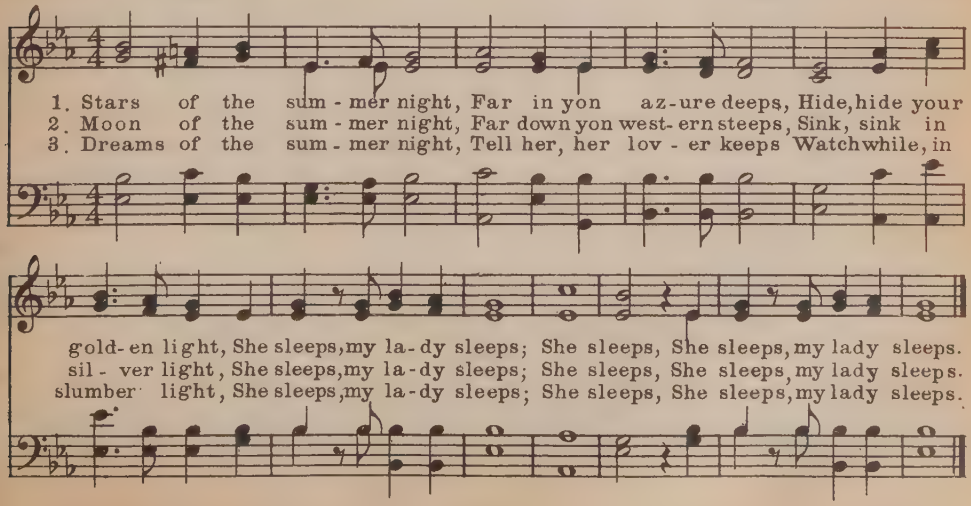
Old Folks At Home

S. C. F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. 'Way down up-on de Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
When I was play-ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
When will I see de bees a - hum-ming All roun' de comb?
Fine.
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man-y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?
D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.
REFRAIN
D.S.
All de world am sad and drear-y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam;

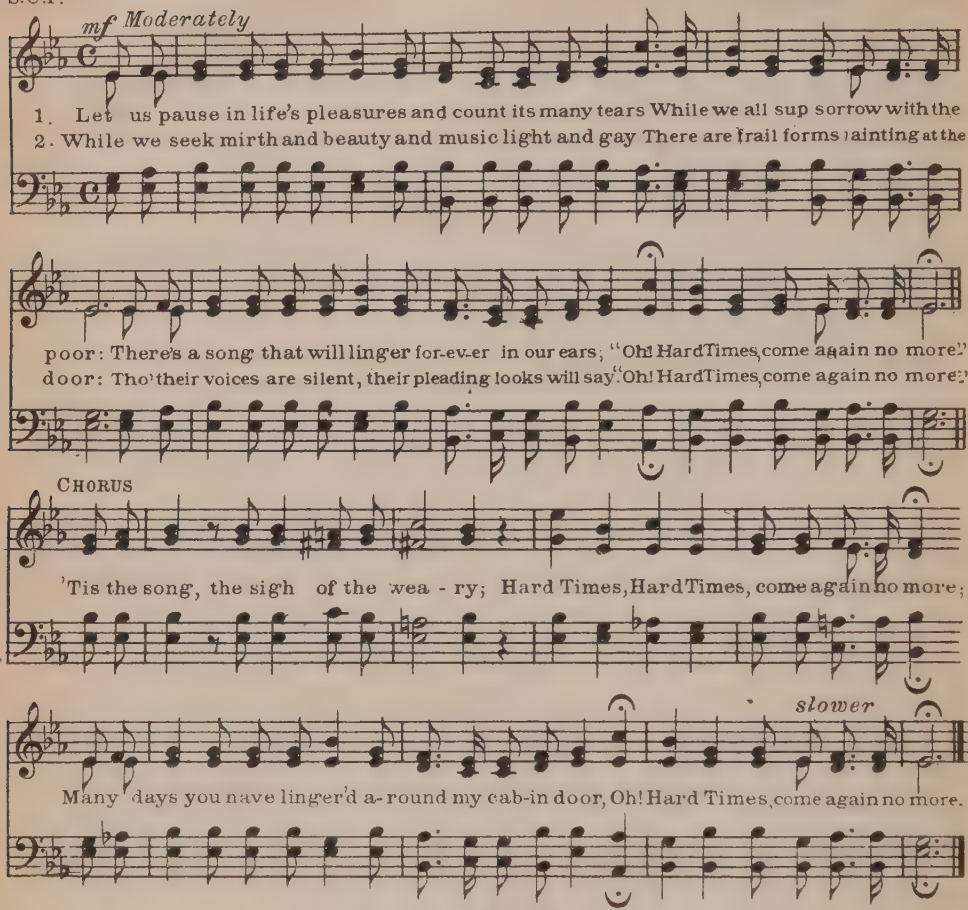
Stars Of The Summer Night

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW ISAAC B. WOODBURY


1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in
gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.
slumber light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

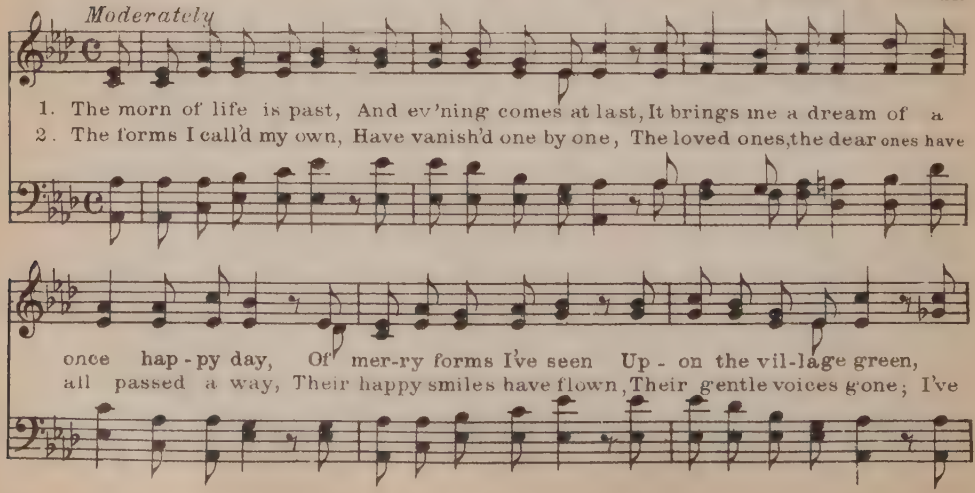
Hard Times Come Again No More

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

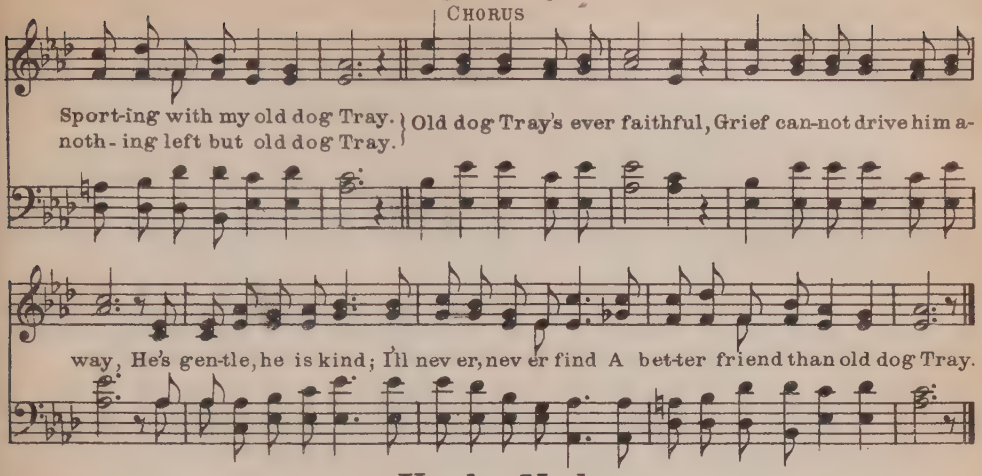

mf Moderately
1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears While we all sup sorrow with the
2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay There are frail forms fainting at the
poor: There's a song that will linger for-ev-er in our ears; "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."
door: Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say "Oh! Hard Times, come again no more."
CHORUS
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry; Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
slower
Many days you have linger'd a-round my cab-in door, Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

Old Dog Tray

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER

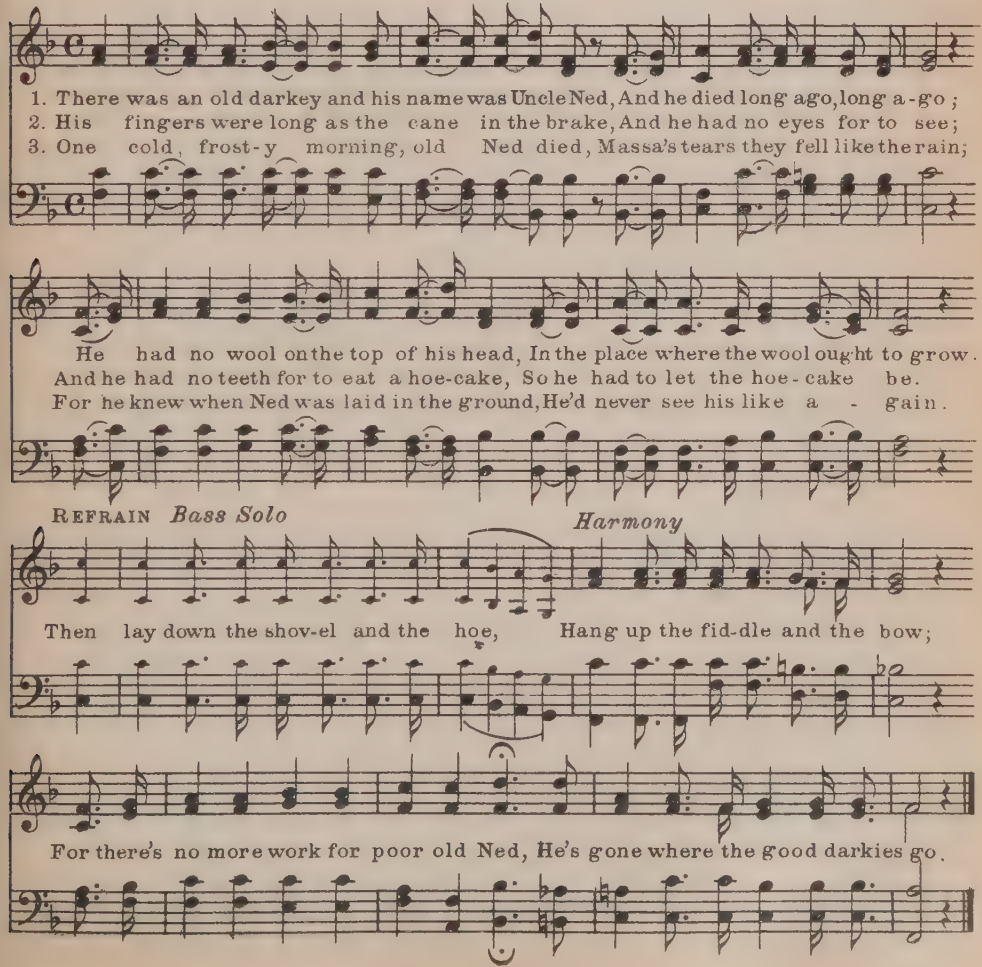

Moderately
1. The morn of life is past, And ev'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a
2. The forms I call'd my own, Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have
once hap - py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
all passed a way, Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone; I've

Old Dog Tray—Continued


CHORUS
Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief can-not drive him a-
way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev er, nev er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

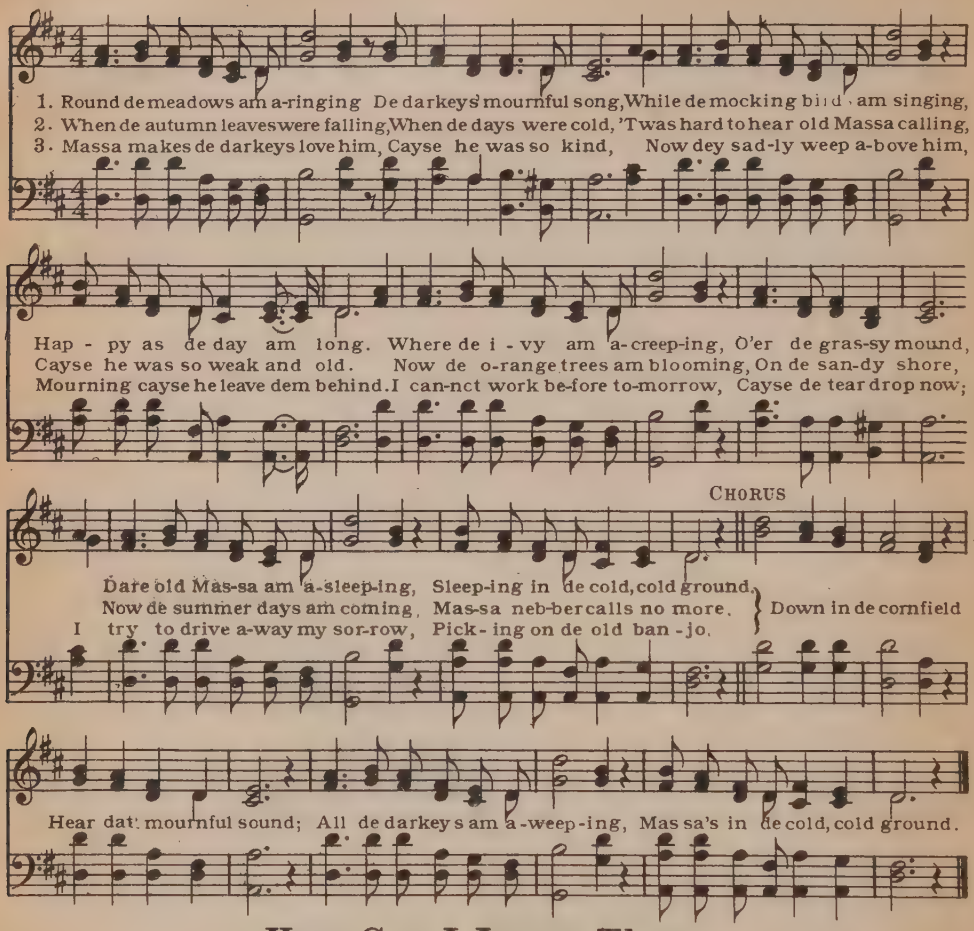
Uncle Ned

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.


1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long ago, long a-go;
2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;
3. One cold, frost-y morning, old Ned died, Massa's tears they fell like the rain;
He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain.
REFRAIN Bass Solo
Harmony
Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;
For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

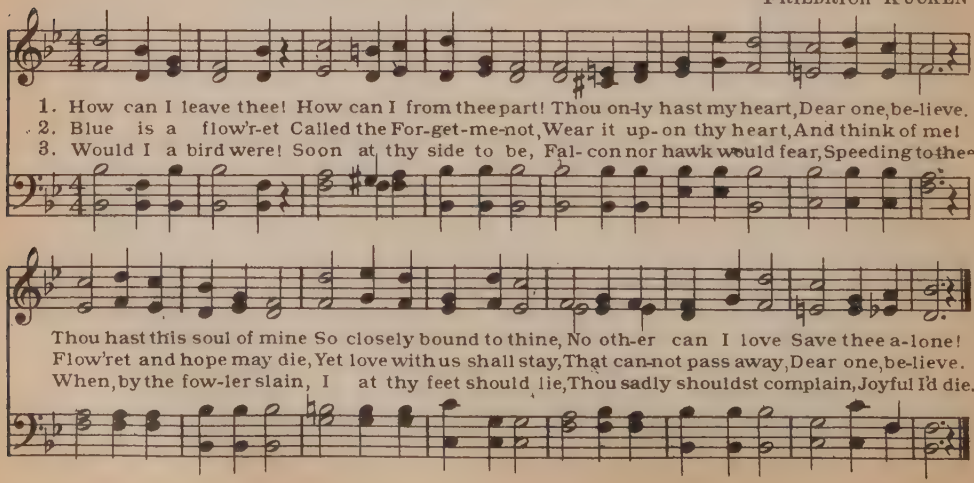
Massa's In The Cold Ground

S.C.F. STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am singing,
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
3. Massa makes de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad-ly weep a-bove him,
Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de gras-sy mound,
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de o-range trees am blooming, On de san-dy shore,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work be-fore to-morrow, Cayse de tear drop now;
CHORUS
Dare old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am coming, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
I try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.
Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weep-ing, Mas sa's in de cold, cold ground.

How Can I Leave Thee

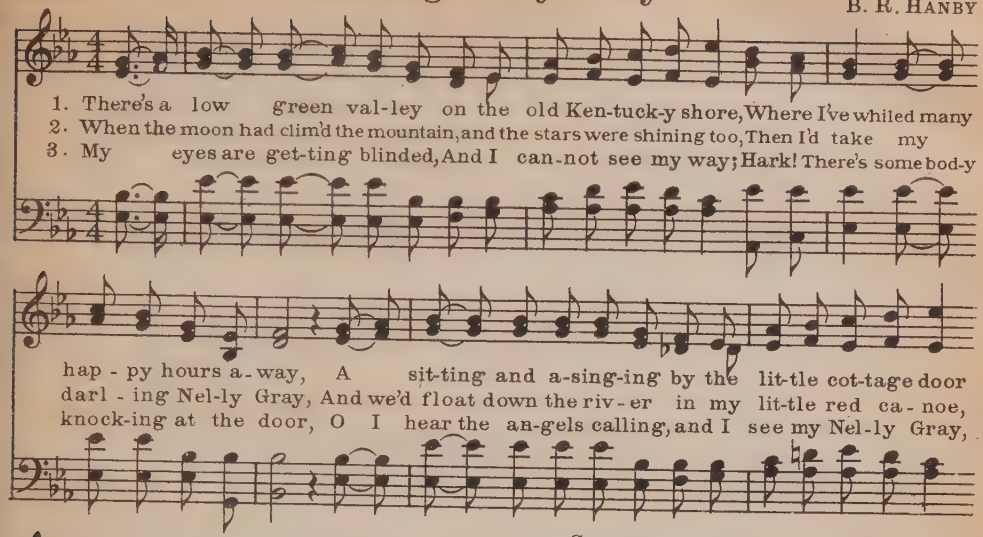
FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN


1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve.
2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee.
Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!
Flow'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass away, Dear one, be-lieve.
When, by the fow-ler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.

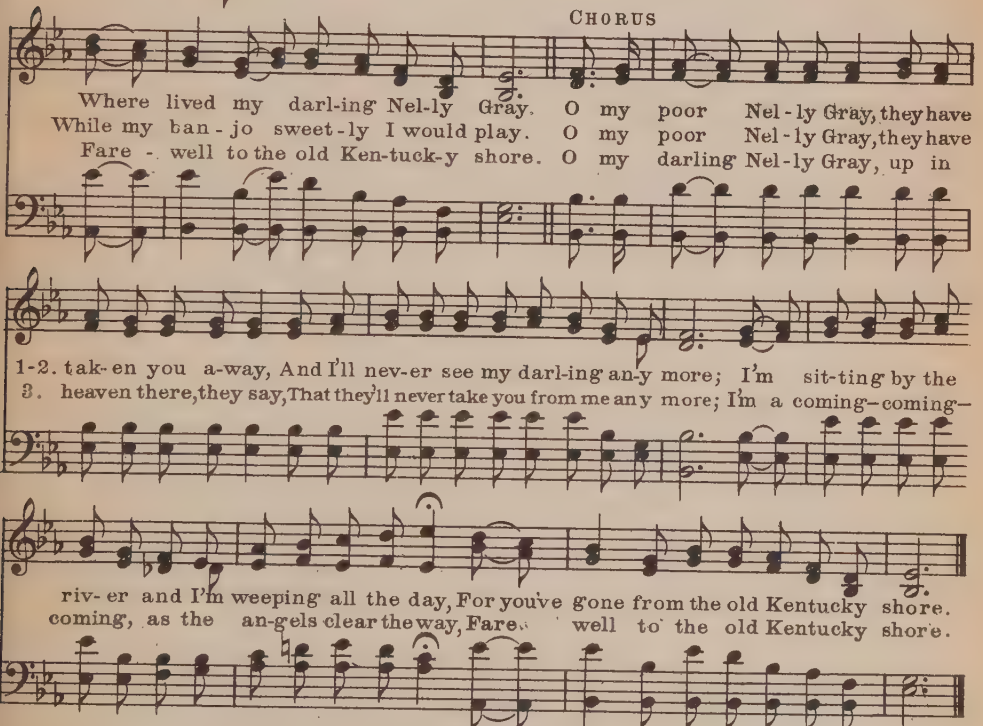
B.R.H.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. HANBY

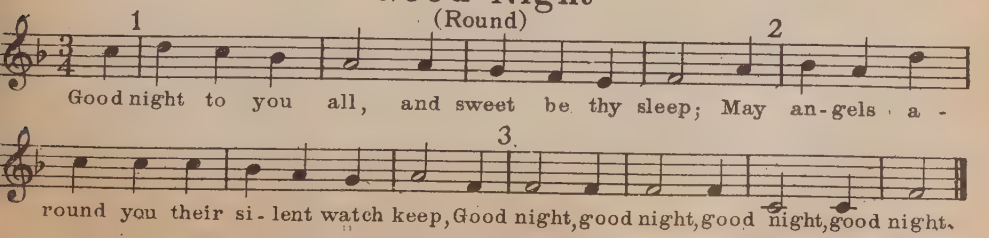

1. There's a low green val-ley on the old Ken-tuck-y shore, Where I've whiled many
2. When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my
3. My eyes are get-ting blinded, And I can-not see my way; Hark! There's some bod-y
hap - py hours a - way, A sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door
darl - ing Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv - er in my lit-tle red ca - noe,
knock-ing at the door, O I hear the an-gels calling, and I see my Nel-ly Gray,

CHORUS


Where lived my darl-ing Nel-ly Gray. O my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
While my ban - jo sweet - ly I would play. O my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have
Fare - well to the old Ken-tuck-y shore. O my darling Nel-ly Gray, up in
1-2. tak-en you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my darl-ing an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the
3. heaven there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more; I'm a coming—coming—
riv-er and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
coming, as the an-gels clear the way, Fare well to the old Kentucky shore.

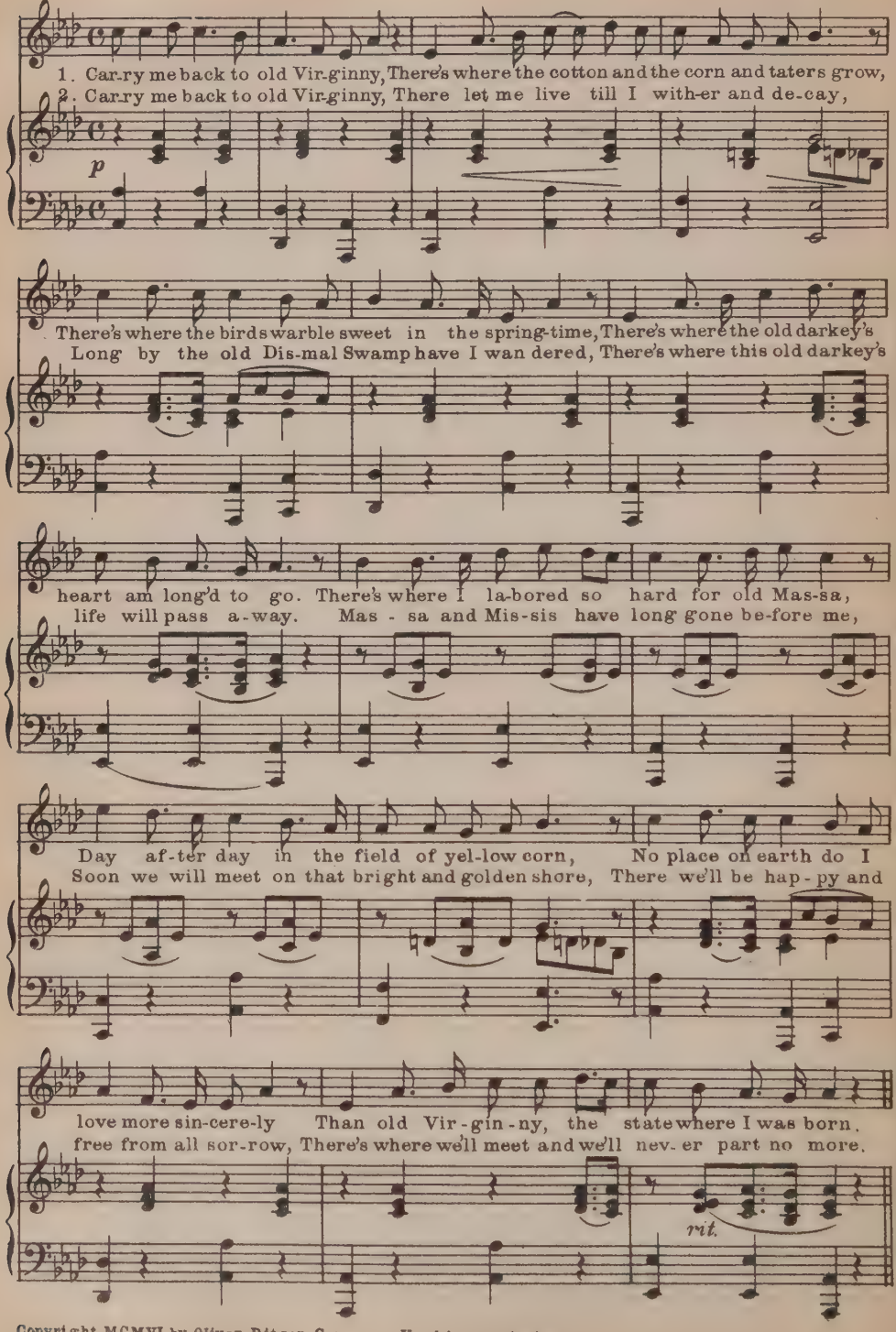
Good Night

(Round)


1
2
Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an-gels a -
3
round you their si - lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

J. B. JAMES BLAND


1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,
2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There let me live till I with-er and de-cay,
p
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old darkey's
Long by the old Dis-mal Swamp have I wan dered, There's where this old darkey's
heart am long'd to go. There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,
life will pass a-way. Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone be-fore me,
Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore, There we'll be hap - py and
love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.
rit.

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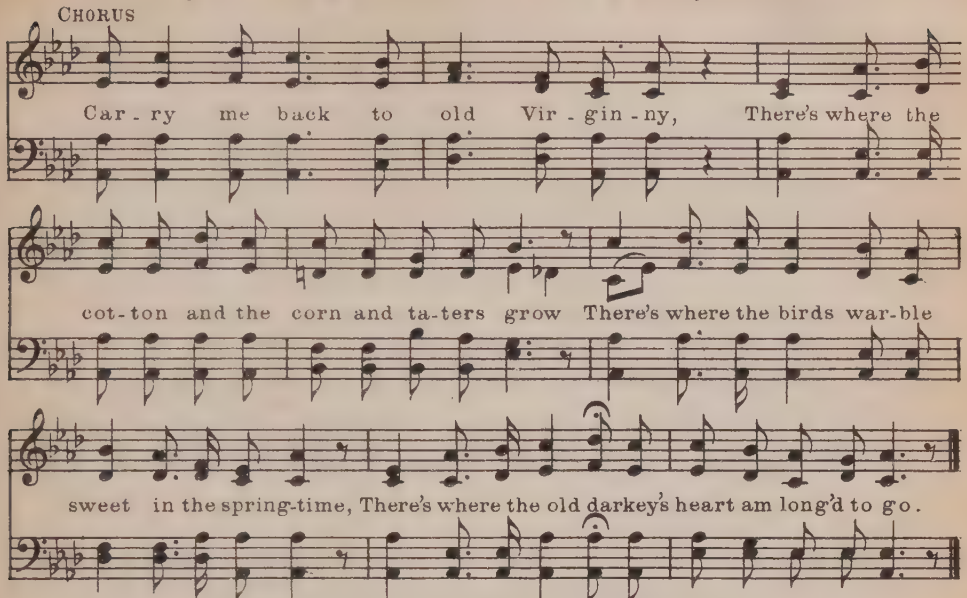
Carry Me Back To Old Virginny—Continued

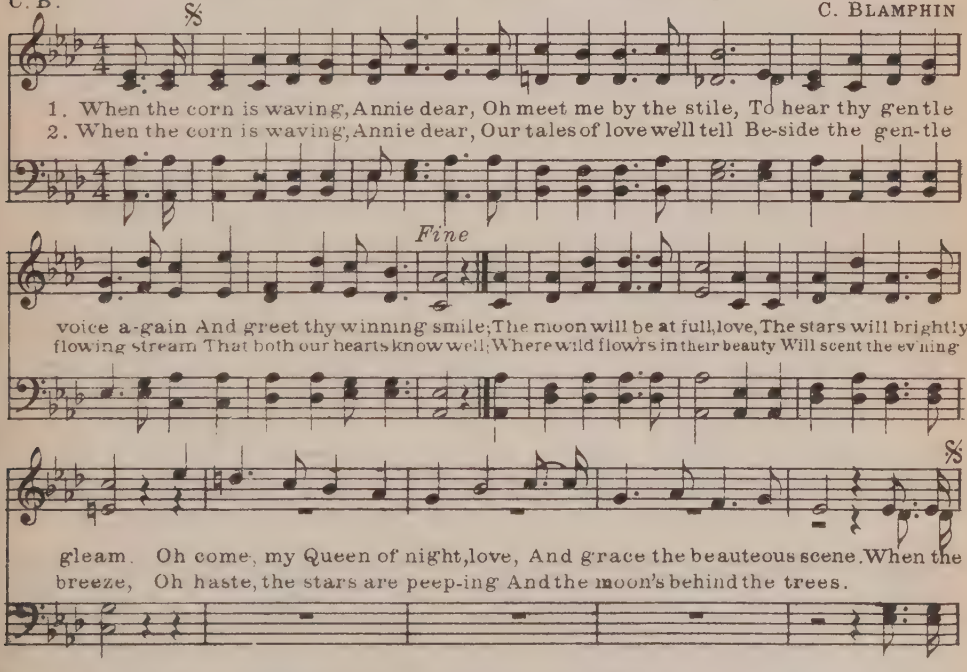
CHORUS


Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There's where the
cot-ton and the corn and ta-ters grow There's where the birds war-ble
sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

When The Corn Is Waving

C. B.

C. BLAMPHIN


1. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Oh meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle
2. When the corn is waving, Annie dear, Our tales of love we'll tell Be-side the gen-tle
Fine
voice a-gain And greet thy winning smile; The moon will be at full, love, The stars will brightly
flowing stream That both our hearts know well; Where wild flowrs in their beauty Will scent the evening
gleam. Oh come, my Queen of night, love, And grace the beauteous scene. When the
breeze, Oh haste, the stars are peep-ing And the moon's behind the trees.

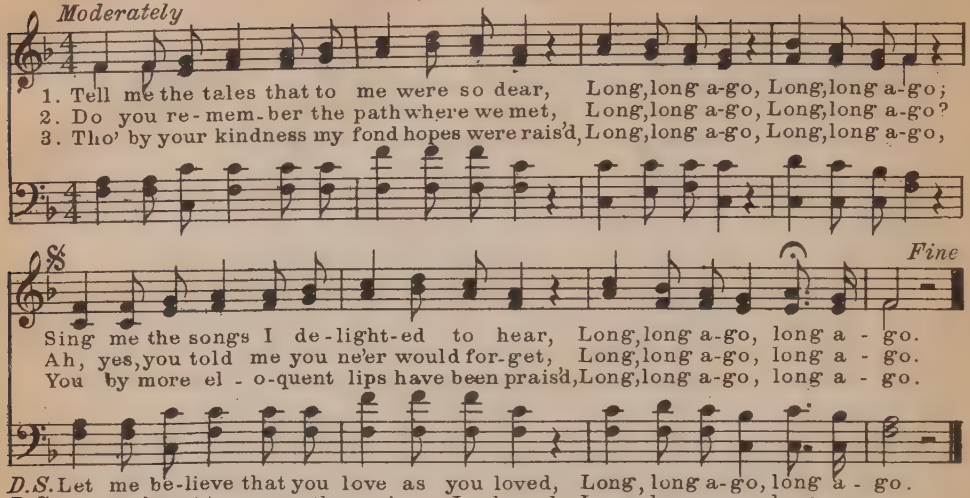
"Carry Me Back To Old Virginny" is a favorite number for male quartets. An excellent effect may be secured by disposing of the parts as follows: Have the second tenor or "lead" sing the soprano part of the chorus, one octave lower than here given; the first tenor takes the alto part, singing it in the register of the alto voice; the first bass or baritone should carry the first line in the bass clef and the second bass, the lower line.

The same disposition of voices will give another fine number for male quartets in the song "When The Corn Is Waving."

T.H.B.

Long, Long Ago

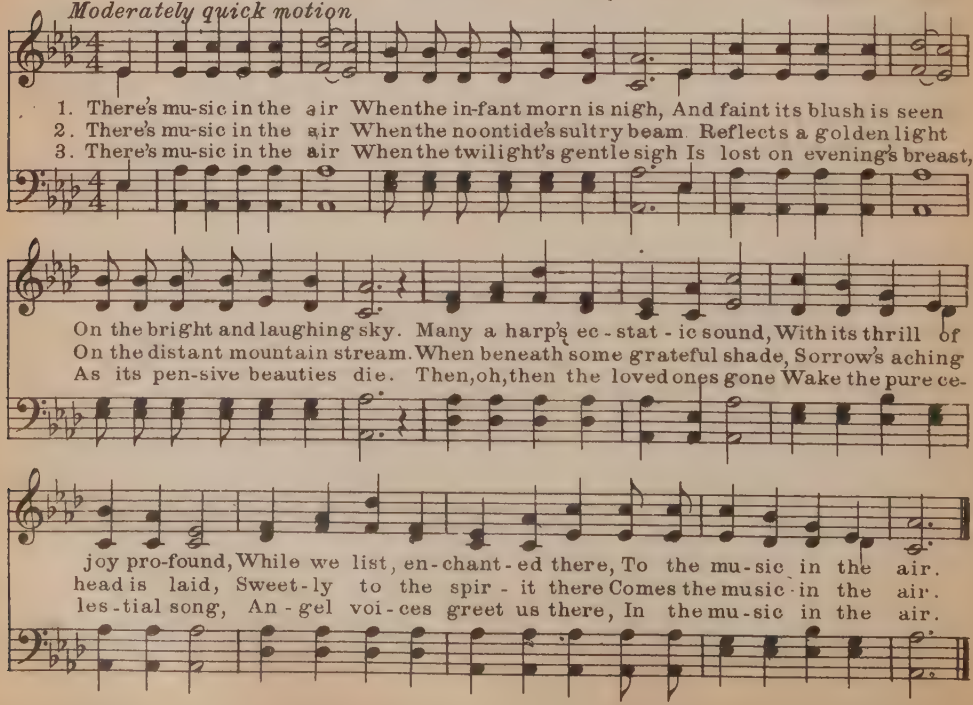
THOMAS H. BAYLY


Moderately
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go?
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raisd, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go,
Fine
Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
You by more el - o-quent lips have been praisd, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S. Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
D.S.
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd,
Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I list - en with pride,

G.F.R.

There's Music In The Air

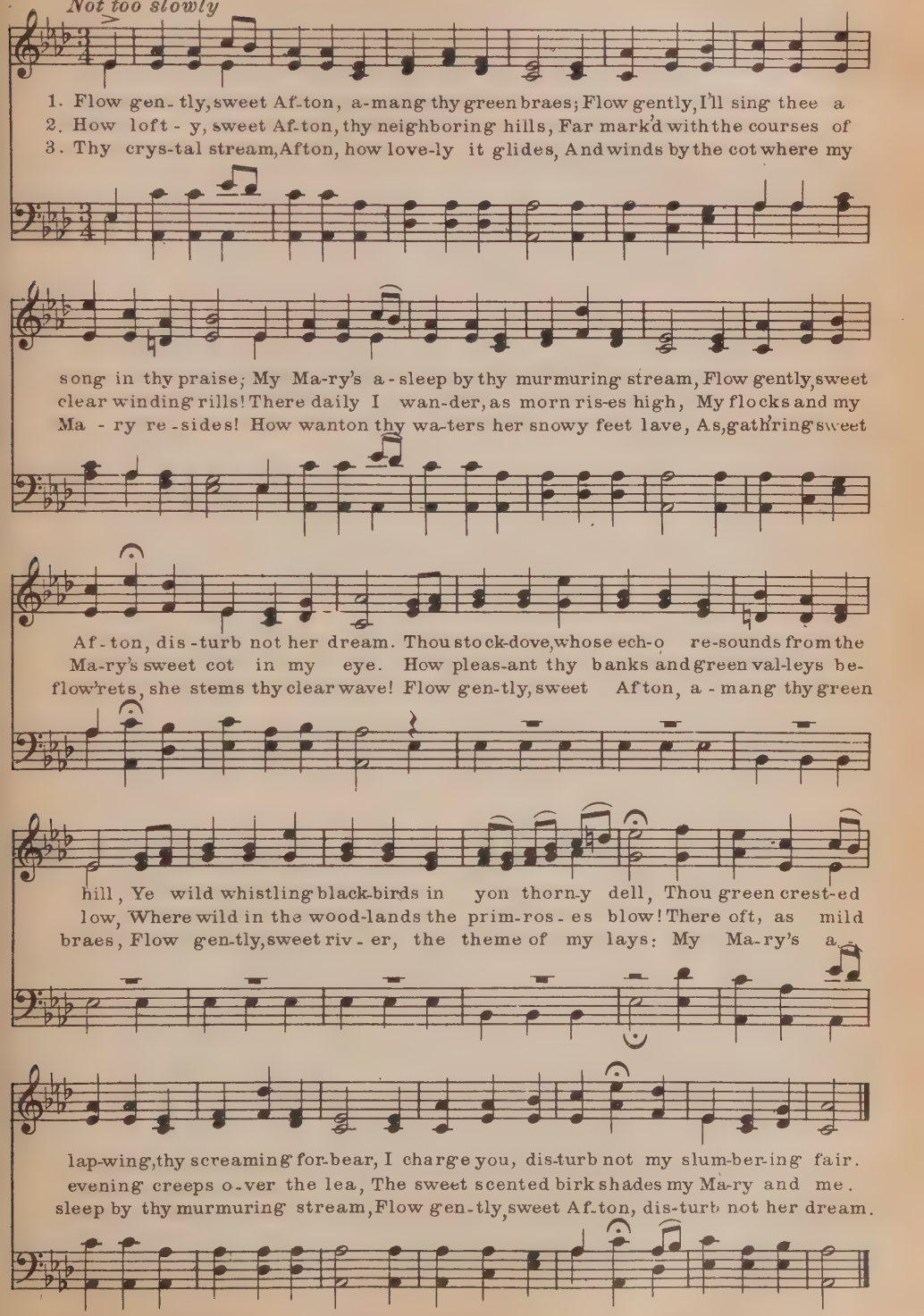
GEORGE F. ROOT


Moderately quick motion
1. There's mu-sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Reflects a golden light
3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,
On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching
As its pen-sive beauties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-
joy pro-found, While we list, en-chant-ed there, To the mu-sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweet-ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu-sic in the air.
les-tial song, An - gel voi-ces greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

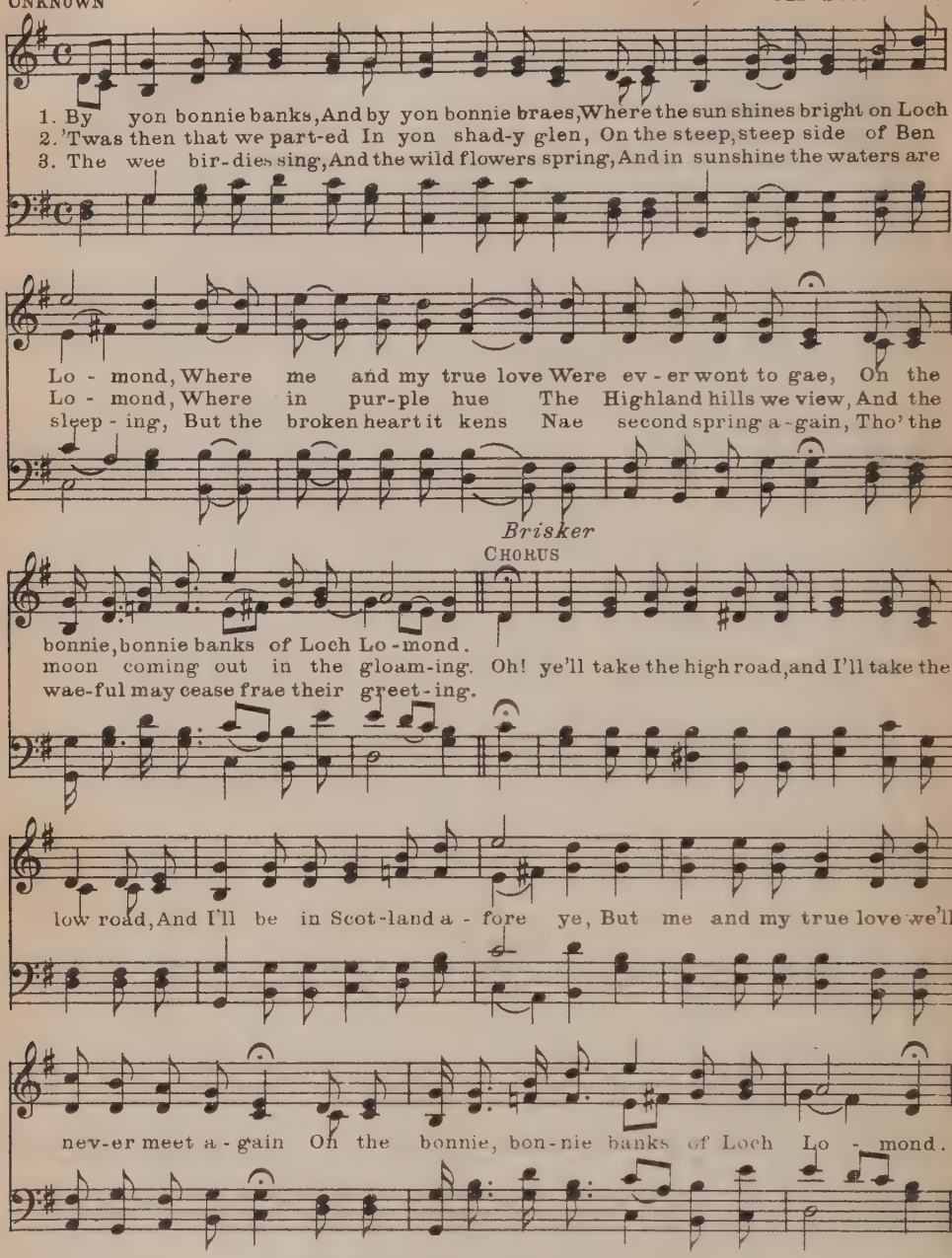
ROBERT BURNS — JAMES E. SPILMAN

Not too slowly


1. Flow gen- tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af-ton, thy neighboring hills, Far mark'd with the courses of
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Afton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gently, sweet
clear winding rills! There daily I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wanton thy wa-ters her snowy feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet
Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Afton, a - mang thy green
hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma-ry's a -
lap-wing, thy screaming fon-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
evening creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

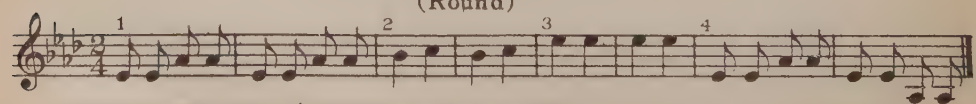
Loch Lomond

UNKNOWN — OLD SCOTCH AIR


1. By yon bonnie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon shad-y glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben
3. The wee bir-dies sing, And the wild flowers spring, And in sunshine the waters are
Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
Lo - mond, Where in pur-ple hue The Highland hills we view, And the
sleep - ing, But the broken heart it kens Nae second spring a - gain, Tho' the
Brisker
CHORUS
bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
moon coming out in the gloam-ing. Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the
wae-ful may cease frae their greet-ing.
low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But me and my true love we'll
nev-er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

Scotland's Burning

(Round)

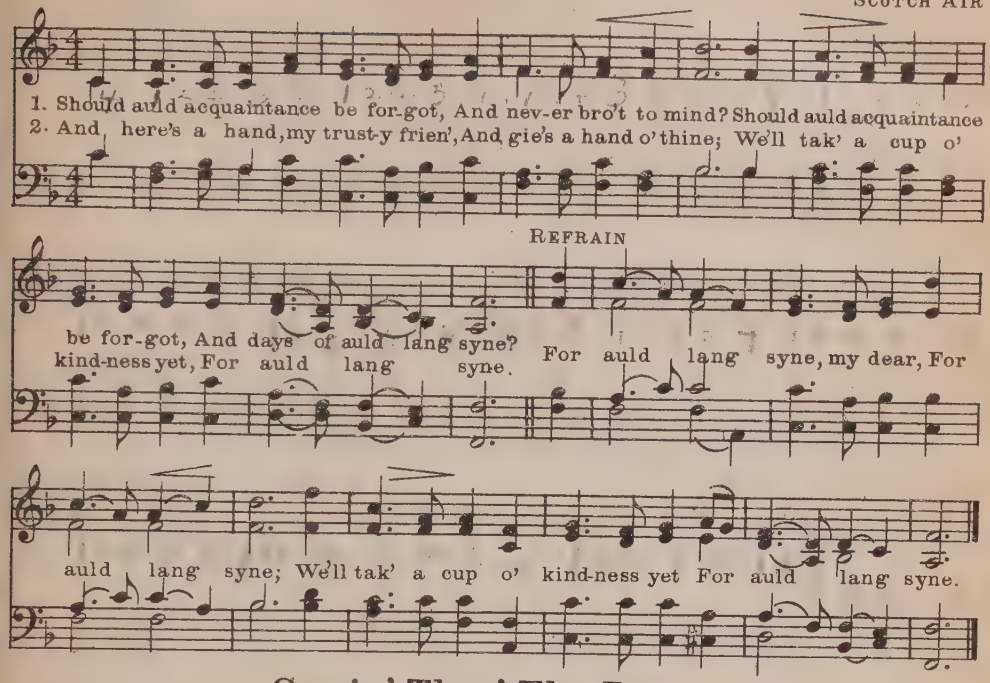


Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

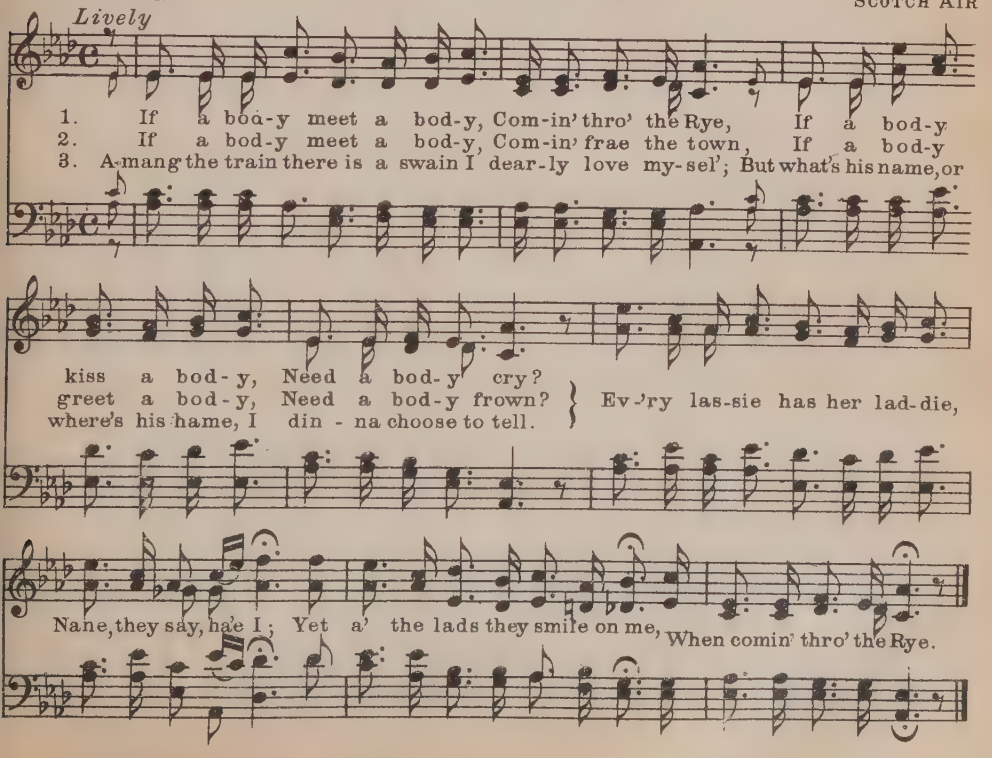

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'
REFRAIN
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH AIR

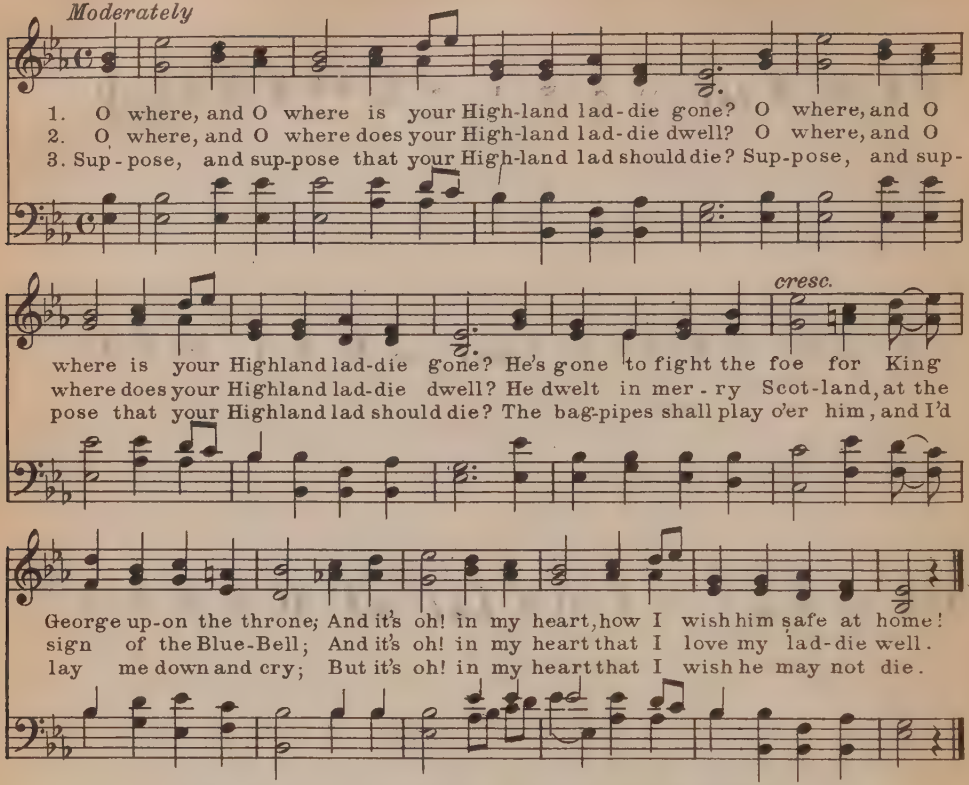
Lively


1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. A-mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or
kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
where's his name, I din - na choose to tell.
Ev'-ry las-sie has her lad-die,
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the Rye.

The Blue-Bells Of Scotland

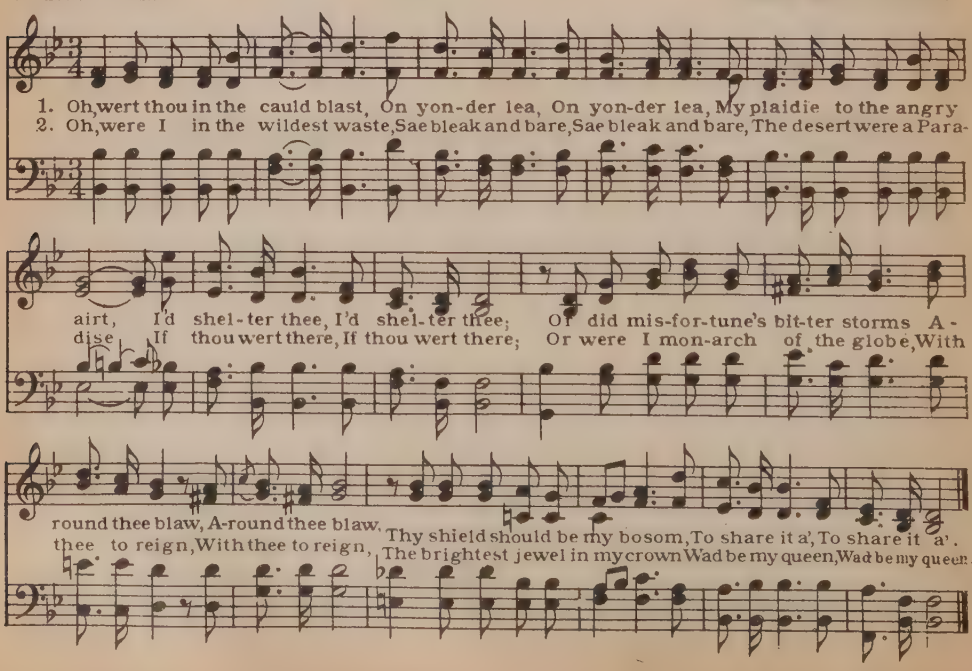
ANNIE MC VICAR — OLD SCOTCH AIR

Moderately


1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-
cresc.
where is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
where does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, at the
pose that your Highland lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd
George up-on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Oh, Wert Thou In The Cauld Blast

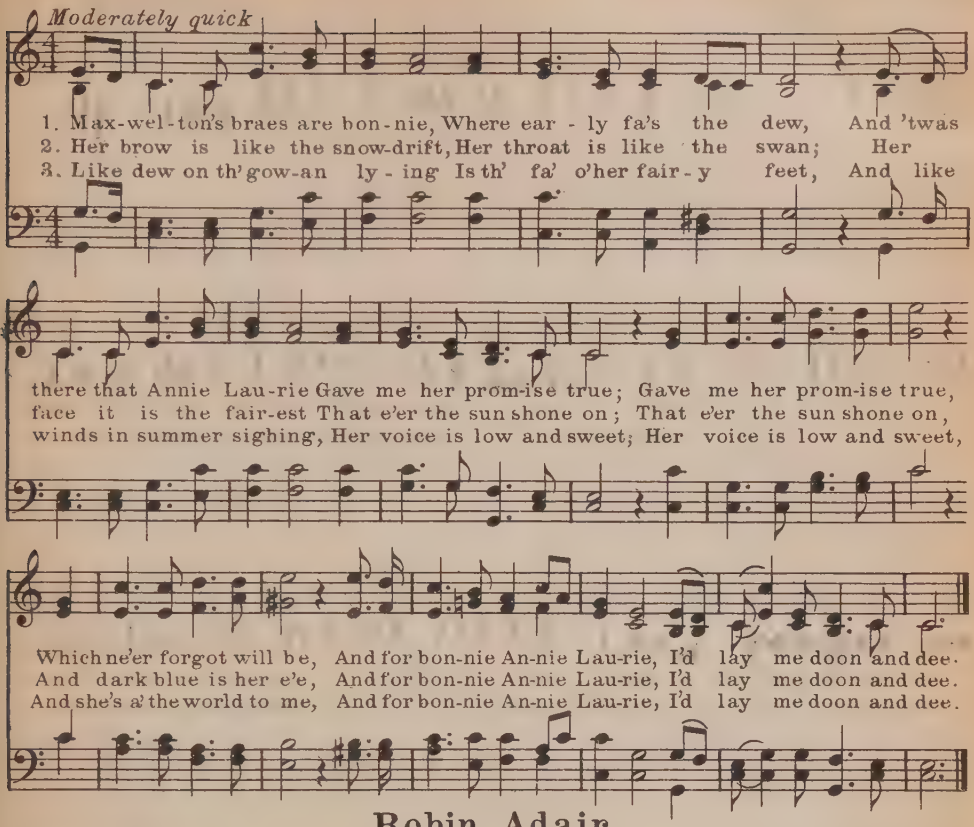
ROBERT BURNS — FELIX MENDELSSOHN


1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, On yon-der lea, My plaidie to the angry
2. Oh, were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare, The desert were a Para-
airt, I'd shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee; Or did mis-for-tune's bit-ter storms A-
dise If thou wert there, If thou wert there; Or were I mon-arch of the globe, With
round thee blaw, A-round thee blaw.
thee to reign, With thee to reign,
Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', To share it a'.
The brightest jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

Annie Laurie

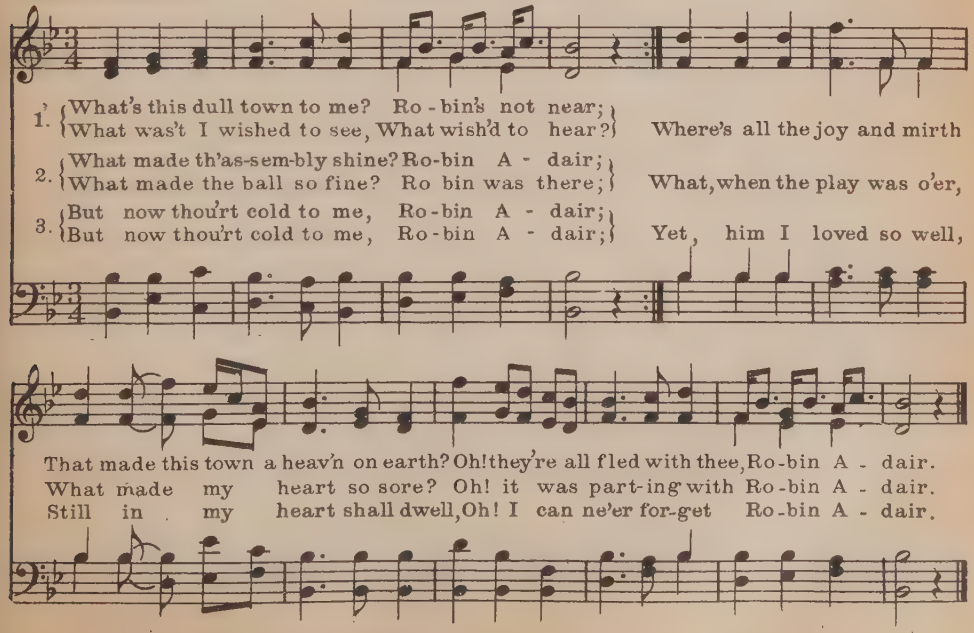
WILLIAM DOUGLASS — LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderately quick


1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly - ing Is th' fa' o'her fair - y feet, And like
there that Annie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true; Gave me her prom-ise true,
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in summer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet,
Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

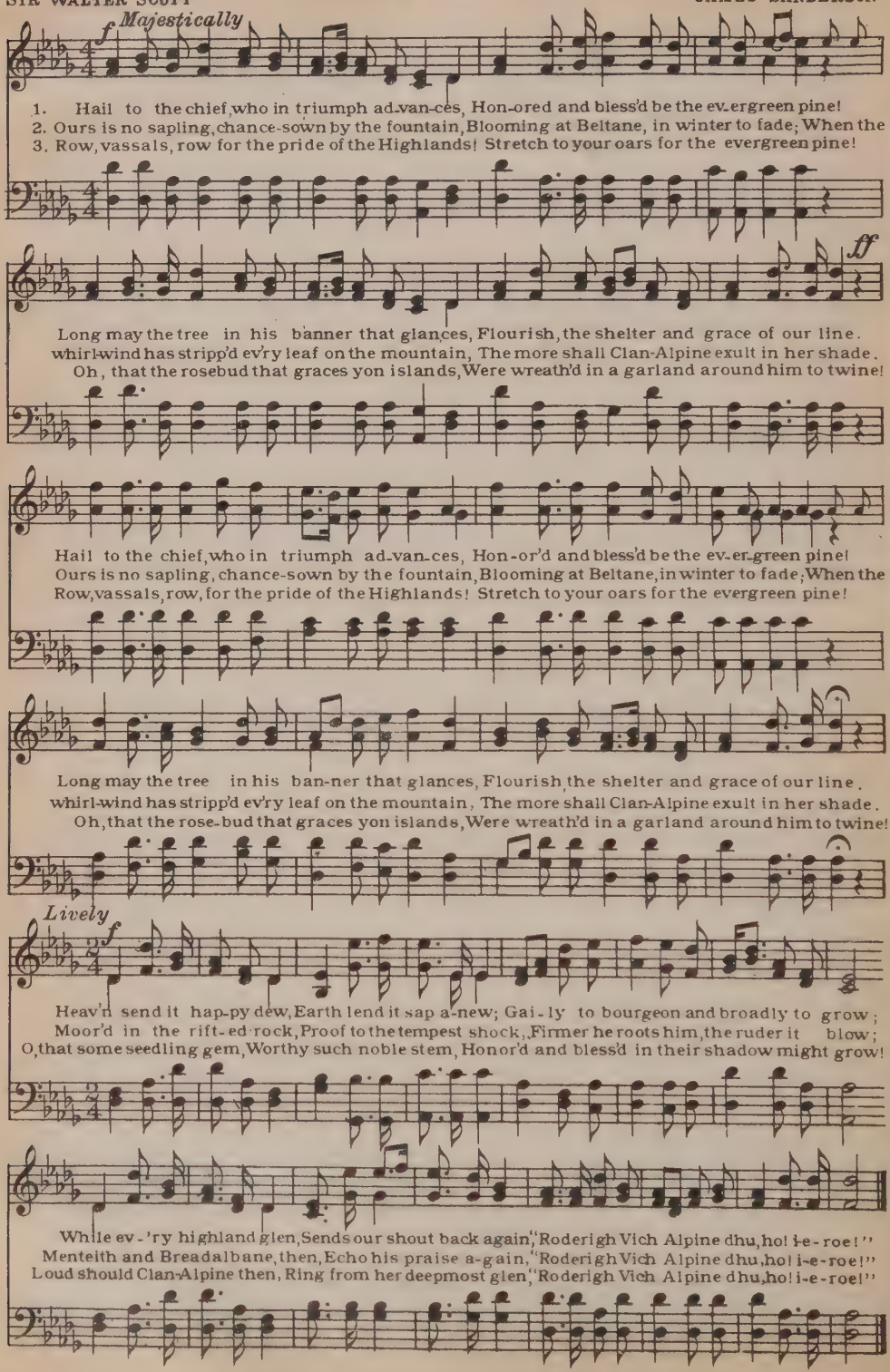
Robin Adair

CAROLINE KEPPEL — SCOTCH AIR


1. What's this dull town to me? Ro-bin's not near; / What was't I wished to see, What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth
2. What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Ro-bin A - dair; / What made the ball so fine? Ro bin was there; What, when the play was o'er,
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair; / But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A - dair; Yet, him I loved so well,
That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro-bin A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Ro-bin A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro-bin A - dair.

Hail To The Chief

SIR WALTER SCOTT — JAMES SANDERSON


Majestically
f
1. Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-ored and bless'd be the ev-ergreen pine!
2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain, Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade; When the
3. Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands! Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
ff
Long may the tree in his banner that glances, Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rosebud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
Hail to the chief, who in triumph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green pine!
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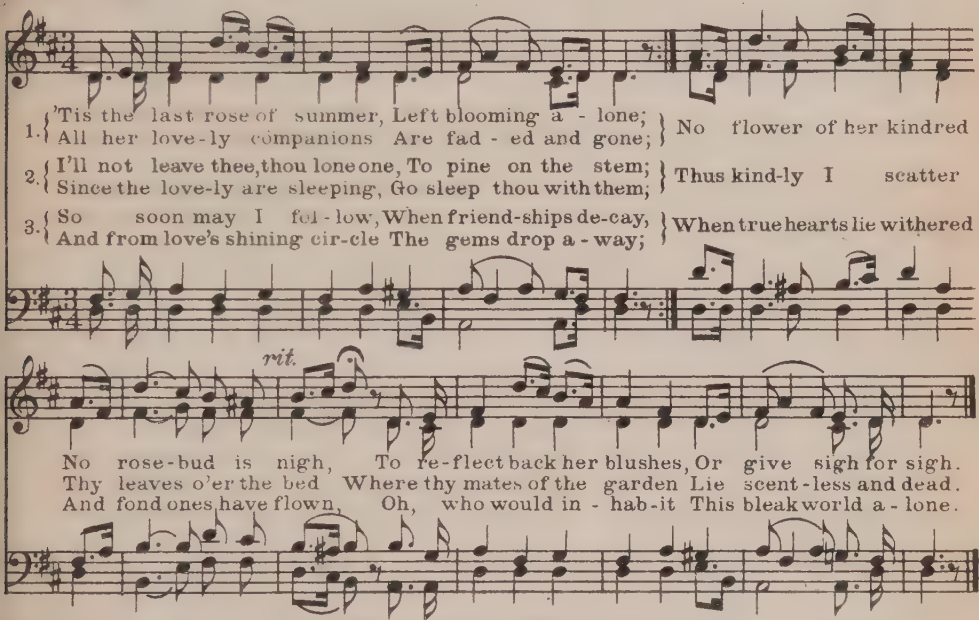
whirl-wind has stripp'd ev'ry leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Oh, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands, Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!
Lively
f
Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new; Gai-ly to bourgeon and broadly to grow;
Moor'd in the rift-ed rock, Proof to the tempest shock, Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
O, that some seedling gem, Worthy such noble stem, Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
While ev-'ry highland glen, Sends our shout back again, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Menteith and Breadalbane, then, Echo his praise a-gain, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"
Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepmost glen, "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! i-e-roe!"

The Last Rose Of Summer

Thomas Moore, the great Irish lyric poet, did for Irish folk songs what Burns did for those of his native land. "The Last Rose of Summer" is among his most famous songs, having achieved great popularity through its interpolation into the ever popular and beautiful opera "Martha by Flotow, to whom the authorship of the song is sometimes erroneously attributed. The air is an ancient one, called the "Groves of Blarney," which in turn was taken from a more ancient Celtic melody.

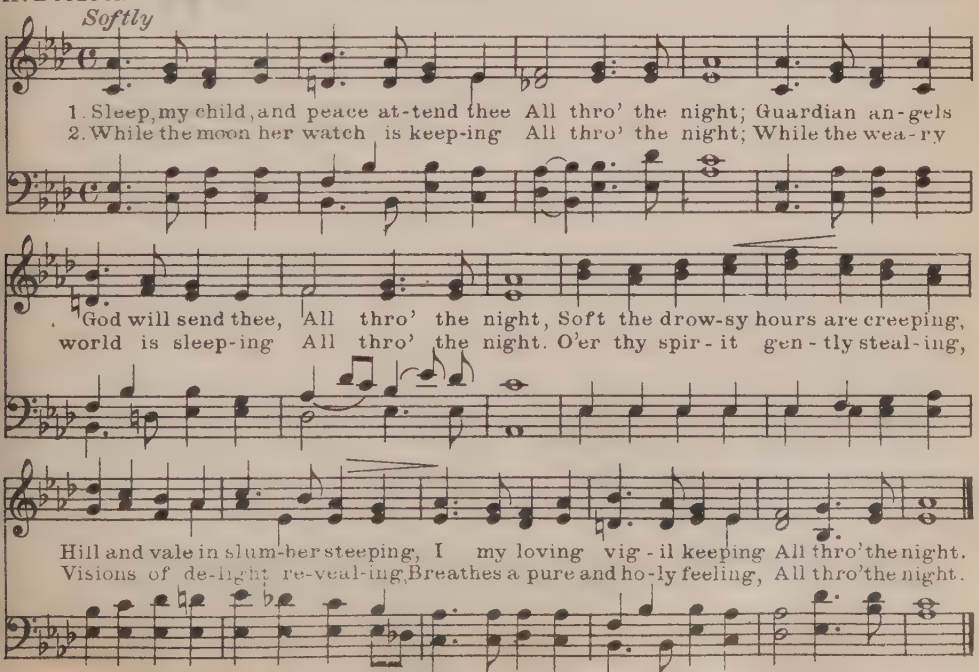
THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR


1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; All her love-ly companions Are fad - ed and gone; No flower of her kindred
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I scatter
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de-cay, And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie withered
rit.
No rose-bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scent-less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone.

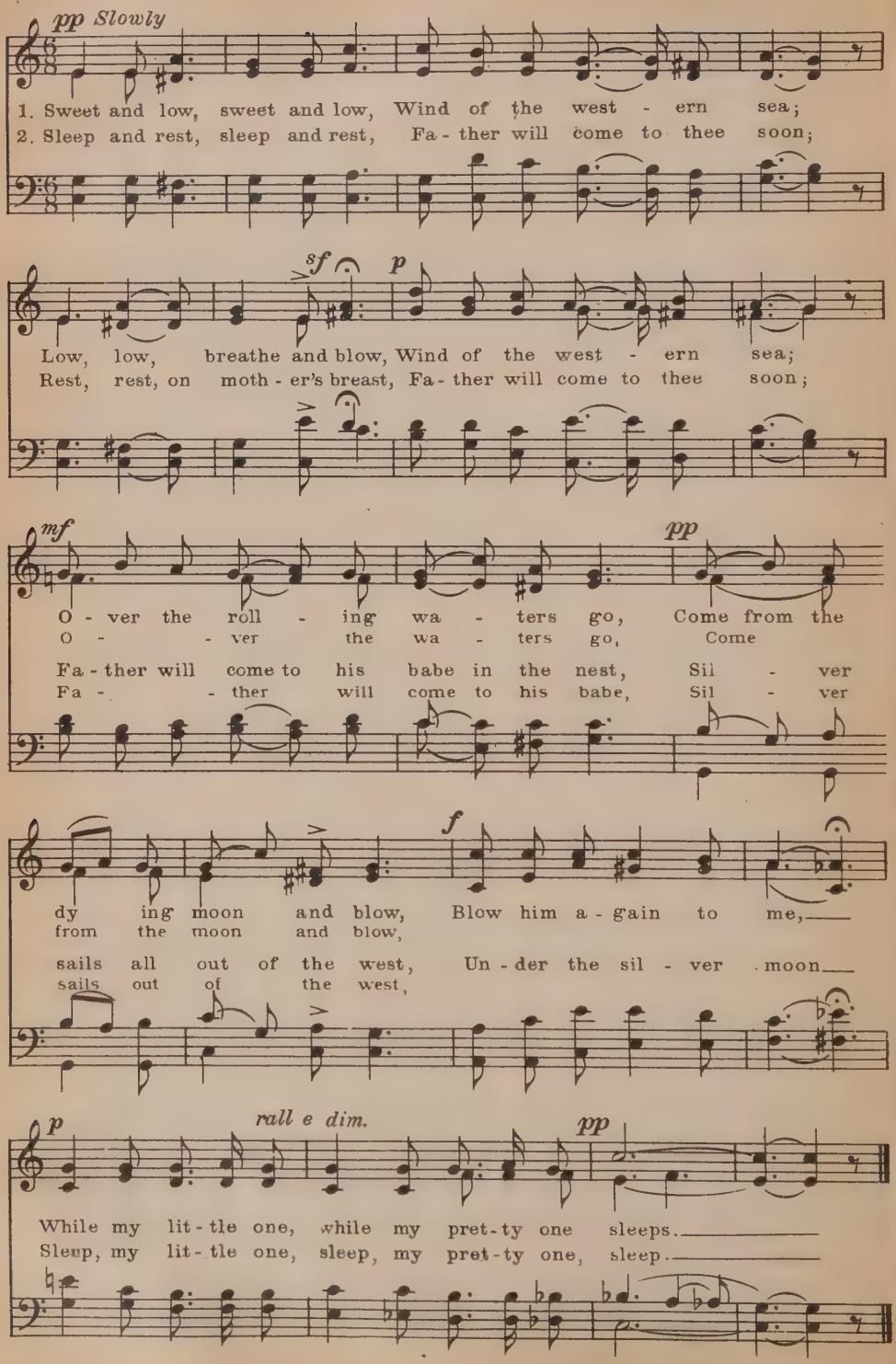
Attributed to H. BOULTON

All Through The Night

OLD WELSH AIR


Softly
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guardian an-gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All thro' the night; While the wea-ry
God will send thee, All thro' the night, Soft the drow-sy hours are creeping,
world is sleep-ing All thro' the night. O'er thy spir - it gen - tly steal-ing,
Hill and vale in slum-ber steeping, I my loving vig - il keeping All thro' the night.
Visions of de-light re-veal-ing Breathes a pure and ho-ly feeling, All thro' the night.

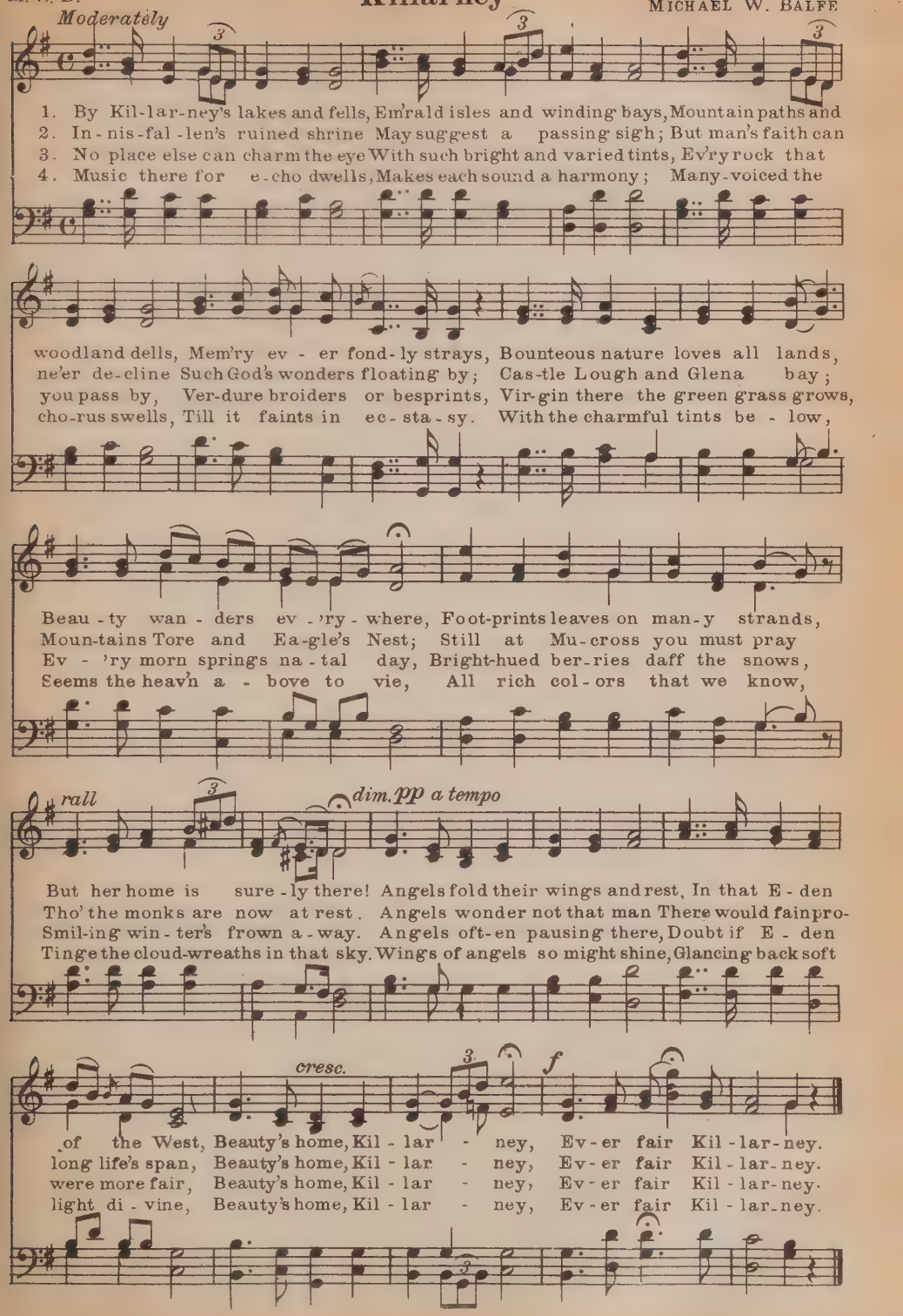
Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

pp Slowly
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
sf
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the
O - - ver the wa - ters go, Come
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver
f
dy ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
from the moon and blow,
sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon
sails out of the west,
p
rall e dim.
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

Killarney

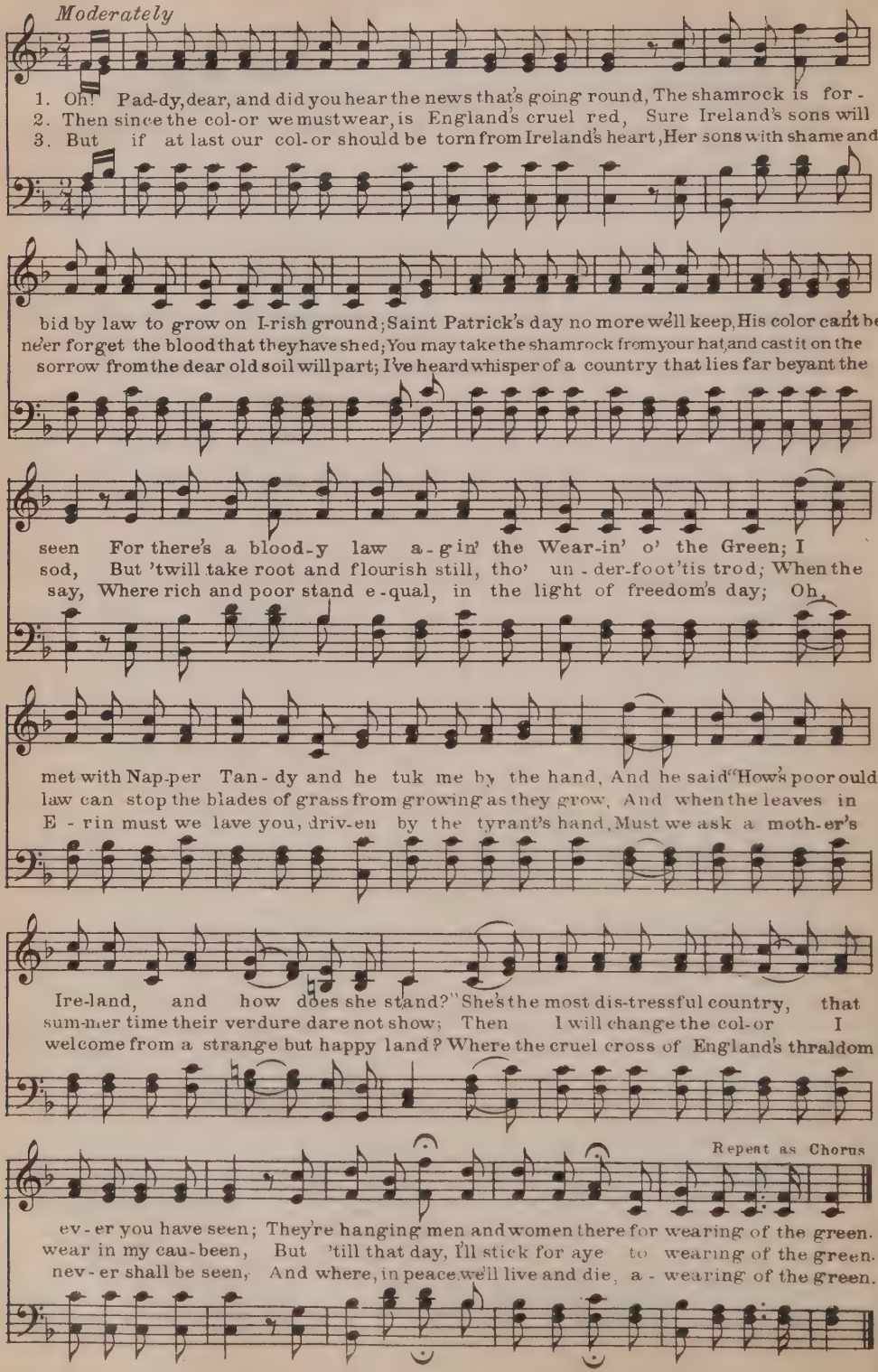
MICHAEL W. BALFE

Moderately


1. By Kil-lar-ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and
2. In-nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a passing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and varied tints, Ev'ry rock that
4. Music there for e-cho dwells, Makes each sound a harmony; Many-voiced the
woodland dells, Mem'ry ev-er fond-ly strays, Bounteous nature loves all lands,
ne'er de-cline Such God's wonders floating by; Cas-tle Lough and Glena bay;
you pass by, Ver-dure broiders or besprints, Vir-gin there the green grass grows,
cho-rus swells, Till it faints in ec-sta-sy. With the charmful tints be-low,
Beau-ty wan-ders ev-'ry-where, Foot-prints leaves on man-y strands,
Moun-tains Tore and Ea-gle's Nest; Still at Mu-cross you must pray
Ev-'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued ber-ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a-bove to vie, All rich col-ors that we know,
rall
dim. pp a tempo
But her home is sure-ly there! Angels fold their wings and rest, In that E-den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. Angels wonder not that man There would fain pro-
Smil-ing win-ter's frown a-way. Angels oft-en pausing there, Doubt if E-den
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine, Glancing back soft
cresc.
f
of the West, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
long life's span, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
were more fair, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.
light di-vine, Beauty's home, Kil-lar-ney, Ev-er fair Kil-lar-ney.

Wearing Of The Green

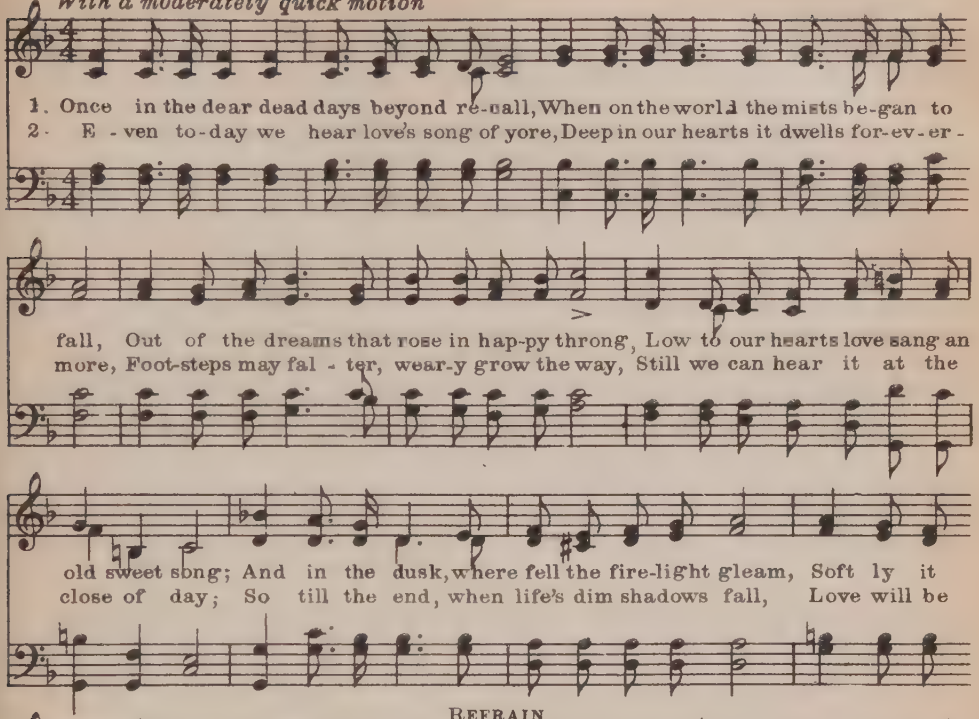
DION BOUCICAULT — IRISH AIR

Moderately

1. Oh! Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round, The shamrock is for-
2. Then since the col-or we must wear, is England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will
3. But if at last our col-or should be torn from Ireland's heart, Her sons with shame and
bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, His color can't be
ne'er for get the blood that they have shed; You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the
sorrow from the dear old soil will part; I've heard whisper of a country that lies far be yant the
seen For there's a blood-y law a-g in' the Wear-in' o' the Green; I
sod, But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' un-der-foot 'tis trod; When the
sea, Where rich and poor stand e-qual, in the light of freedom's day; Oh,
met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he said "How's poor ould
law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, And when the leaves in
E-rin must we lave you, driv-en by the tyrant's hand, Must we ask a moth-er's
Ire-land, and how does she stand?" She's the most dis-tressful country, that
sum-mer time their ver dure dare not show; Then I will change the col-or I
welcome from a strange but happy land? Where the cruel cross of England's thraldom
Repeat as Chorus
ev-er you have seen; They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.
wear in my cau-been, But 'till that day, I'll stick for aye to wearing of the green.
nev-er shall be seen, And where, in peace we'll live and die, a-wearing of the green.

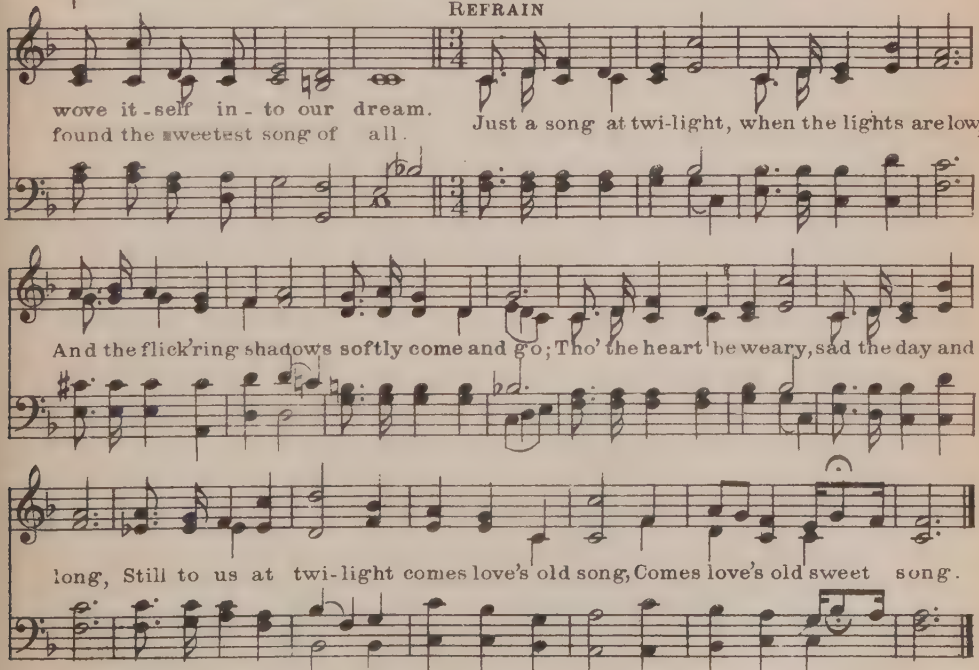
Love's Old Sweet Song

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM — J. L. MOLLOY

With a moderately quick motion


1. Once in the dear dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

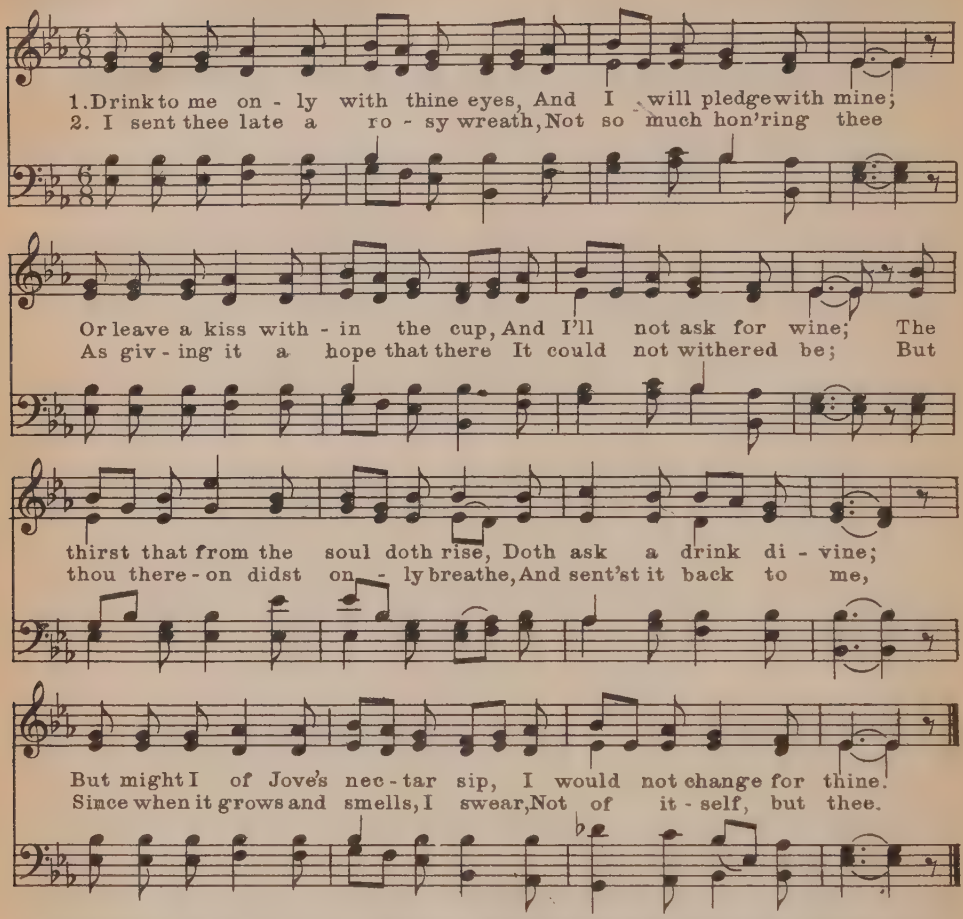
REFRAIN


Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go; Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long, Still to us at twi-light comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

Because "Just a Song at Twilight" brings joy to the weary soul, wouldn't it be thoughtful of you to send a copy of this book, full of inspiration and happiness, to that friend who needs a little help from you? It will cost you but a few cents but will mean much to the friend.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

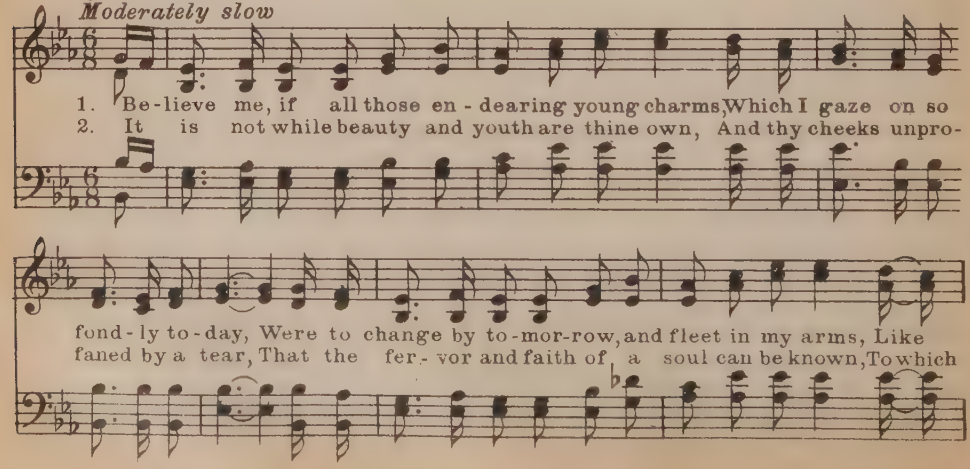
BEN JONSON — OLD ENGLISH AIR


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not withered be; But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee.

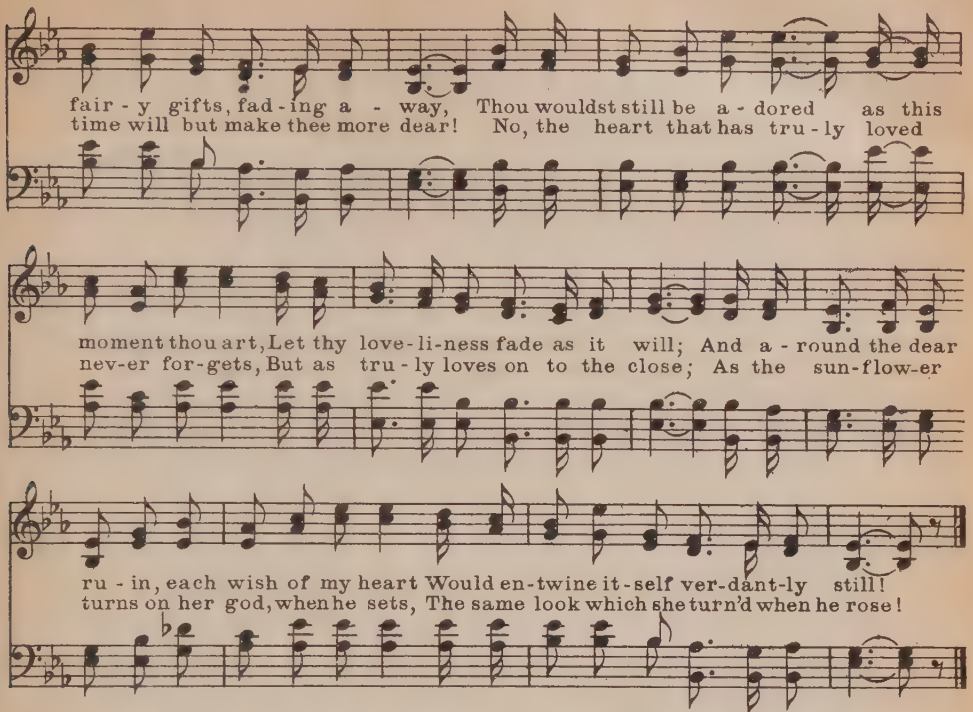
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE — IRISH AIR

Moderately slow

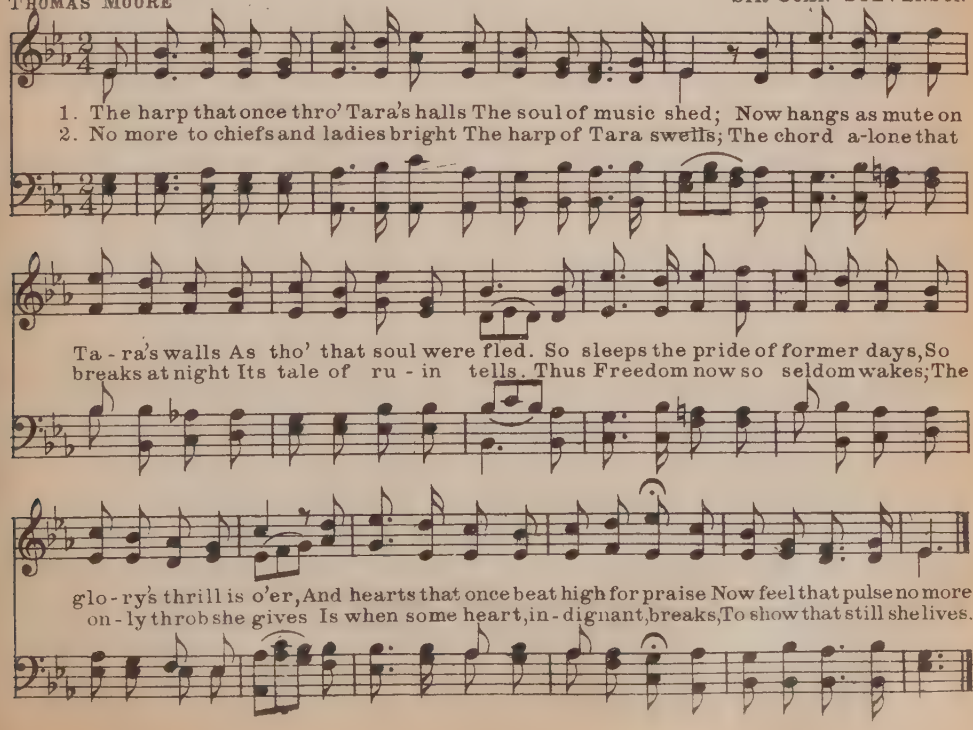

1. Be-lieve me, if all those en - dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro-
fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like
faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms – Cont.


fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved
moment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er
ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE — SIR JOHN STEVENSON


1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls The soul of music shed; Now hangs as mute on
2. No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells; The chord a - lone that
Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of former days, So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes; The
glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart, in - dignant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. JULIA CRAWFORD — FREDERICK N. CROUCH

Moderately quick

mf

1. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hun-ter is
2. Kathleen Ma-vourneen, a-wake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing;
sun's golden light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A -

Small notes to be sung for 2d V.

Kathleen Mavour-neen, what! slumbring still? Kathleen Mavourneen, what!
rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night; A-rise in thy beau-ty, thou

slum - b'ring still? Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh!
star of my night! Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vour-neen, my sad tears are falling, To

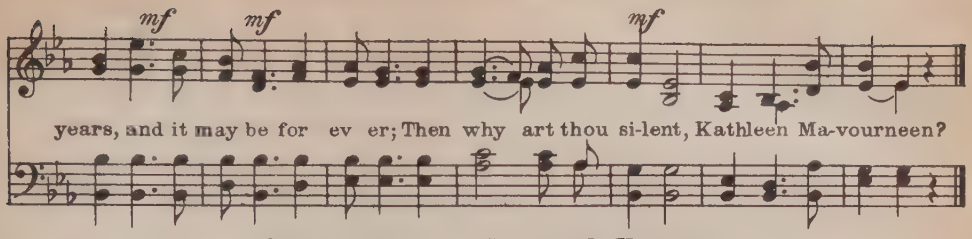
hast thou for-gotten this day we must part?
think that from E-rin and thee I must part!
} It may be for years, and it

may be for ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

semplice

When you realize that the songs in this book, if bought separately in sheet form, would cost you from ten to fifty cents each and that you get all of them for but a few cents, you know it's mighty big value. Why not tell others about it?

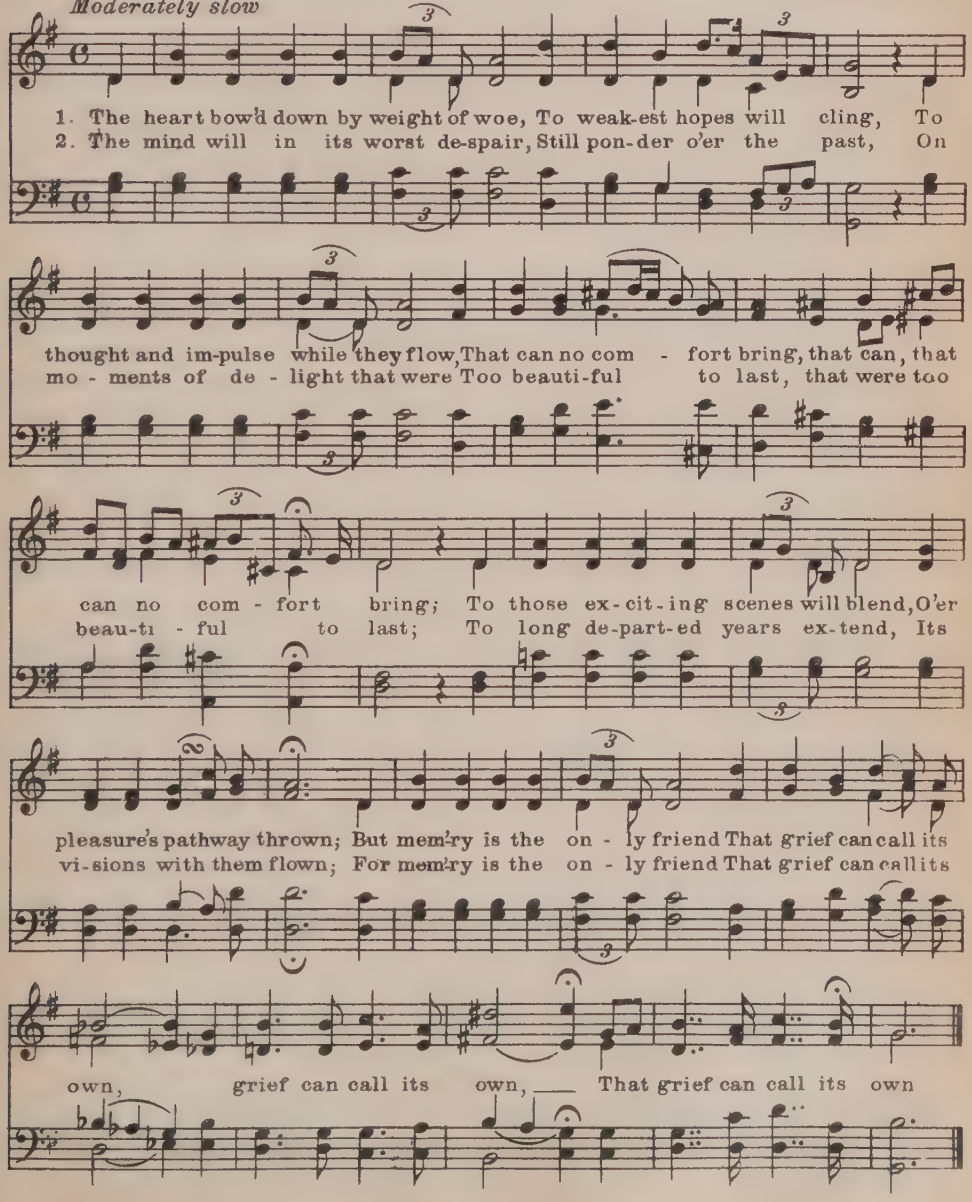
Kathleen Mavourneen—Continued



The Heart Bowed Down

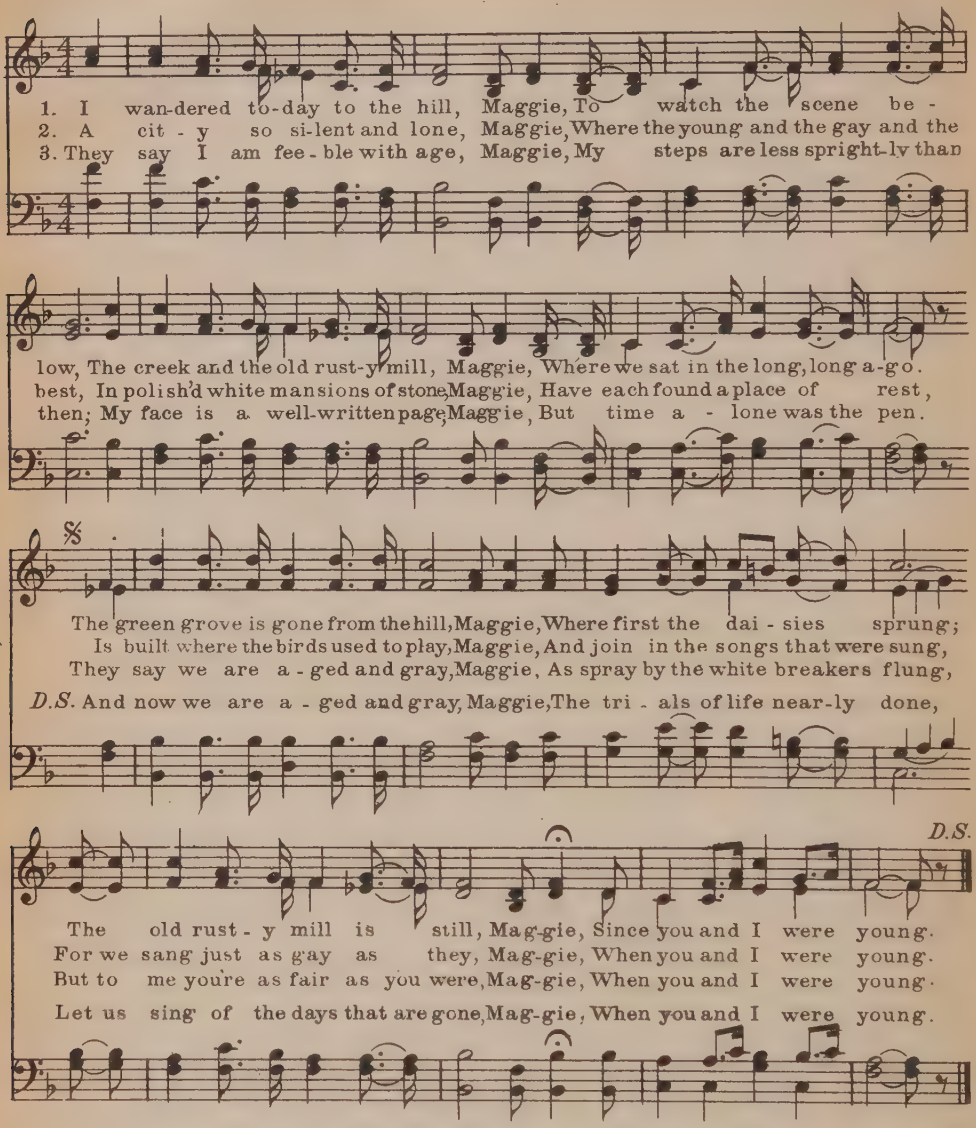
M.W.B. (From "The Bohemian Girl") MICHAEL Wm. BALFE

Moderately slow


1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will cling, To
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon-der o'er the past, On
thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beauti-ful to last, that were too
can no com - fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er
beau-ti - ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its
pleasure's pathway thrown; But mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
vi-sions with them flown; For mem'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call its
own, grief can call its own, That grief can call its own

When You And I Were Young, Maggie

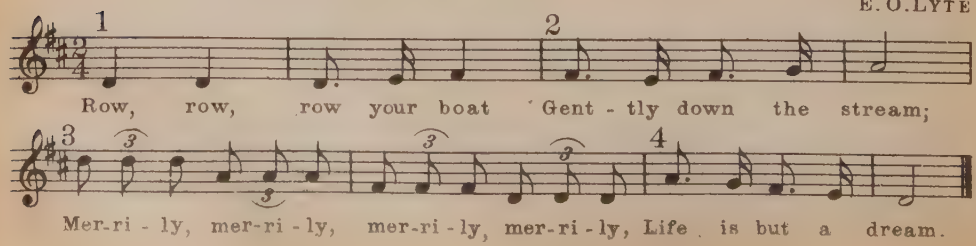
GEORGE W. JOHNSON — J. A. BUTTERFIELD


1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be -
2. A cit - y so si-lent and lone, Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Maggie, My steps are less spright-ly than
low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
then; My face is a well-written page, Maggie, But time a - lone was the pen.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai - sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. And now we are a - ged and gray, Maggie, The tri - als of life near-ly done,
D.S.
The old rust - y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

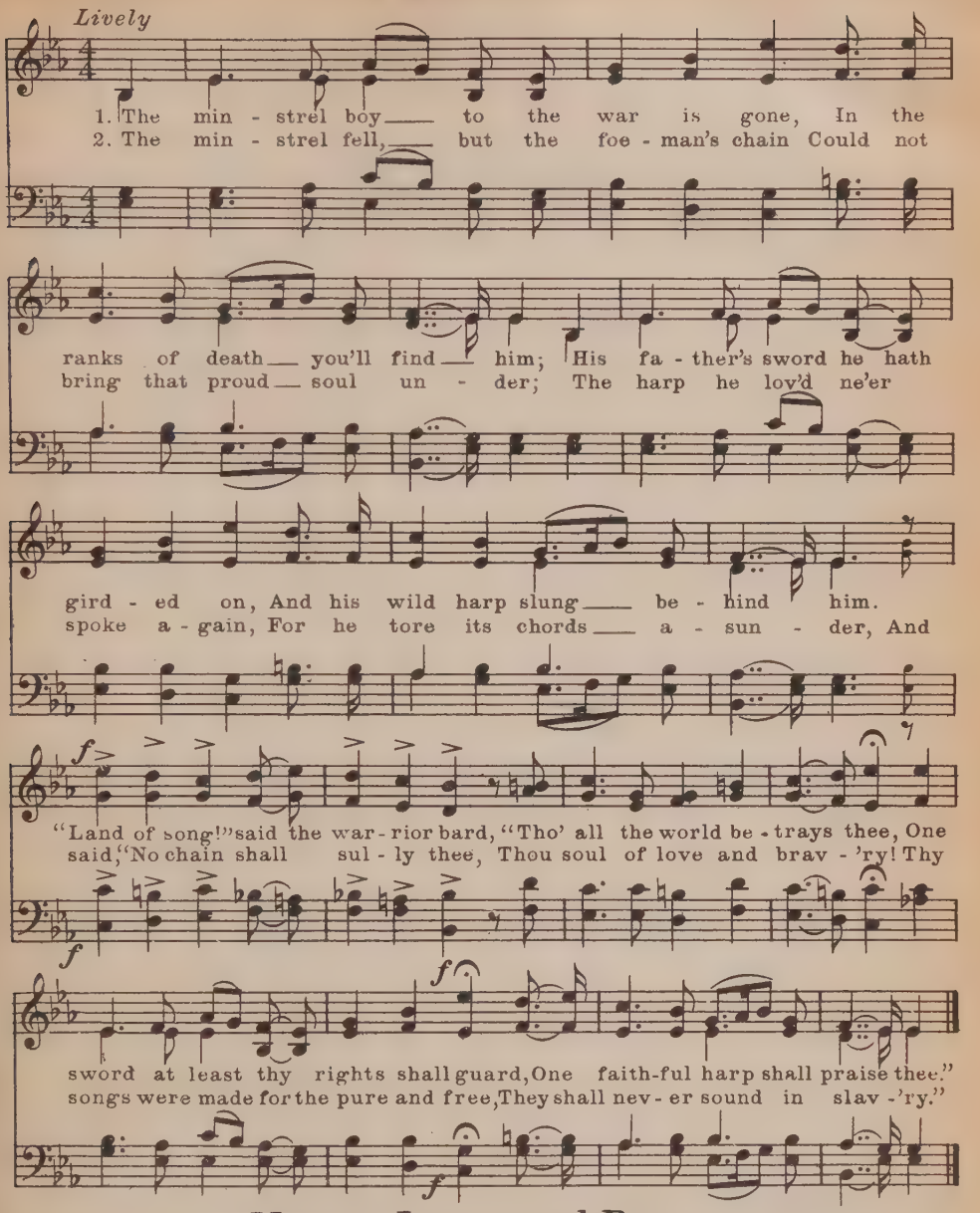
E. O. LYTE



THOMAS MOORE

The Minstrel Boy

IRISH AIR


Lively
1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The min - strel fell, but the foe - man's chain Could not
ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath
bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er
gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der, And
f
"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said, "No chain shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - 'ry! Thy
f
f
sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slav - 'ry."
f

Moore, Jonson and Burns

Thomas Moore, the great Irish poet, was born in Dublin in 1779 and died in 1852. As a song writer, Moore is one of the greatest; he is excellent alike in verse, romance and satire.

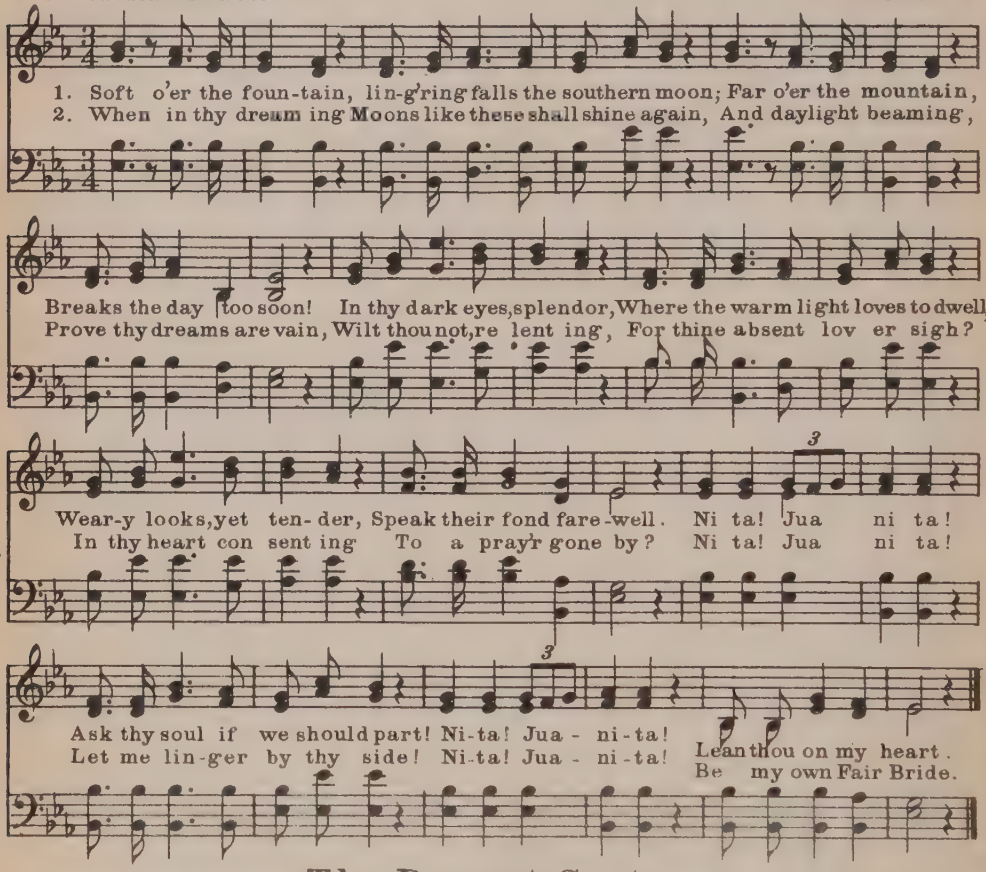
Ben Jonson, (1573-1637), famous among English dramatists and poets, is noted for his charmingly beautiful work. His poems are many and varied; they are full of grace and are classical in form and phraseology. After three centuries his, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," which is on page 46 is still popular.

Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland was born in a little clay cottage near Ayr in 1759. At the time of his death in 1796 he was recognized for his great genius but he died in penury. It was his custom to write his poems to existing Scotch airs and to this habit we owe some of the greatest lyrics in the language.

Juanita

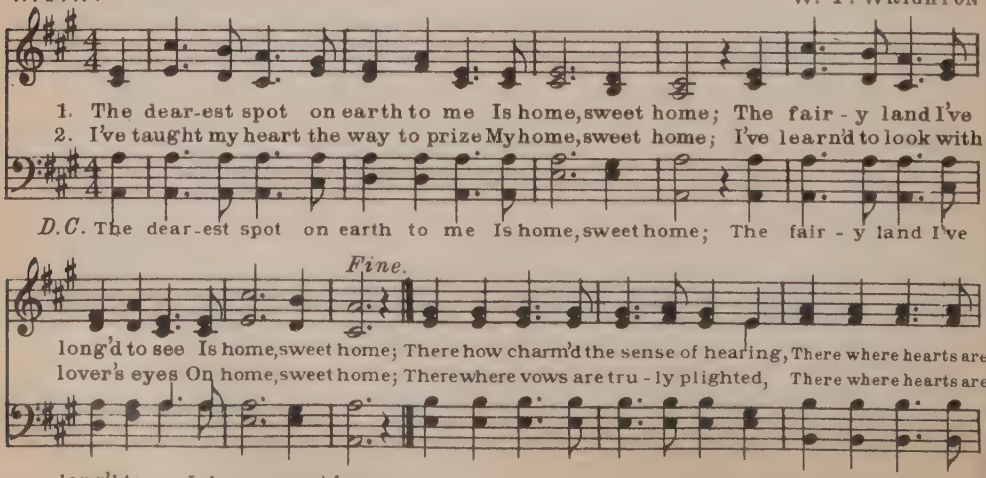
"Juanita," for many years a favorite, was written by the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Irish wit and playwright. The Honorable Mrs. Norton, as she was called, adapted her text to an old Spanish air, and rearranged it much in its present form.

Mrs. CAROLINE NORTON — SPANISH AIR

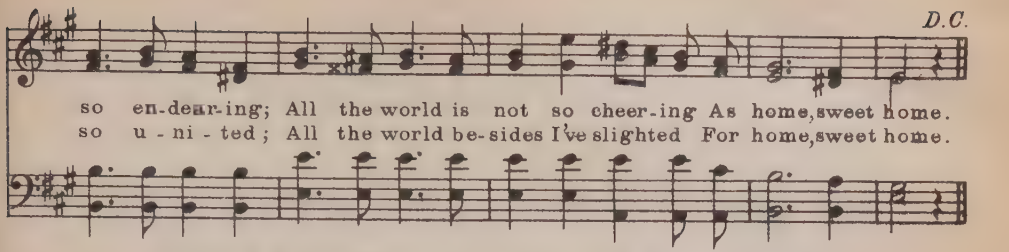

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dream ing Moons like these shall shine again, And daylight beaming,
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes, splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re lent ing, For thine absent lov er sigh?
Wear-y looks, yet ten- der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni ta! Jua ni ta!
In thy heart con sent ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni ta! Jua ni ta!
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
Lean thou on my heart.
Be my own Fair Bride.

The Dearest Spot

W. T. W. — W. T. WRIGHTON

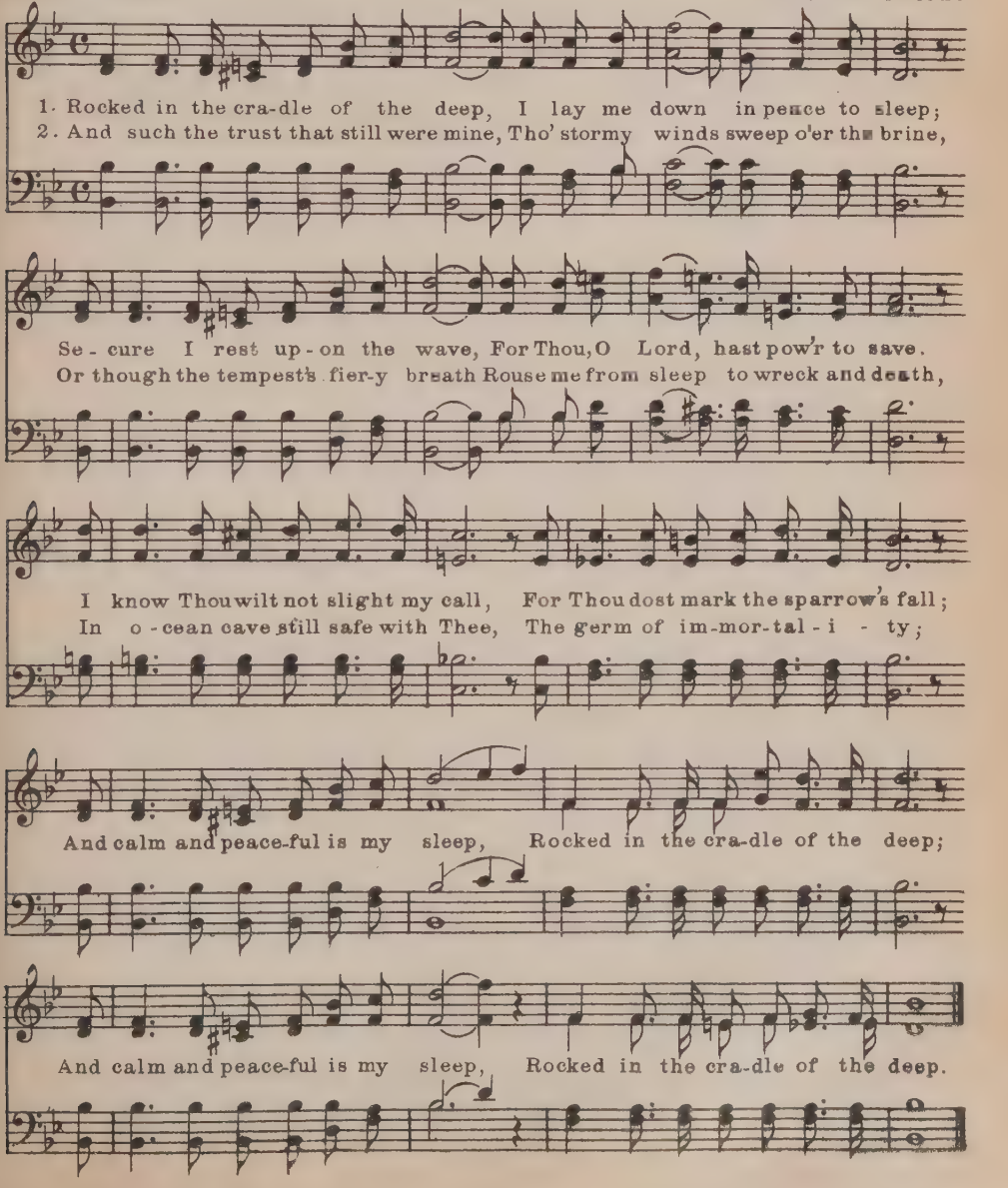

1. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with
D.C. The dear-est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've
Fine.
long'd to see Is home, sweet home; There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There where hearts are
lover's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are
long'd to see Is home, sweet home.

The Dearest Spot– Continued


D.C.
so en-dear-ing; All the world is not so cheer-ing As home, sweet home.
so u-ni-ted; All the world be-sides I've slighted For home, sweet home.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

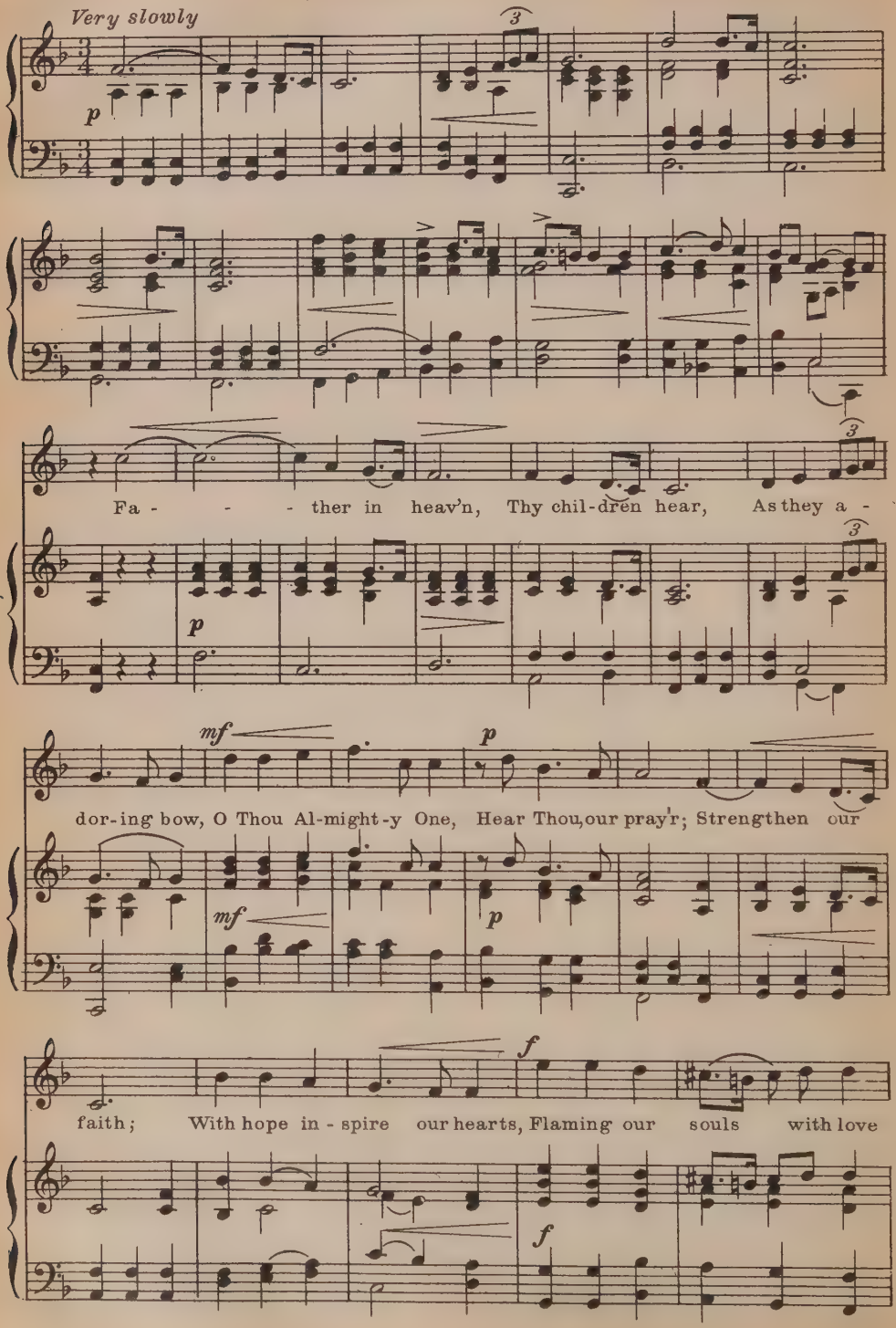
EMMA WILLARD — JOSEPH P. KNIGHT


1. Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tempest's fier-y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty;
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep;
And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep.

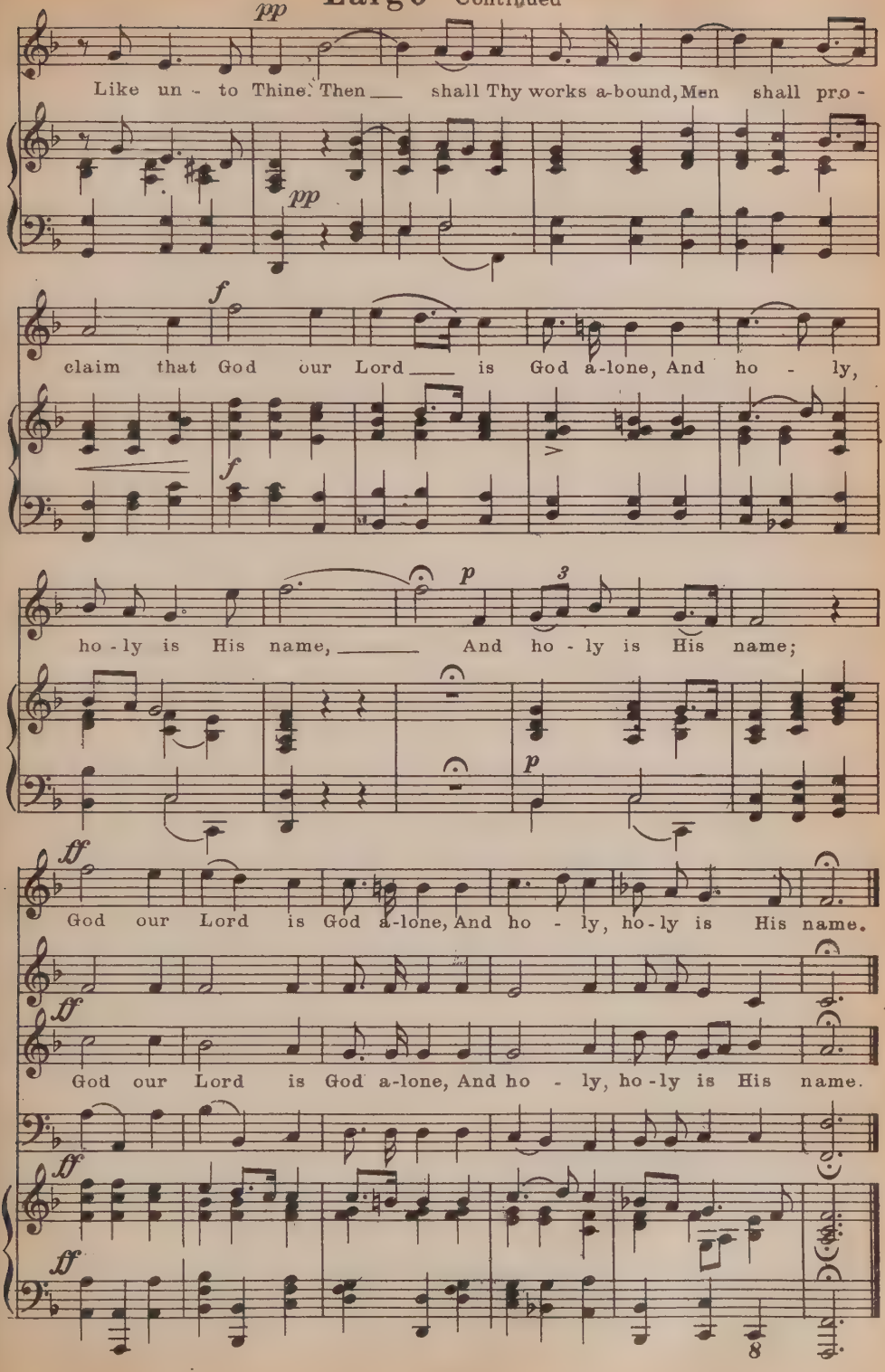
Largo

(From the Opera, Xerxes)

THOMAS WILLIAMS — GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL

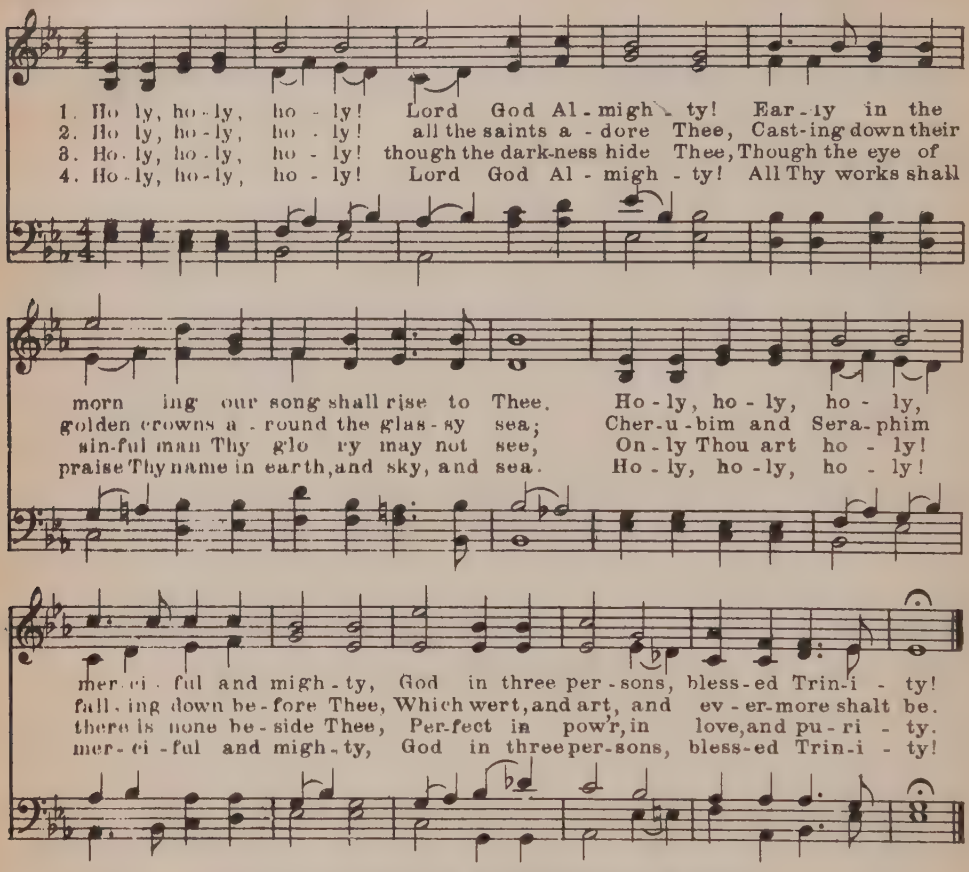

Very slowly
p
Fa - - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a -
p
mf
p
dor-ing bow, O Thou Al-might-y One, Hear Thou our pray'r; Strengthen our
mf
p
f
faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flaming our souls with love
f

Largo– Continued


pp
Like un - to Thine. Then shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro -
pp
f
claim that God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly,
f
p
3
ho - ly is His name, And ho - ly is His name;
p
ff
God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.
ff
God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.
ff
ff
8

Holy, Holy, Holy

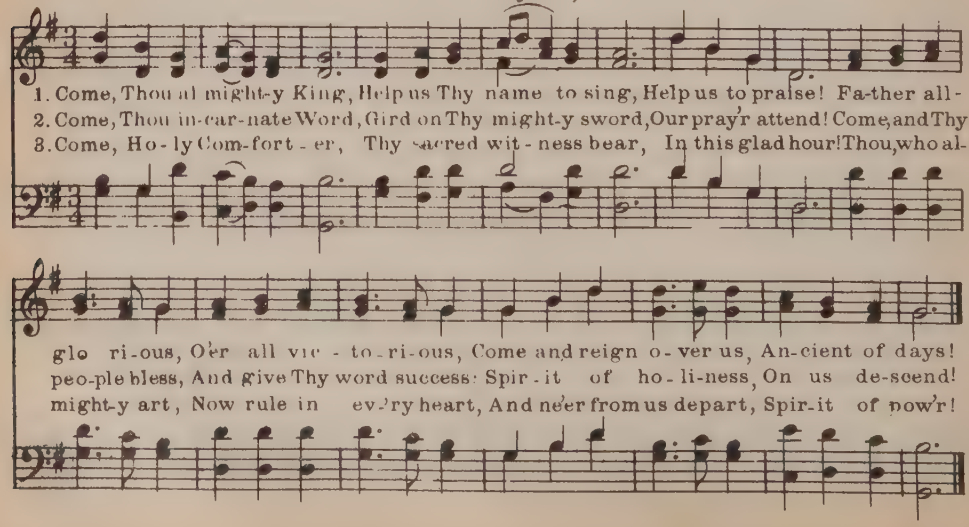
REGINALD HEBER — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Come, Thou Almighty King

(Italian Hymn)

CHARLES WESLEY — GIARDINI

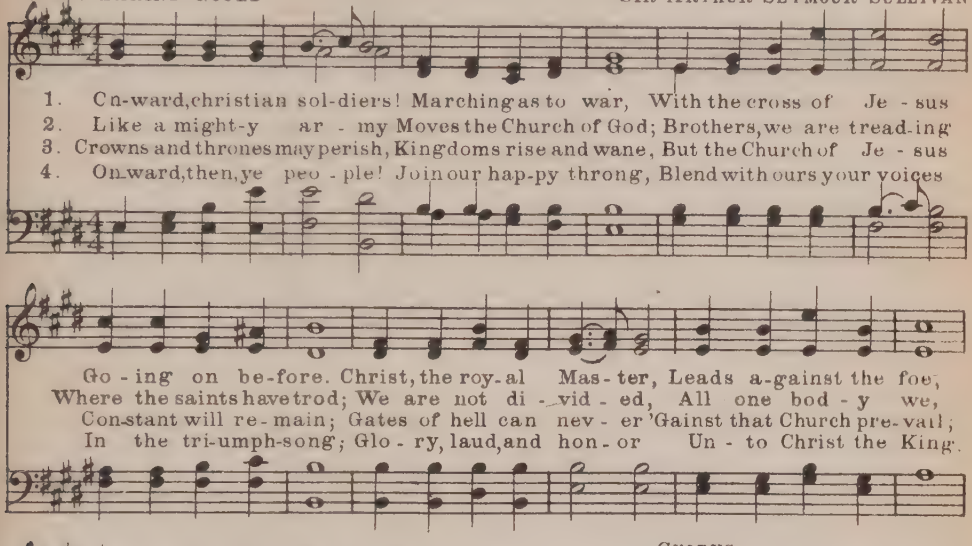

1. Come, Thou al might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther all -
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our pray'r attend! Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al -
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!

Onward, Christian Soldiers

In 1865, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould was Curate of the Horbury Bridge School in a small English village. A school festival was to be given for which a suitable song was desired but he could find no song in his books which he considered suitable to the occasion. To supply the necessity he wrote this now famous processional hymn which is the most universally sung of the hymns of today.

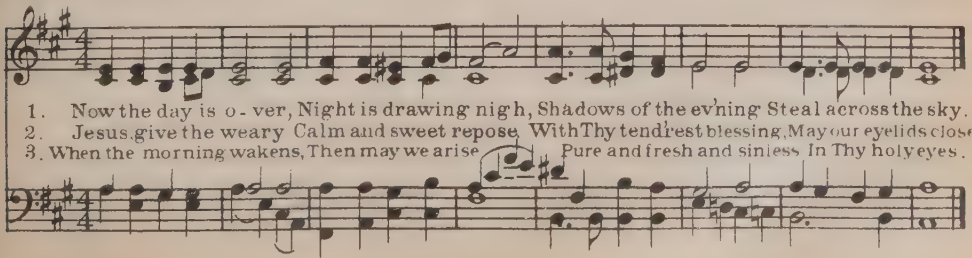
The spirited music written for it by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan has doubtless added to the enthusiasm with which it is always sung.

SABINE BARING-GOULD — SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN


1. On-ward, christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King.
CHORUS
For-ward in to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc-trine One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

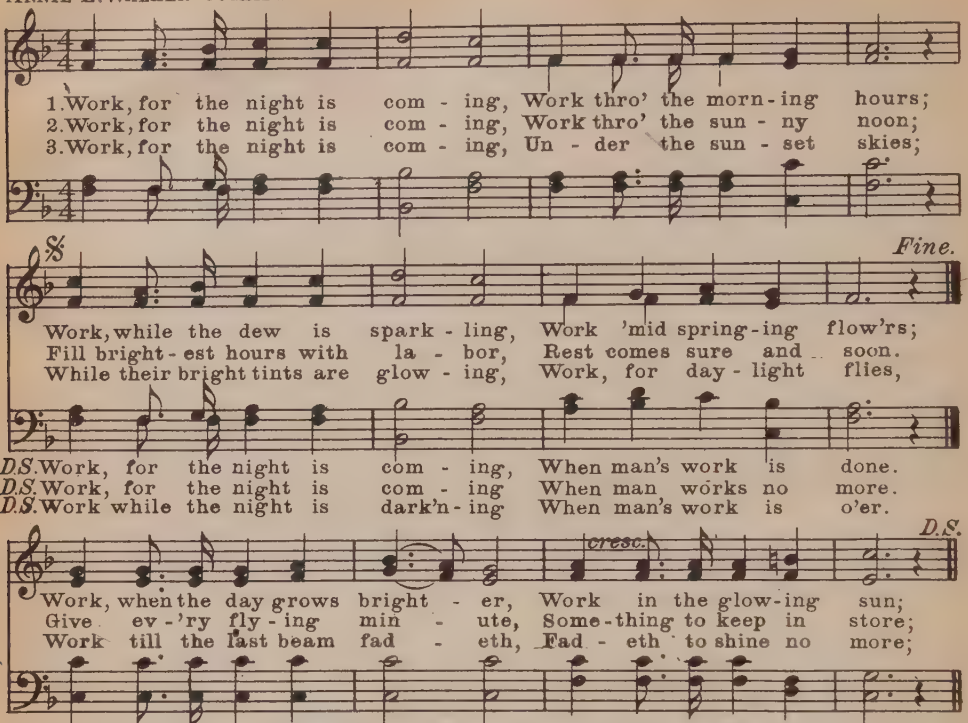
Now The Day Is Over

SABINE BARING-GOULD — JOSEPH BARNBY


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the ev'ning Steal across the sky.
2. Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing, May our eyelids close
3. When the morning wakens, Then may we arise Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy holy eyes.

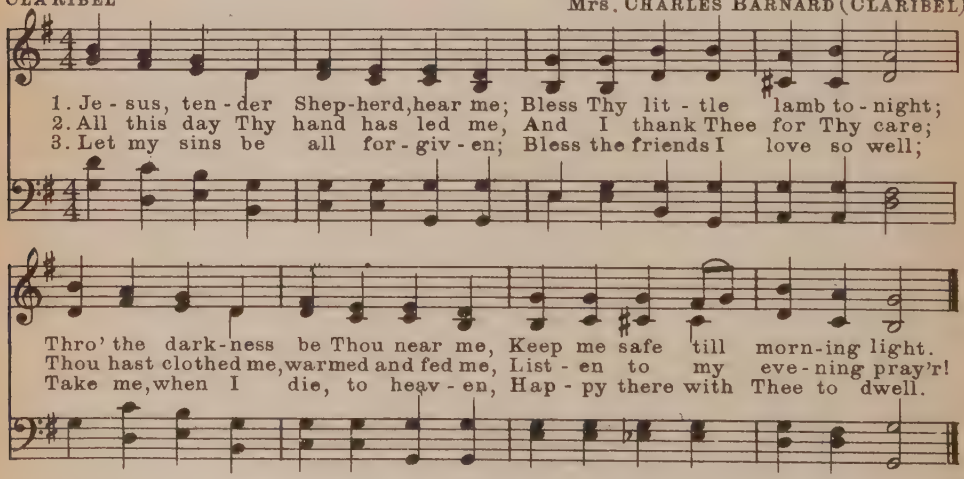
Work, For The Night Is Coming

ANNIE L. WALKER-COGHILL — LOWELL MASON


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Fine.
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies,
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing When man works no more.
D.S. Work while the night is dark'n - ing When man's work is o'er.
D.S.
cresc.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some - thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

CLARIBEL — Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD (CLARIBEL)

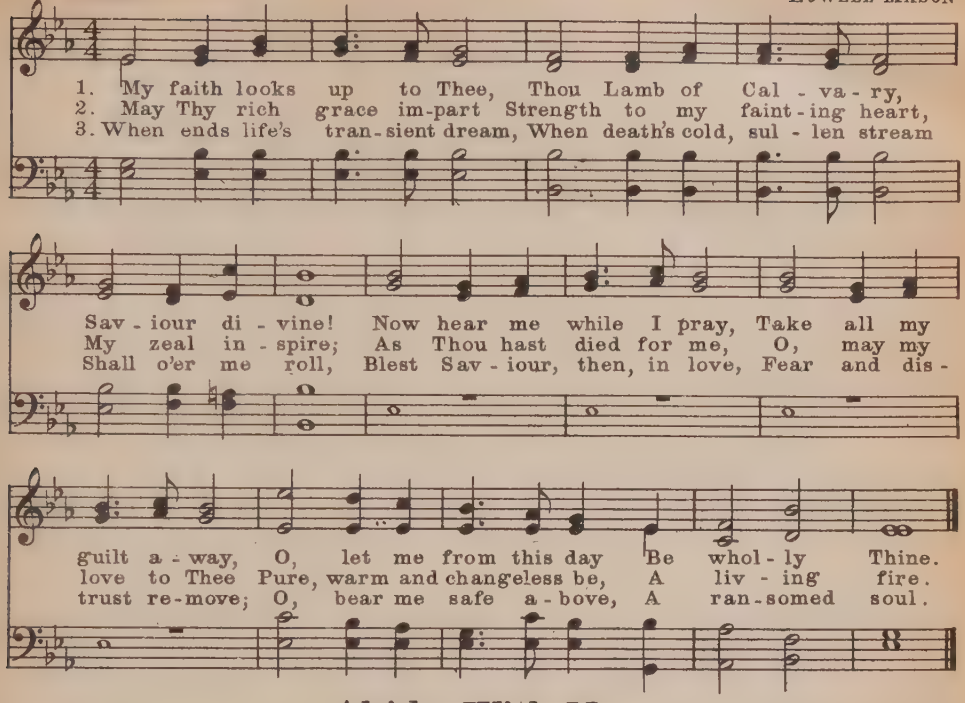

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning pray'r!
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

The Twenty-third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

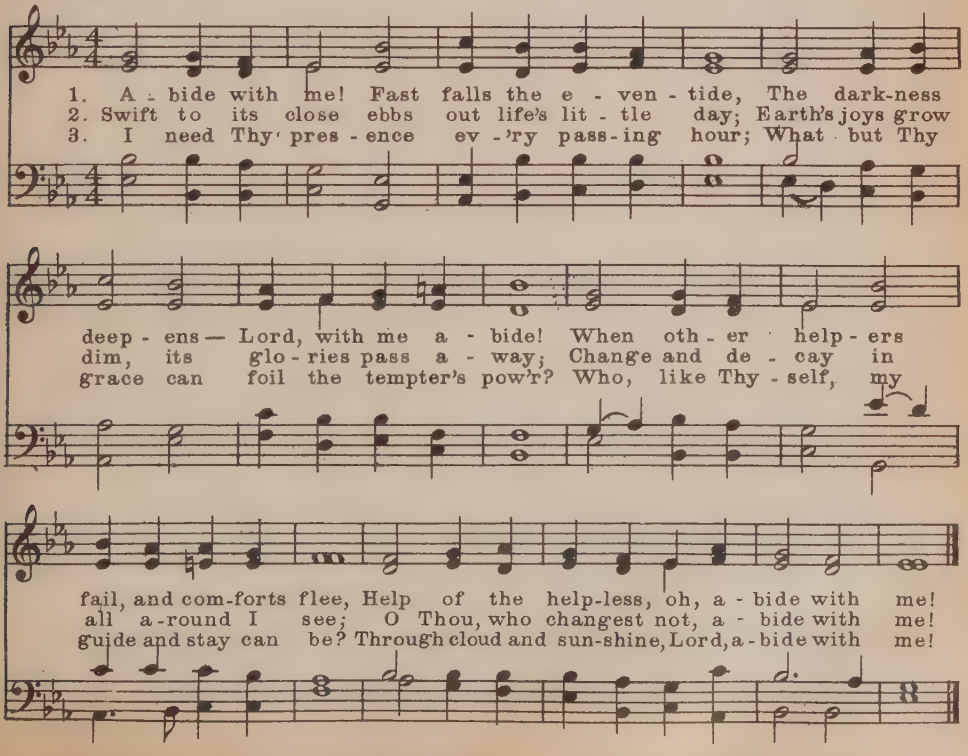
My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

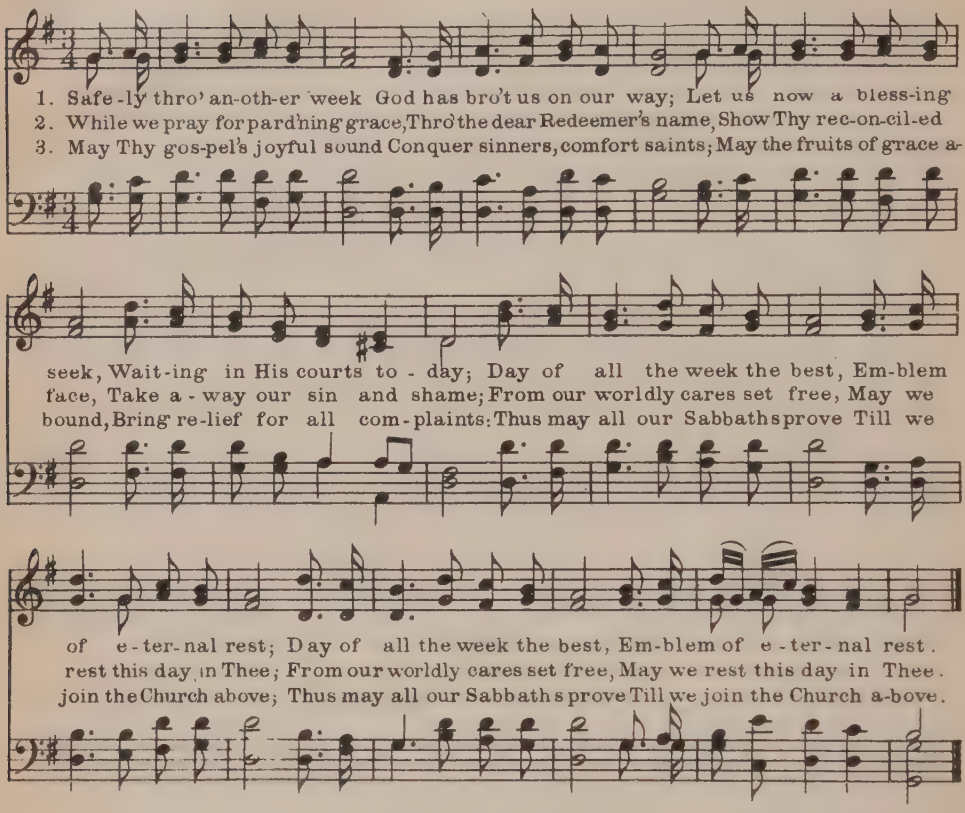
Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sun-shine, Lord, a - bide with me!

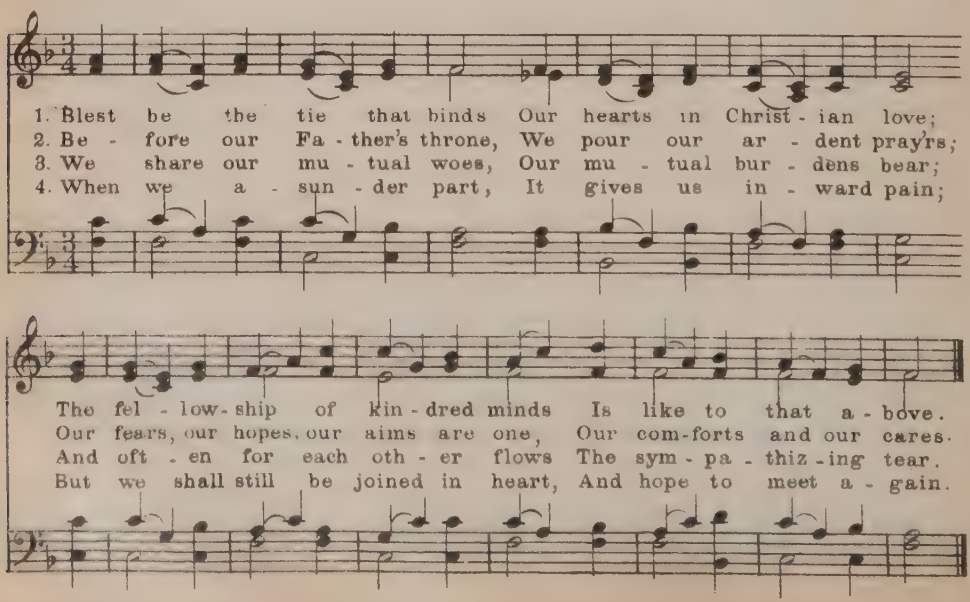
Safely Through Another Week

JOHN NEWTON — LOWELL MASON


1. Safe-ly thro' an-oth-er week God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec-on-cil-ed
3. May Thy gos-pel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; May the fruits of grace a-
seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem
face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we
bound, Bring re-lief for all com-plaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we
of e-ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
rest this day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
join the Church above; Thus may all our Sabbaths prove Till we join the Church a-bove.

Blest Be The Tie That Binds

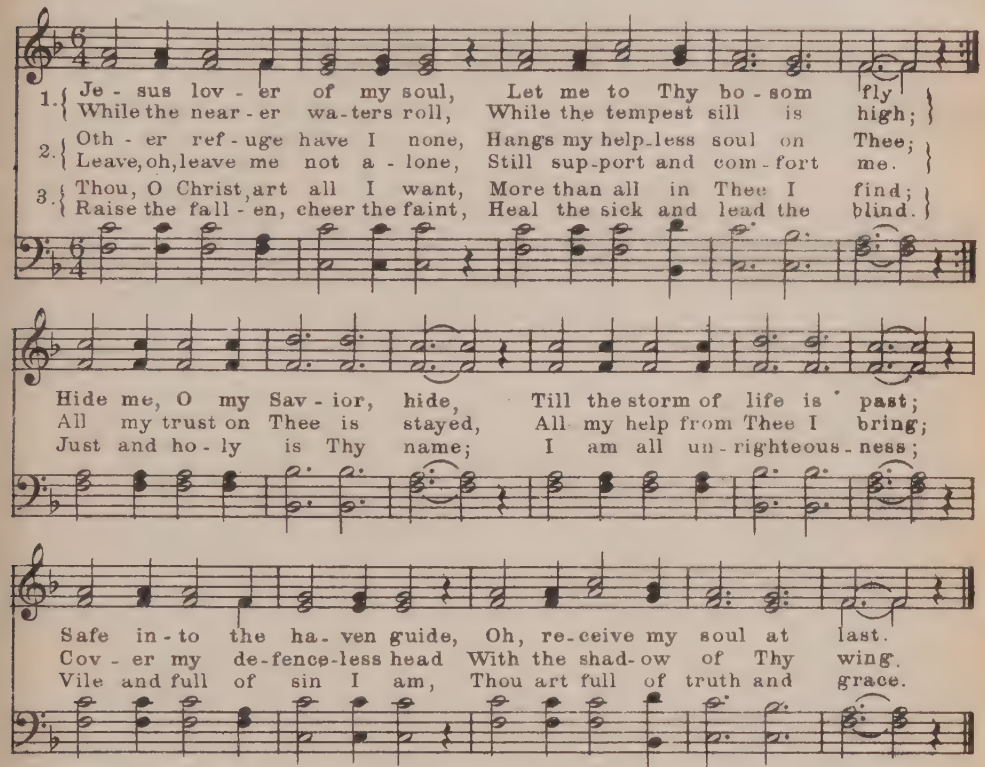
JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAGELI


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;
The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

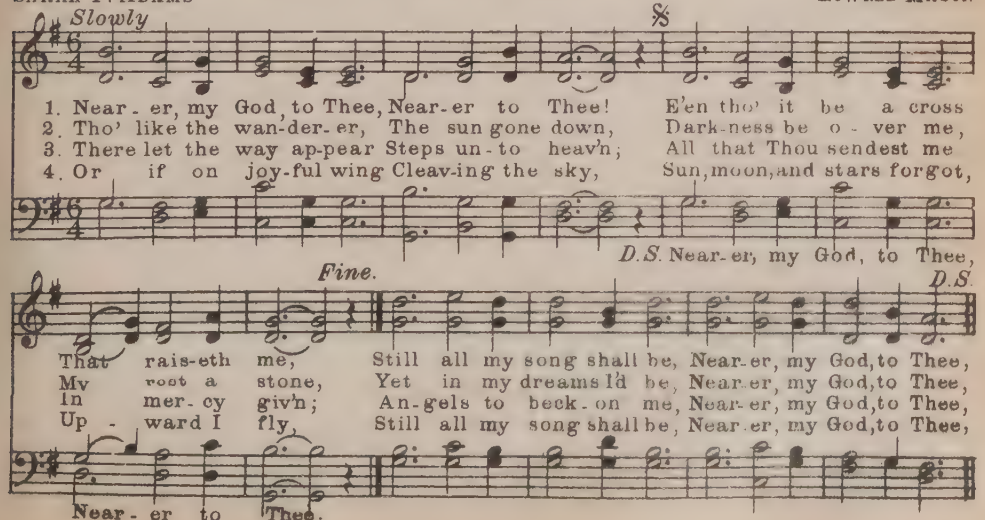
In the foremost ranks of the composers of immortal lyric verse stands Charles Wesley. Several stories are told of the circumstances under which he wrote these beautiful stanzas but whatever the inciting cause, it resulted in inspiring one of the noblest songs of modern times. It is a song of comfort and of refuge, one that has brought peace and contentment to vast multitudes.

CHARLES WESLEY — SIMEON B. MARSH


1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - righteous - ness;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

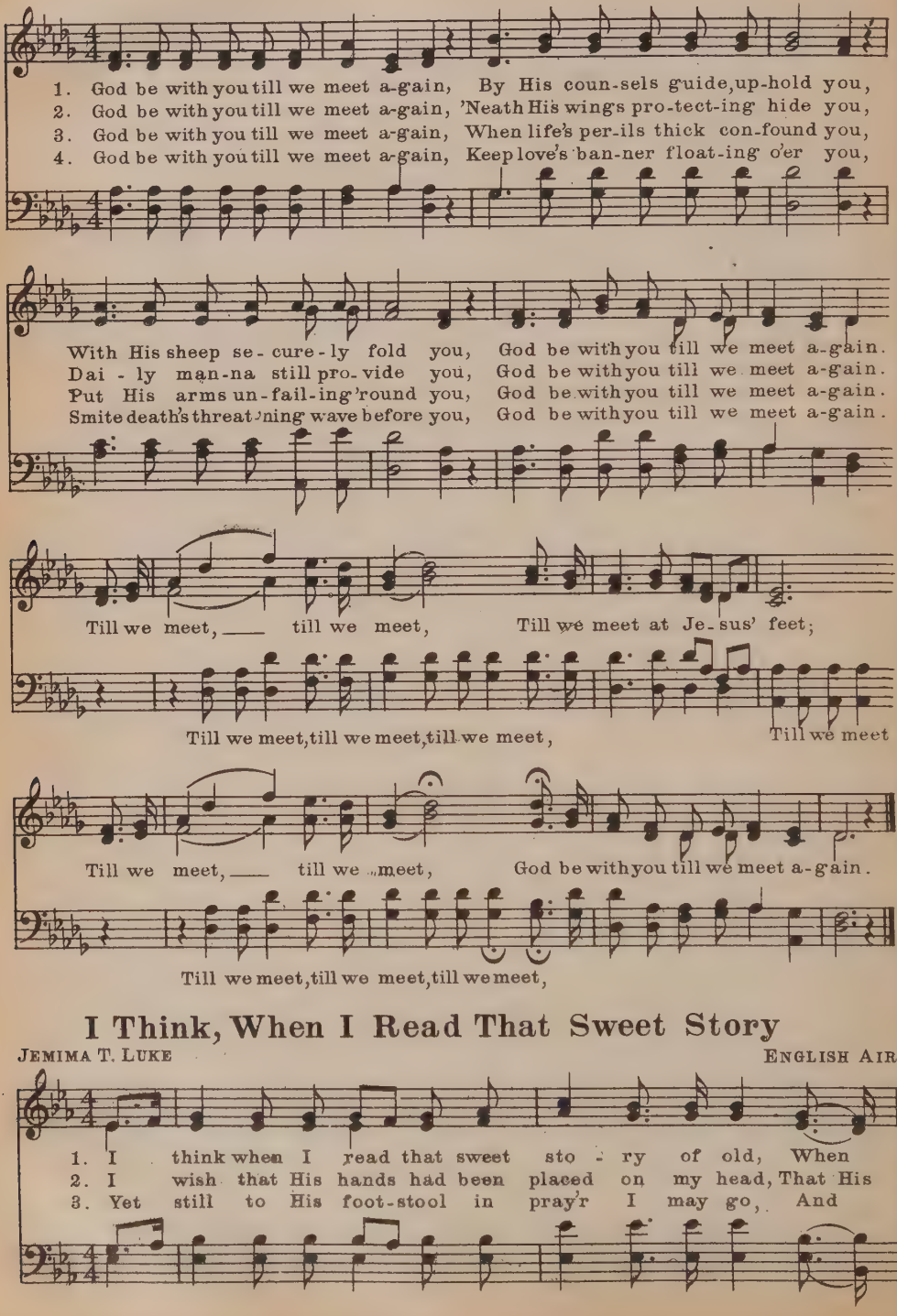
Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON


Slowly
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me
4. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
D.S. Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Fine.
D.S.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An-gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee.

God Be With You Till We Meet Again

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN — WILLIAM G. TOMER

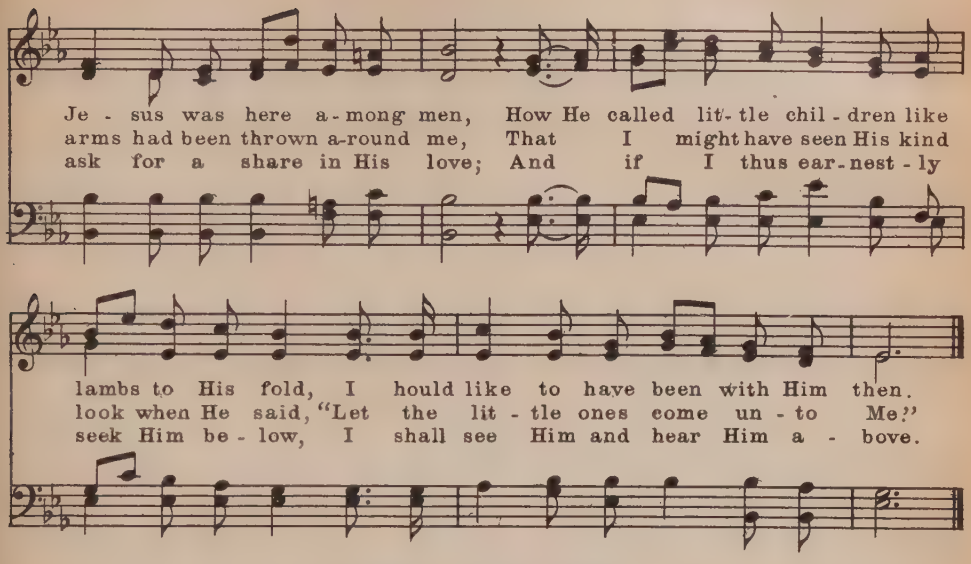

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story

JEMIMA T. LUKE — ENGLISH AIR

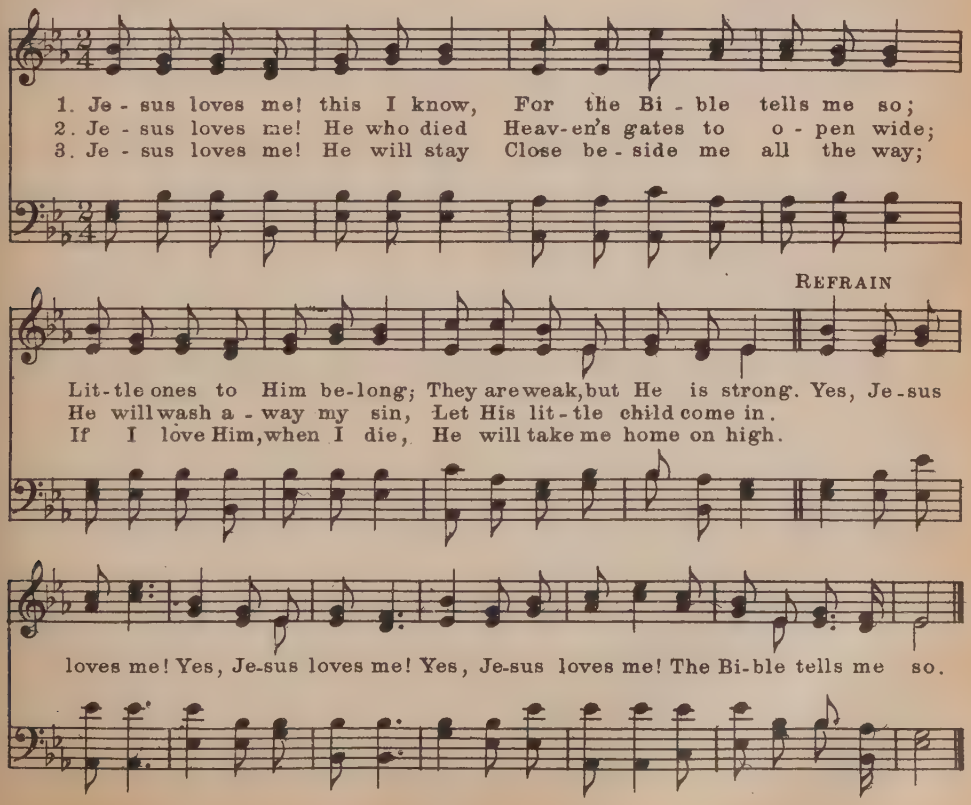
1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story—Continued


Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren like
arms had been thrown a - round me, That I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly
lambs to His fold, I hould like to have been with Him then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me;"
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

Jesus Loves Me

ANNA B. WARNER — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

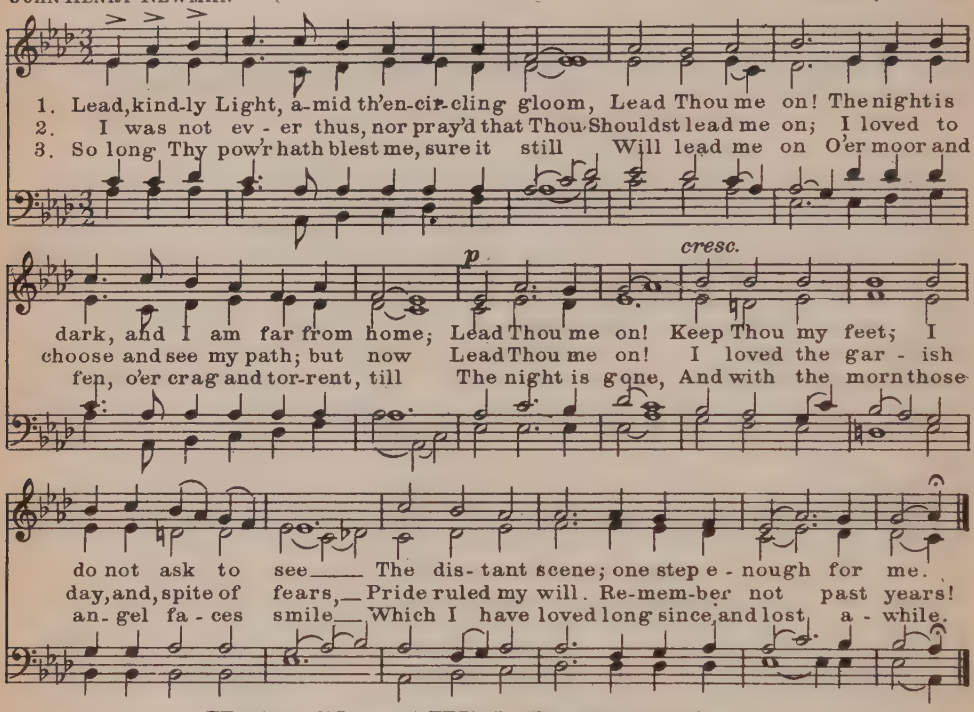

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav - en's gates to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
REFRAIN
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong. Yes, Je - sus
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
If I love Him, when I die, He will take me home on high.
loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so.

Lead, Kindly Light

On June 16, 1833, John Henry Newman, was on a ship becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio where he was traveling because of impaired health. At the same time he was being torn by the current spiritual unrest. It was under these conditions that he wrote this noble hymn which invoked aid in solving his great problem and which has since voiced the heartfelt prayers of thousands, for spiritual guidance.

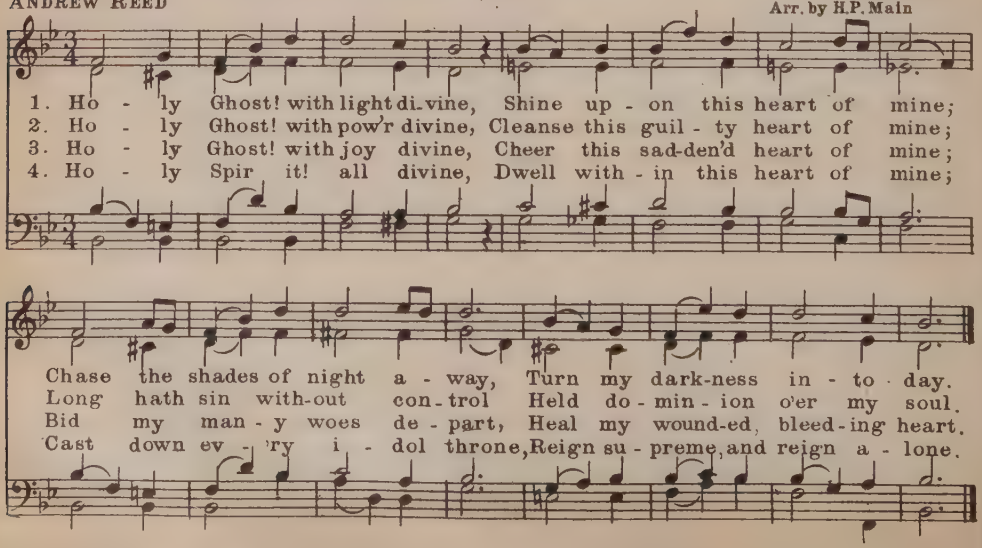
The music was composed by John B. Dykes as he walked through the Strand, one of the busiest thoroughfares of London; a circumstance in striking contrast to that under which the words were written.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
p
cresc.
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fa-ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

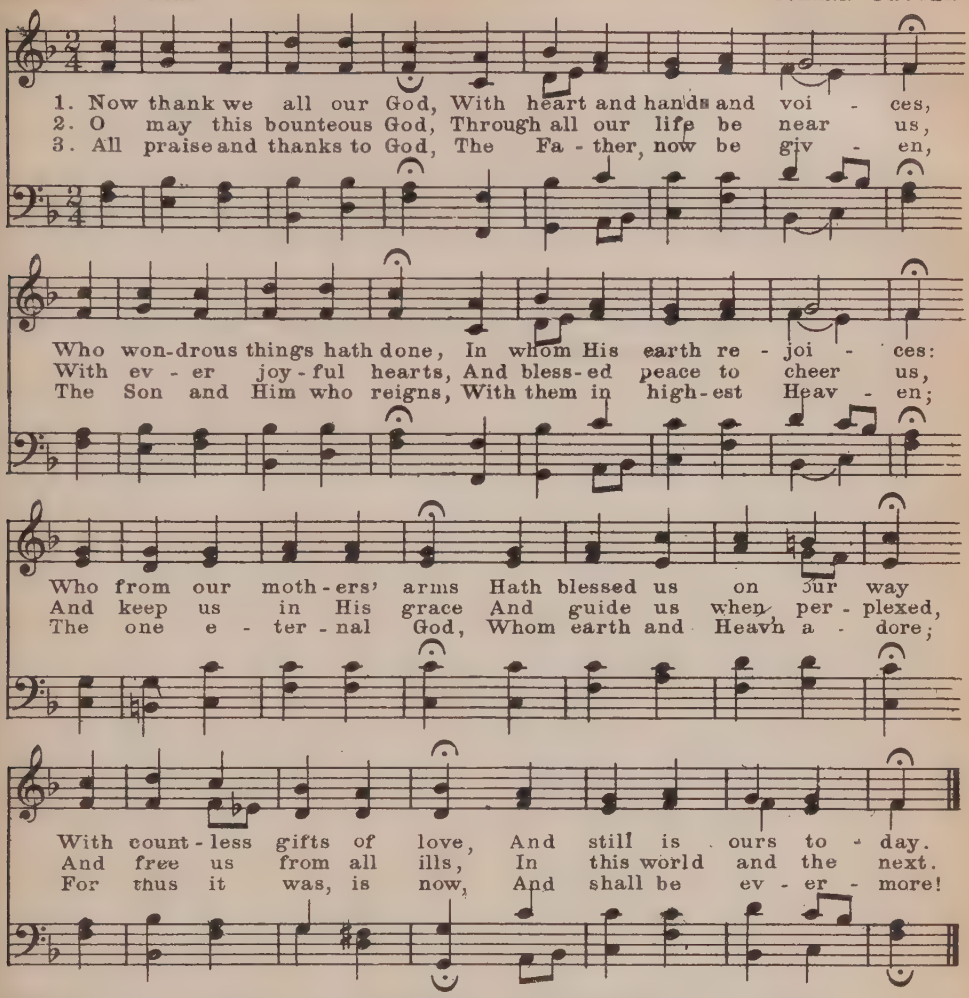
Holy Ghost! With Light Divine

ANDREW REED — L. M. GOTTSCHALK, Arr. by H.P. Main


1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guil - ty heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy divine, Cheer this sad-den'd heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir it! all divine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone.

Now Thank We All Our God

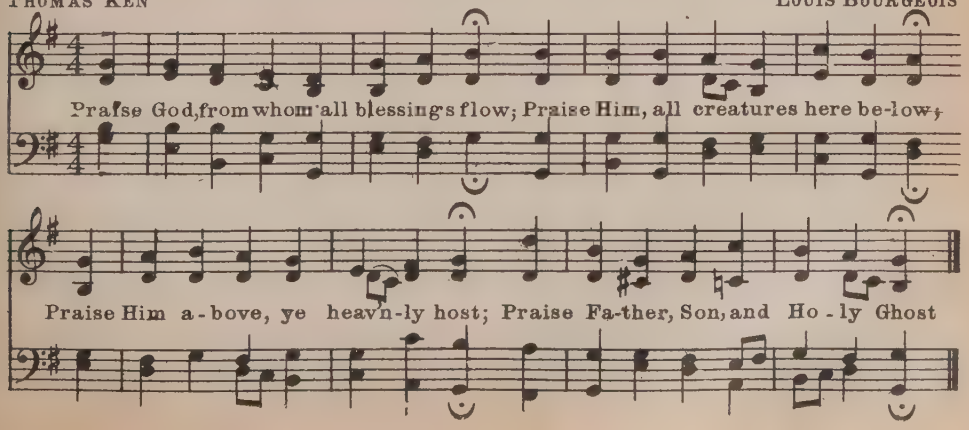
MARTIN RINKART — JOHANN CRÜGER


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
2. O may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His earth re - joi - ces:
With ev - er joy-ful hearts, And bless-ed peace to cheer us,
The Son and Him who reigns, With them in high-est Heav - en;
Who from our moth-ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and Heavn a - dore;
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills, In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more!

72 Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

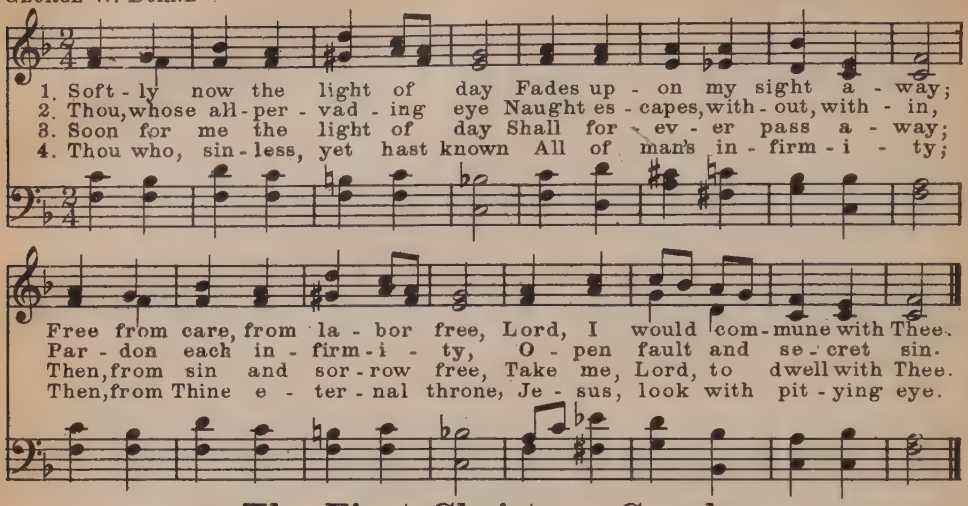
(Old Hundredth—The Doxology)

THOMAS KEN — LOUIS BOURGEOIS


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heavn-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost

Softly Now The Light Of Day

GEORGE W. DOANE — CARL M. VON WEBER

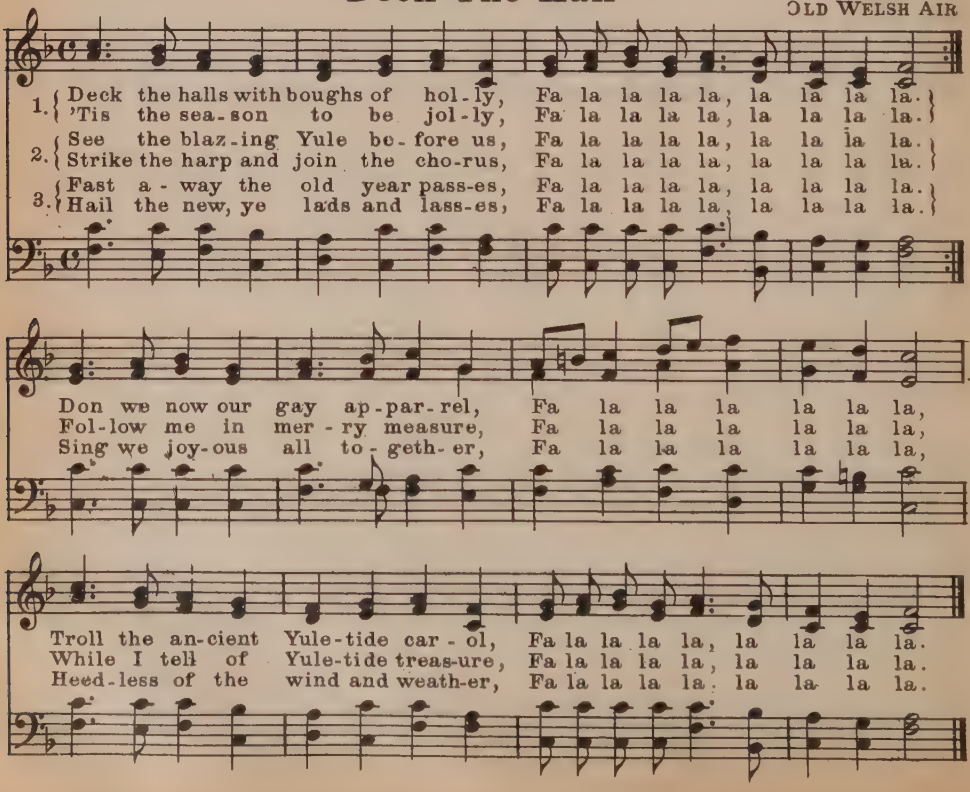

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

The First Christmas Carol

Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. CHORUS: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. — St. Luke's Gospel.

Deck The Hall

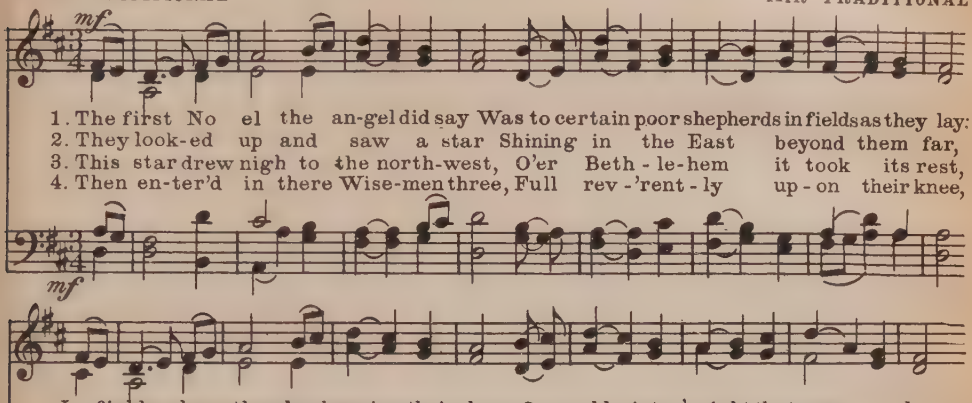
OLD WELSH AIR


1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay ap - par - rel, Fa la la la la la la,
Fol - low me in mer - ry measure, Fa la la la la la la,
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la,
Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la. la la la la.

The First Noel

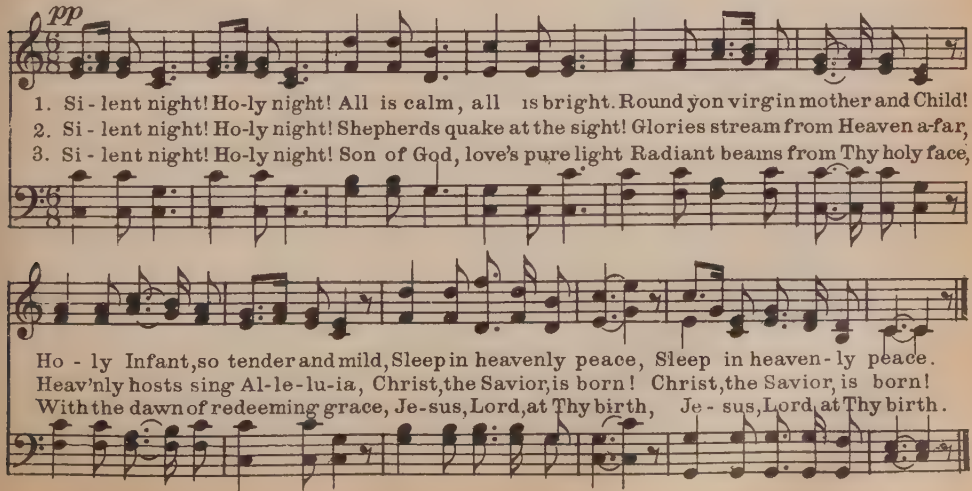
The term Noel is a French word meaning Christmas and is derived from the Latin "natalis" meaning birthday. The songs sung during the Christmas season were known as "Noels," "Nowels" or "Nowells," these names being equivalent to "Carols" in English.

WORDS TRADITIONAL — AIR TRADITIONAL


mf
1. The first No el the an-gel did say Was to cer-tain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the East beyond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth-le-hem it took its rest,
4. Then en-ter'd in there Wise-men three, Full rev-'rent-ly up-on their knee,
mf
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.
And there it did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.
And of-fer'd there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-incense.
CHORUS
ff
No-el, No-el, No-el, No-el, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.
ff

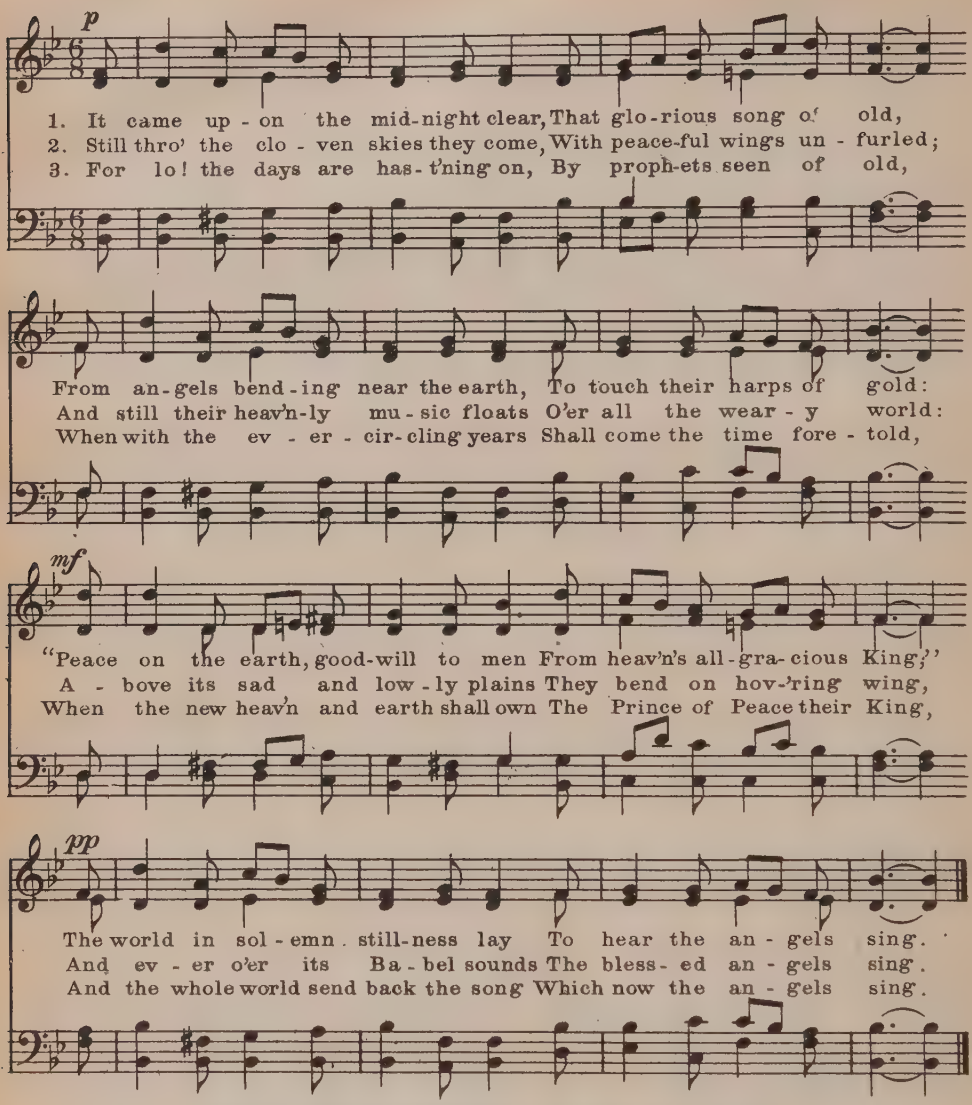
Silent Night

JOSEPH MOHR — FRANZ GRÜBER


pp
1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon virgin mother and Child!
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven a-far,
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
Ho-ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

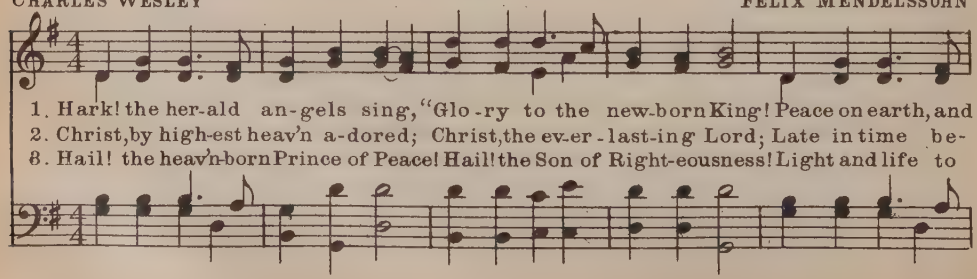
It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS — RICHARD S. WILLIS

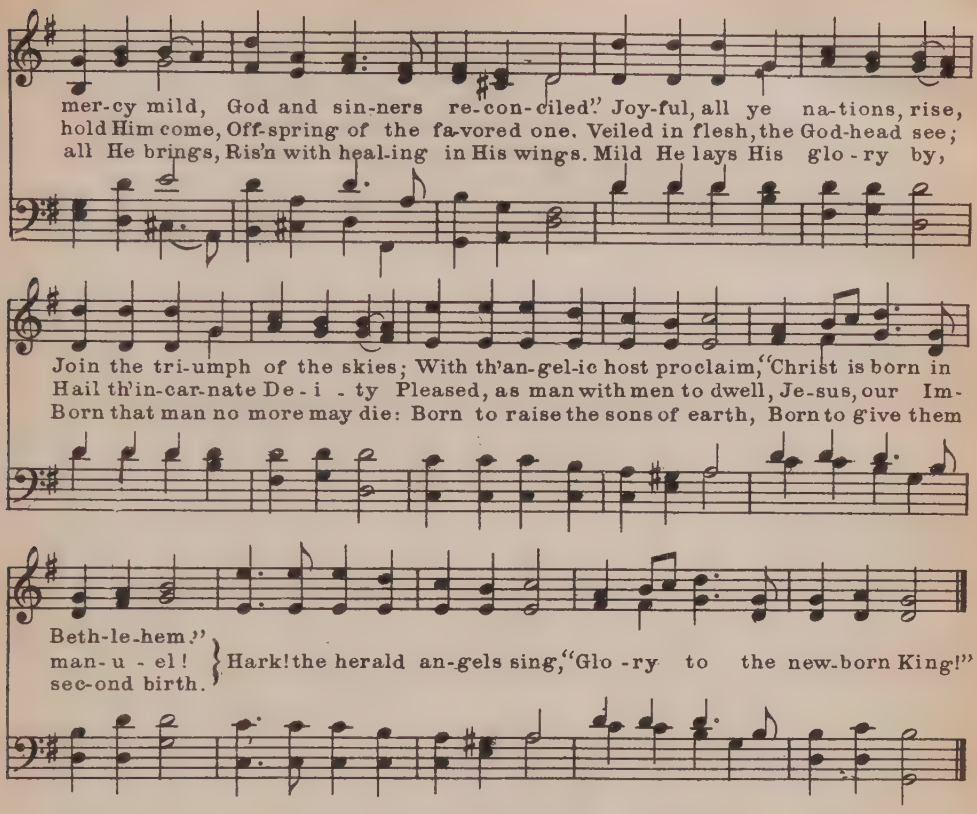

p
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song o' old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-ets seen of old,
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Shall come the time fore - told,
mf
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
A - bove its sad and low-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,
pp
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

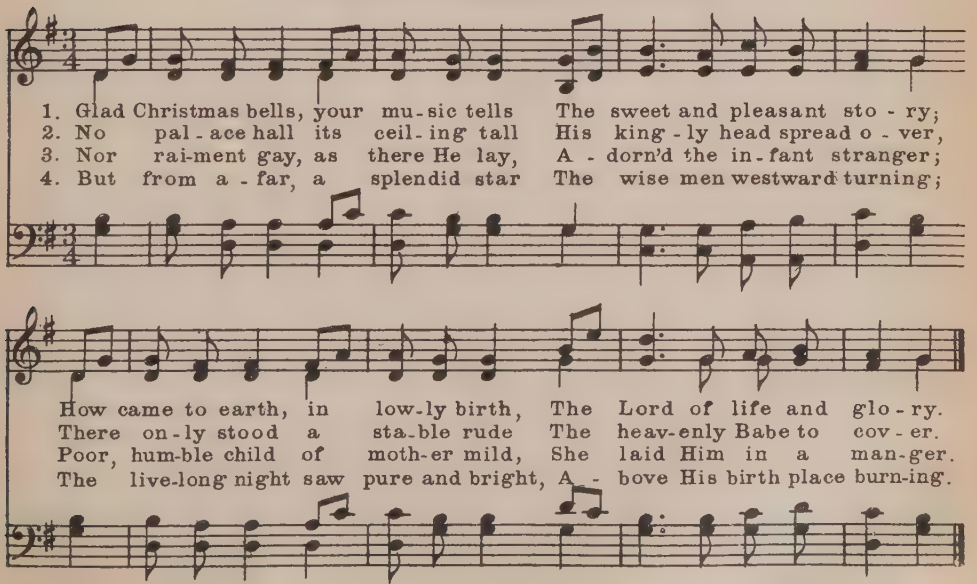
CHARLES WESLEY — FELIX MENDELSSOHN


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness! Light and life to

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing—Continued

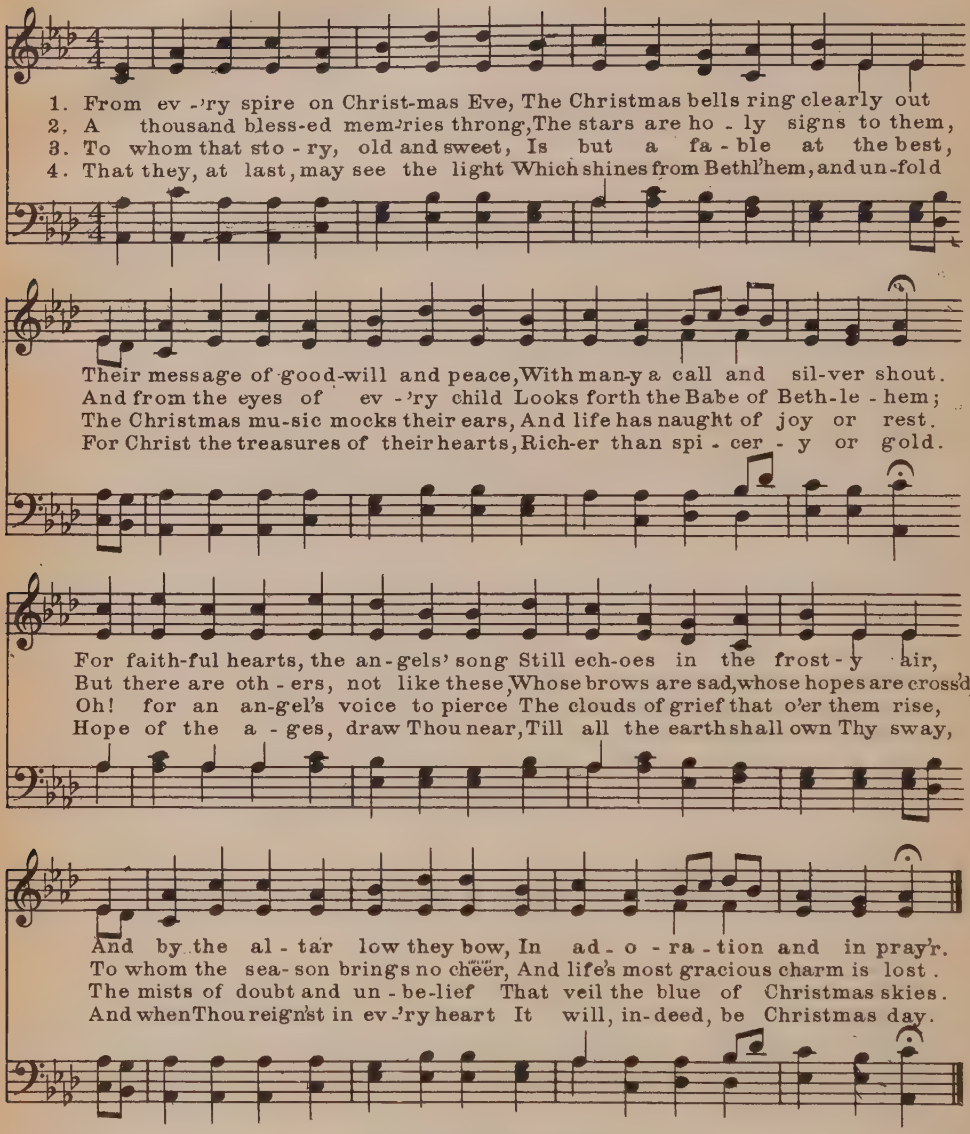

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them
Beth-le-hem."
man-u-el!
sec-ond birth.
Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"

Glad Christmas Bells


1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu-sic tells The sweet and pleasant sto-ry;
2. No pal-ace hall its ceil-ing tall His king-ly head spread o-ver,
3. Nor rai-ment gay, as there He lay, A-dorn'd the in-fant stranger;
4. But from a-far, a splendid star The wise men westward turning;
How came to earth, in low-ly birth, The Lord of life and glo-ry.
There on-ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav-enly Babe to cov-er.
Poor, hum-ble child of moth-er mild, She laid Him in a man-ger.
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A-bove His birth place burn-ing.

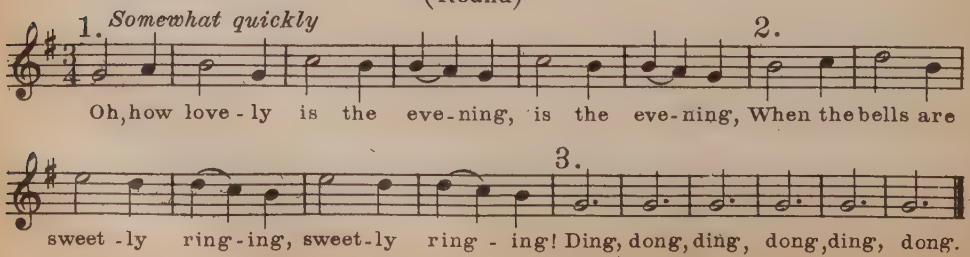
From Every Spire On Christmas Eve

ELEANOR A. HUNTER — GEORGE COLES


1. From ev-'ry spire on Christ-mas Eve, The Christmas bells ring clearly out
2. A thousand bless-ed mem-'ries throng, The stars are ho - ly signs to them,
3. To whom that sto - ry, old and sweet, Is but a fa - ble at the best,
4. That they, at last, may see the light Which shines from Beth'lhem, and un-fold
Their message of good-will and peace, With man-y a call and sil-ver shout.
And from the eyes of ev-'ry child Looks forth the Babe of Beth-le - hem;
The Christmas mu-sic mocks their ears, And life has naught of joy or rest.
For Christ the treasures of their hearts, Rich-er than spi - cer - y or gold.
For faith-ful hearts, the an-gels' song Still ech-oes in the frost-y air,
But there are oth - ers, not like these, Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are cross'd,
Oh! for an an-gel's voice to pierce The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
Hope of the a - ges, draw Thou near, Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,
And by the al - tar low they bow, In ad - o - ra - tion and in pray'r.
To whom the sea-son brings no cheer, And life's most gracious charm is lost.
The mists of doubt and un - be-lief That veil the blue of Christmas skies.
And when Thou reign'st in ev-'ry heart It will, in-deed, be Christmas day.

Lovely Evening

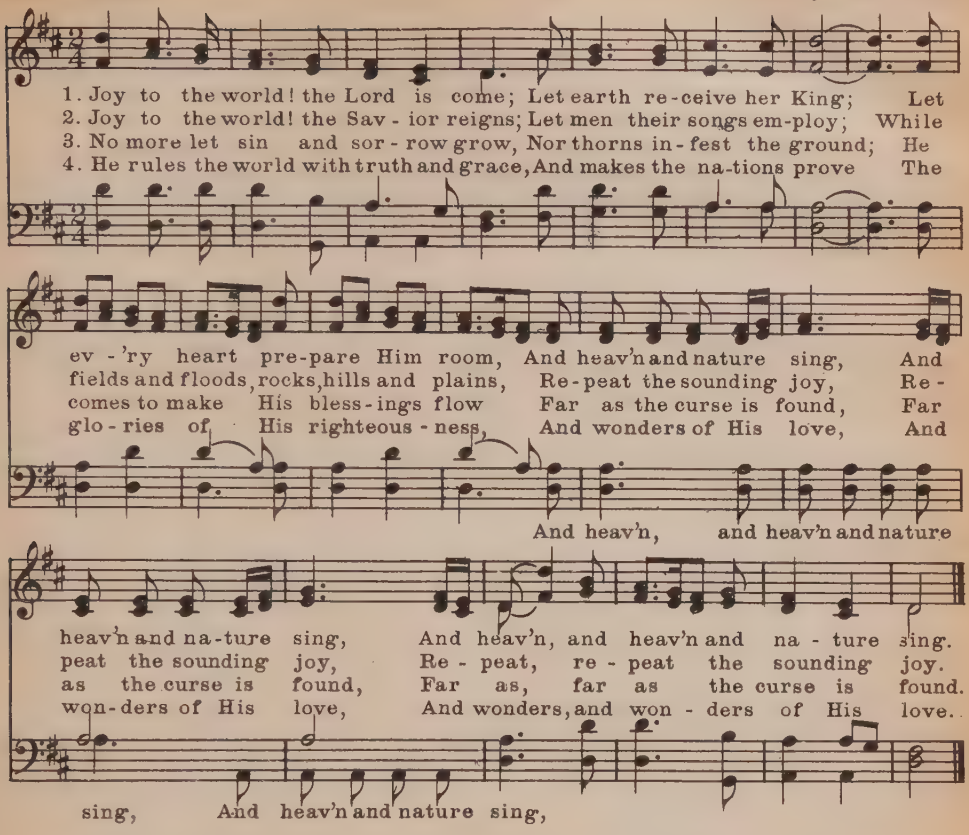
(Round)


1. Somewhat quickly
2.
Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are
3.
sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

Joy To The World

ISAAC WATTS

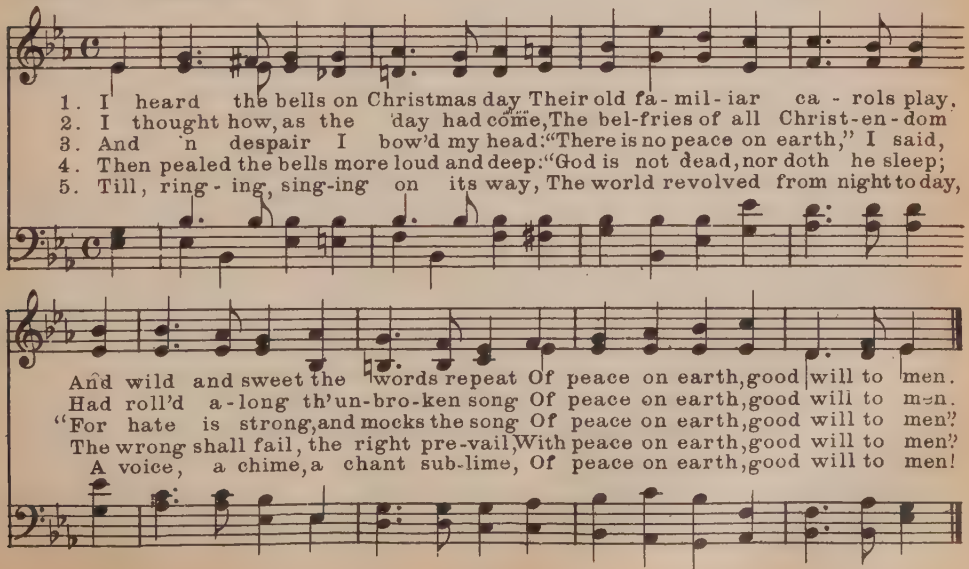
GEORGE F. HANDEL
Arr. by Lowell Mason


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo - ries of His righteous - ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

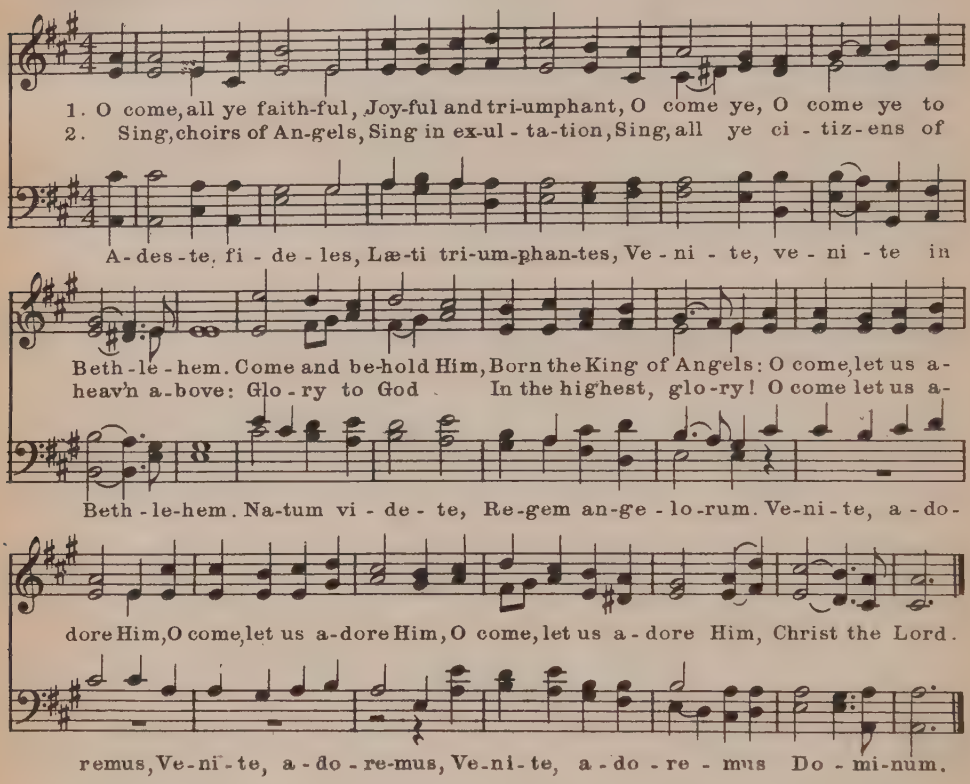
J. BAPTISTE CALKIN


1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa-mil-iar ca - rols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Christ-en-dom
3. And in despair I bow'd my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,
And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had roll'd a-long th'un-bro-ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men?
The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good will to men?
A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men!

O Come, All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

This hymn is supposed to have been written during the 13th century. It is one of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns and is used in all Christian Churches especially at Christmas. The author of the words is unknown. It was translated by F. Oakley, in 1841. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul - ta-tion, Sing, all ye ci - tiz-ens of
A-des-te, fi - de - les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in
Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of Angels: O come, let us a-
heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God In the high-est, glo-ry! O come let us a-
Beth-le-hem. Na-tum vi - de - te, Re-gem an-ge - lo-rum. Ve-ni-te, a-do-
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
remus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do - re - mus Do - mi-num.

How Firm A Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you
He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

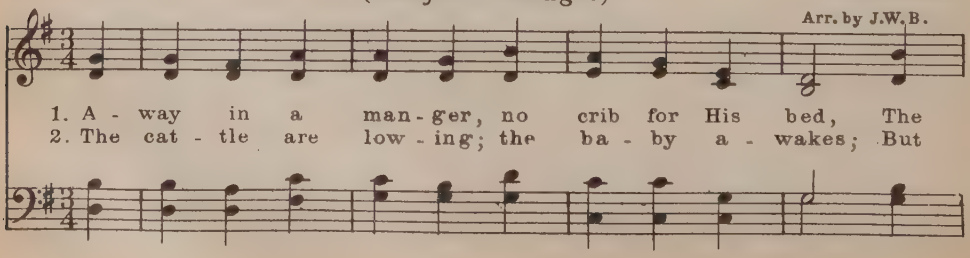
Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

Luther's Cradle Hymn

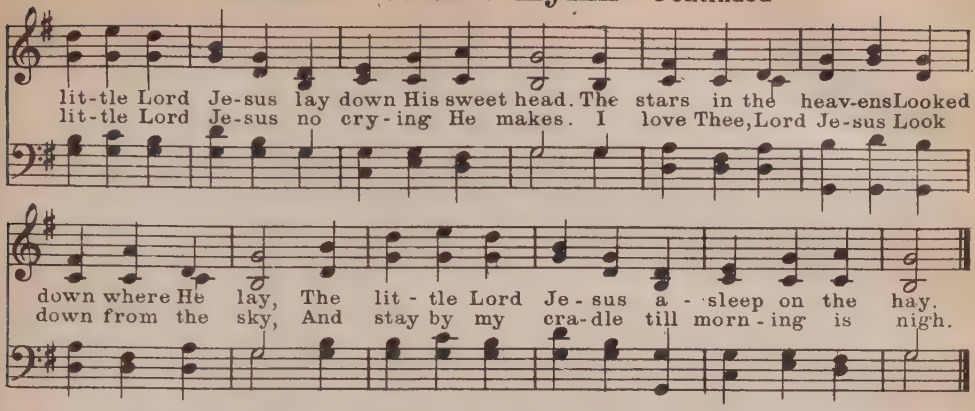
(Away in a Manger)

MARTIN LUTHER

J. B. HERBERT
Arr. by J.W.B.

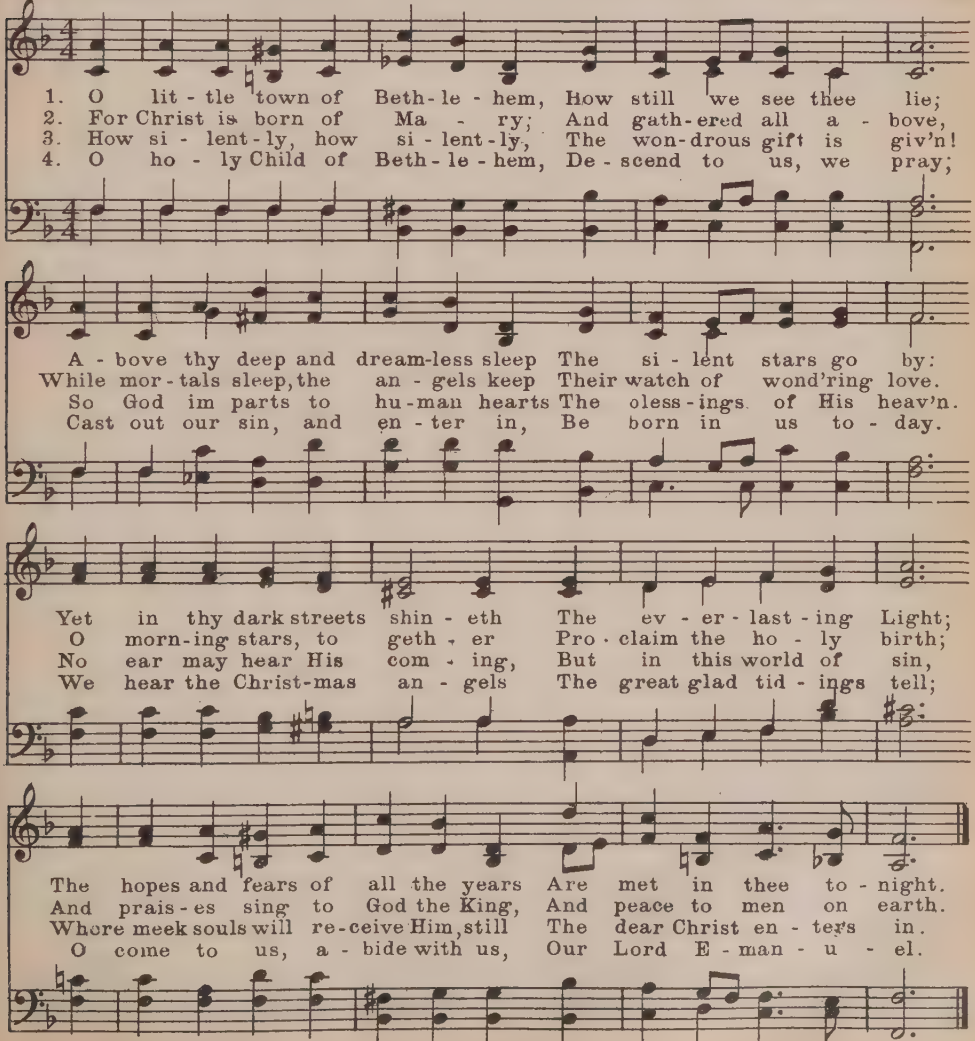


Luther's Cradle Hymn—Continued


lit-tle Lord Je-sus lay down His sweet head. The stars in the heav-ens Looked
lit-tle Lord Je-sus no cry-ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je-sus Look
down where He lay, The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a-sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

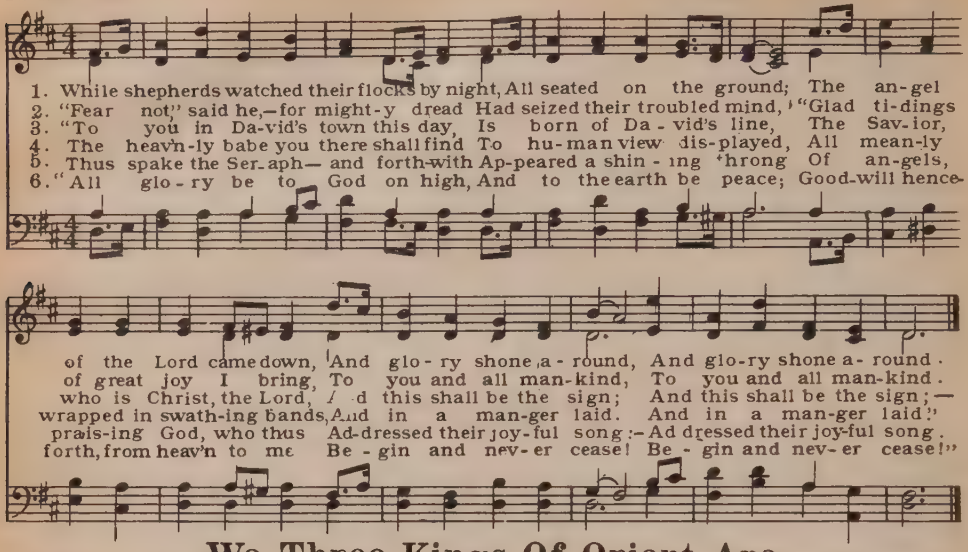
O, Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS — LEWIS H. REDNER


1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry; And gath-ered all a-bove,
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray;
A-bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by:
While mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en-ter in, Be born in us to-day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-last-ing Light;
O morn-ing stars, to geth-er Pro-claim the ho-ly birth;
No ear may hear His com-ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an-gels The great glad tid-ings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him, still The dear Christ en-ters in.
O come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord E-man-u-el.

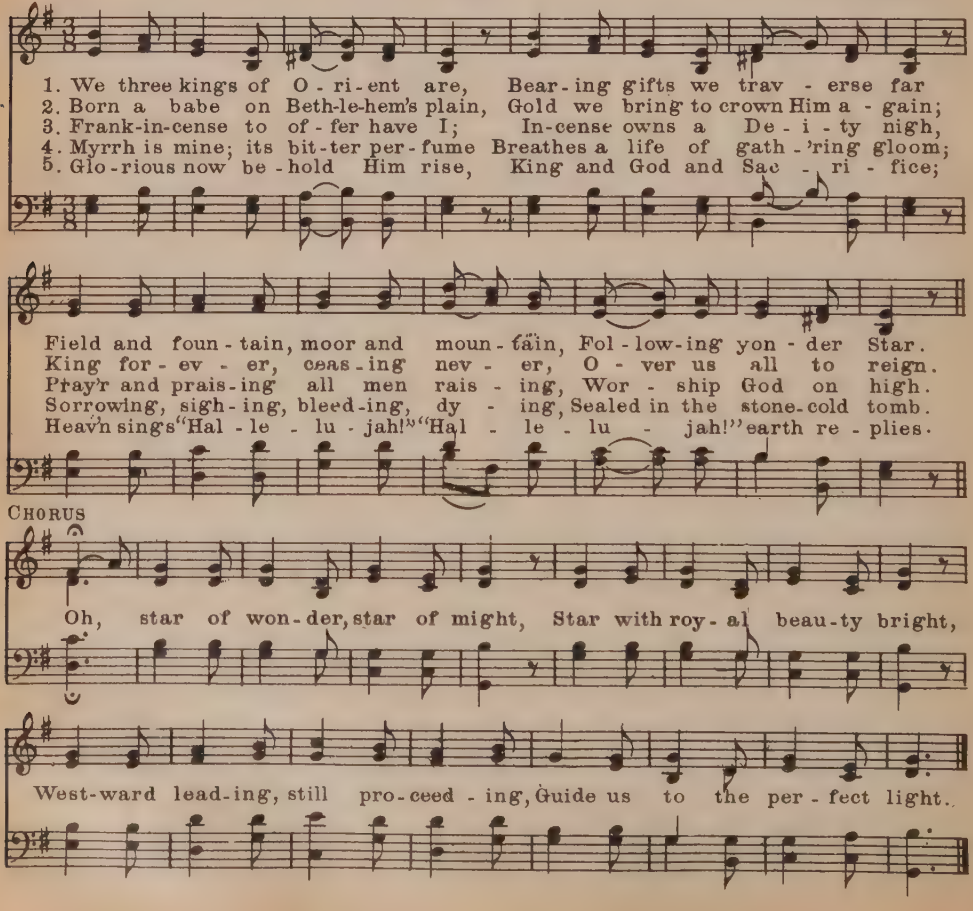
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NAHUM TATE — ARR. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL

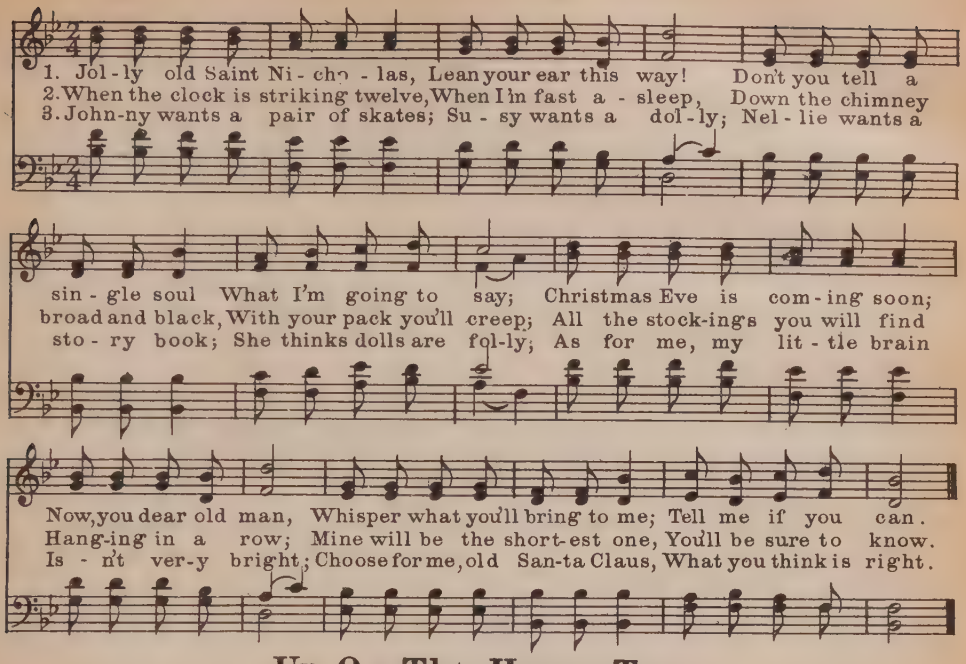

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel
2. "Fear not" said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad ti-dings
3. "To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Sav-ior,
4. The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly
5. Thus spake the Ser-aph— and forth-with Ap-peared a shin-ing throng Of an-gels,
6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-
of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.
of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign;—
wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid. And in a man-ger laid."
prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:—Ad-dressed their joy-ful song.
forth, from heav'n to me Be-gin and nev-er cease! Be-gin and nev-er cease!"

We Three Kings Of Orient Are

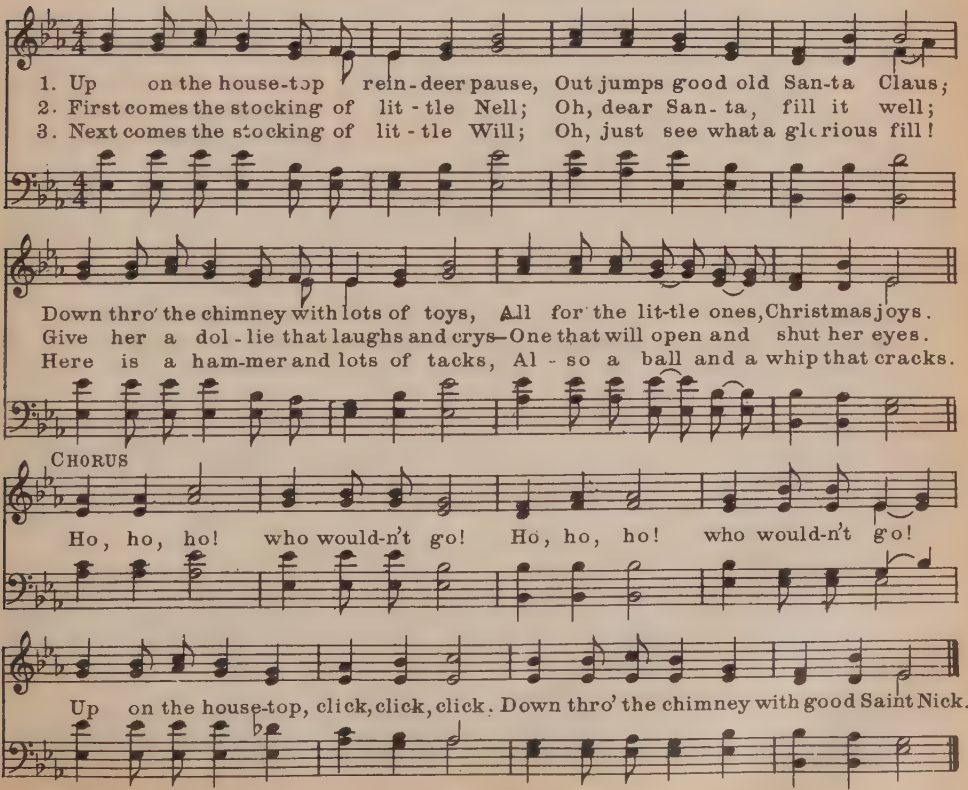
J.H.H. — JOHN H. HOPKINS


1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse far
2. Born a babe on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a-gain;
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I; In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh,
4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath-'ring gloom;
5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him rise, King and God and Sac-ri-fice;
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der Star.
King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.
Pray'r and prais-ing all men rais-ing, Wor-ship God on high.
Sorrowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Heav'n sings "Hal-le-lu-jah!" "Hal-le-lu-jah!" earth re-plies.
CHORUS
Oh, star of won-der, star of might, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to the per-fect light.

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas

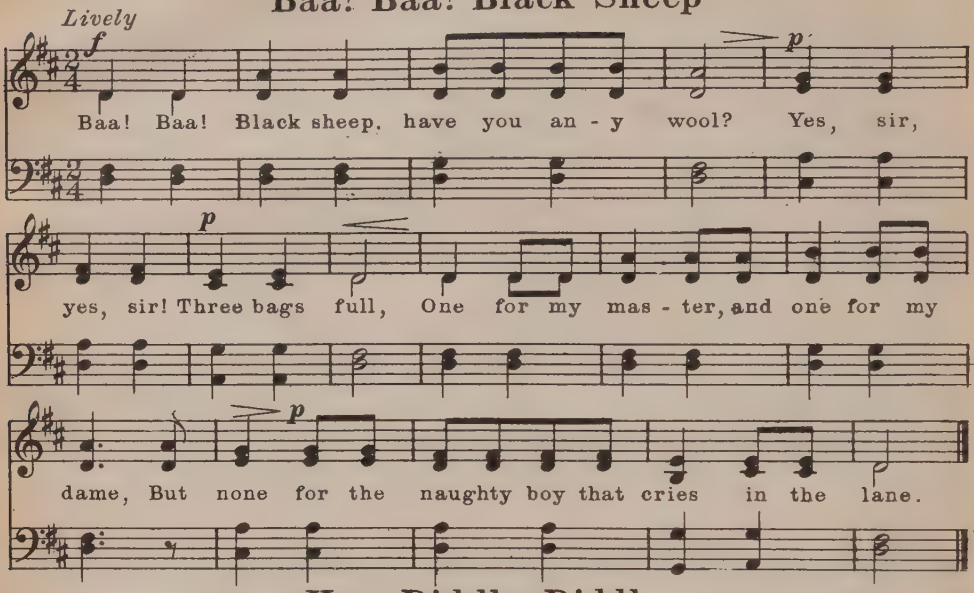

1. Jol-ly old Saint Ni-cho-las, Lean your ear this way! Don't you tell a
sin-gle soul What I'm going to say; Christmas Eve is com-ing soon;
Now, you dear old man, Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast a-sleep, Down the chimney
broad and black, With your pack you'll creep; All the stock-ings you will find
Hang-ing in a row; Mine will be the short-est one, You'll be sure to know.
3. John-ny wants a pair of skates; Su-sy wants a dol-ly; Nel-lie wants a
sto-ry book; She thinks dolls are fol-ly; As for me, my lit-tle brain
Is-n't ver-y bright; Choose for me, old San-ta Claus, What you think is right.

Up On The House-Top

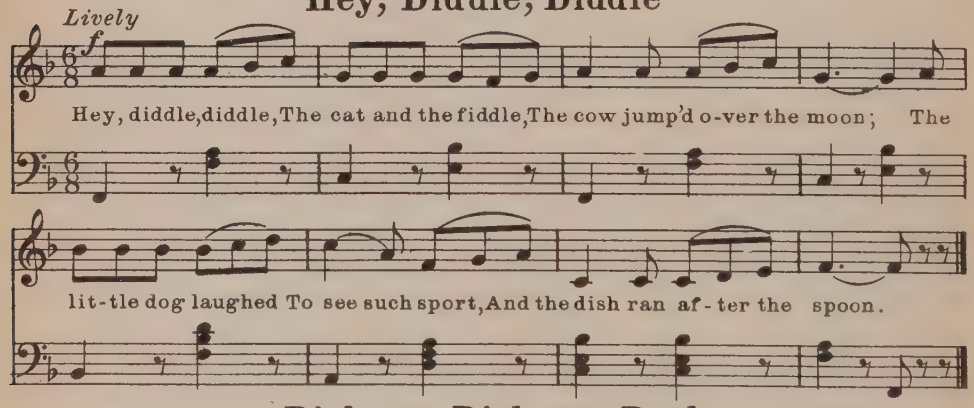

1. Up on the house-top rein-deer pause, Out jumps good old San-ta Claus;
2. First comes the stocking of lit-tle Nell; Oh, dear San-ta, fill it well;
3. Next comes the stocking of lit-tle Will; Oh, just see what a glorious fill!
Down thro' the chimney with lots of toys, All for the lit-tle ones, Christmas joys.
Give her a dol-lie that laughs and crys—One that will open and shut her eyes.
Here is a ham-mer and lots of tacks, Al-so a ball and a whip that cracks.
CHORUS
Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go! Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go!
Up on the house-top, click, click, click. Down thro' the chimney with good Saint Nick.

The six following Nursery Rhymes, which all children know and love, date back so many years that their origin is more or less obscure. The verses in the form used here probably came from England and most of the settings are by J.W. Elliott.

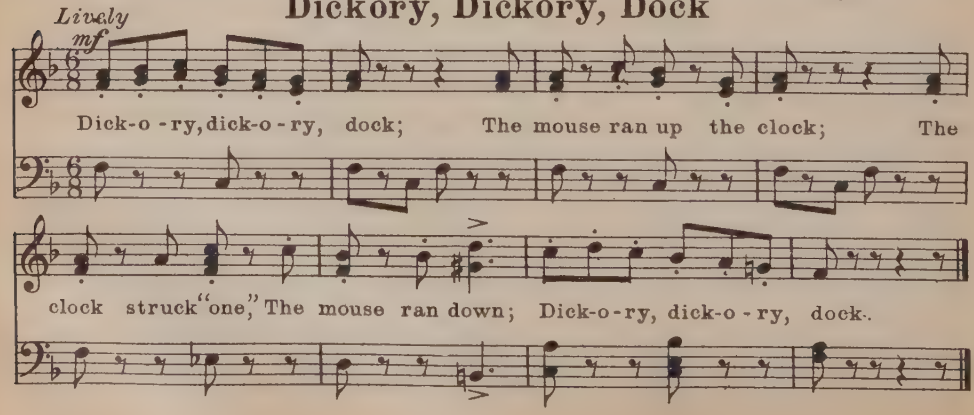
Baa! Baa! Black Sheep


Lively
f
p
Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an - y wool? Yes, sir,
p
yes, sir! Three bags full, One for my mas - ter, and one for my
p
dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

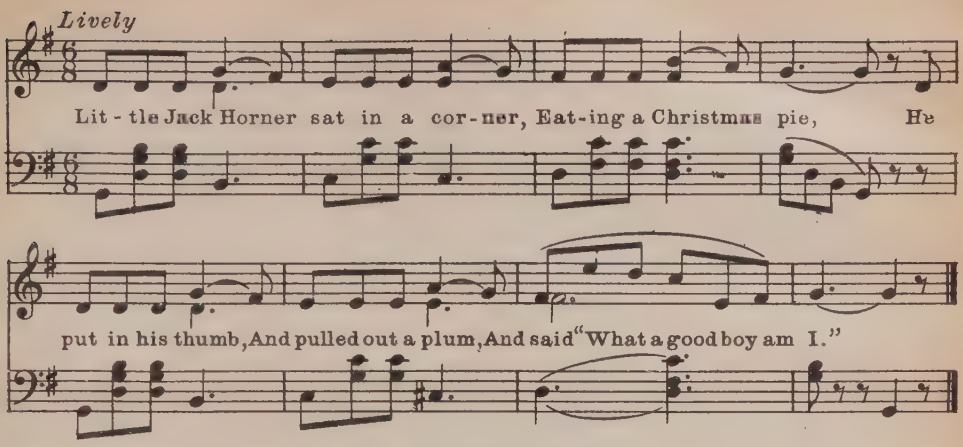
Hey, Diddle, Diddle


Lively
f
Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; The
lit-tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran af - ter the spoon.

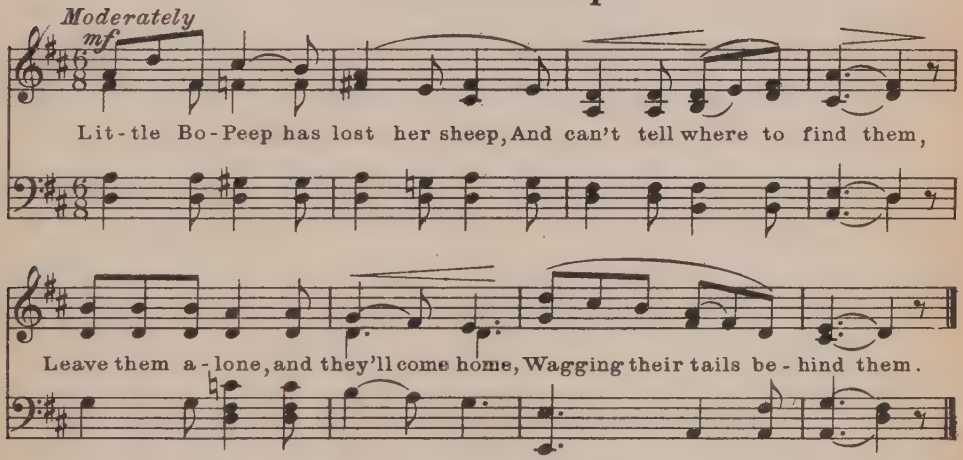
Dickory, Dickory, Dock



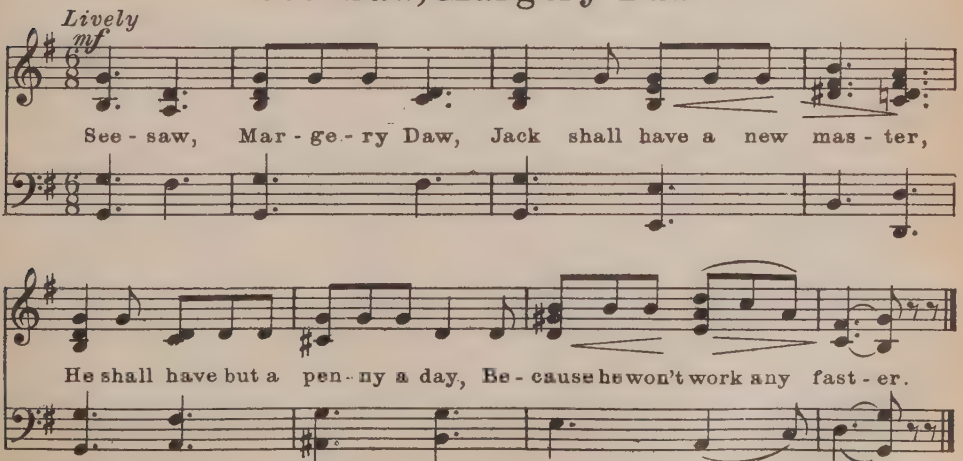
Little Jack Horner


Lively
Lit - tle Jack Horner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christmas pie, He
put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum, And said "What a good boy am I."

Little Bo-Peep


Moderately
mf
Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be - hind them.

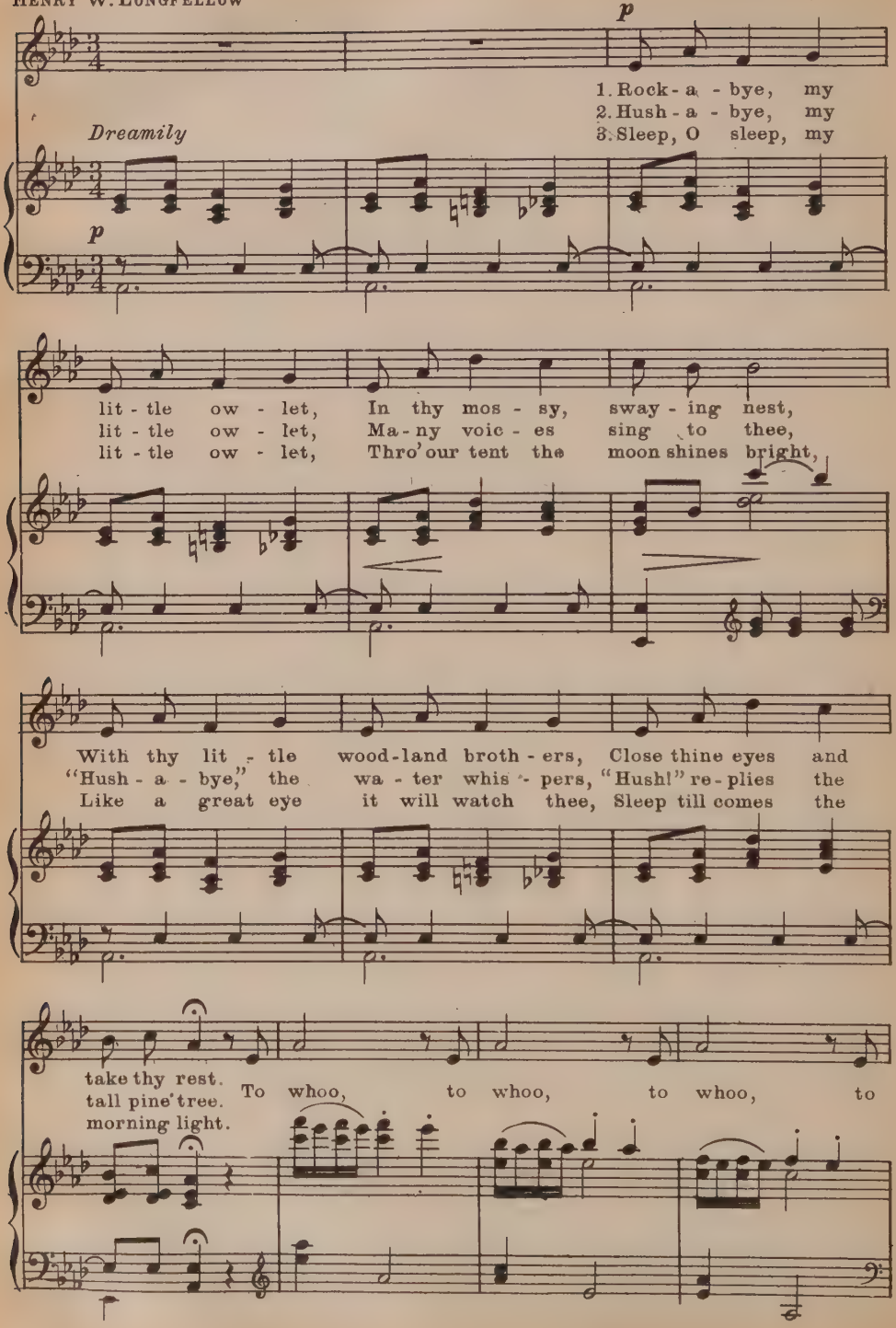
See-Saw, Margery Daw



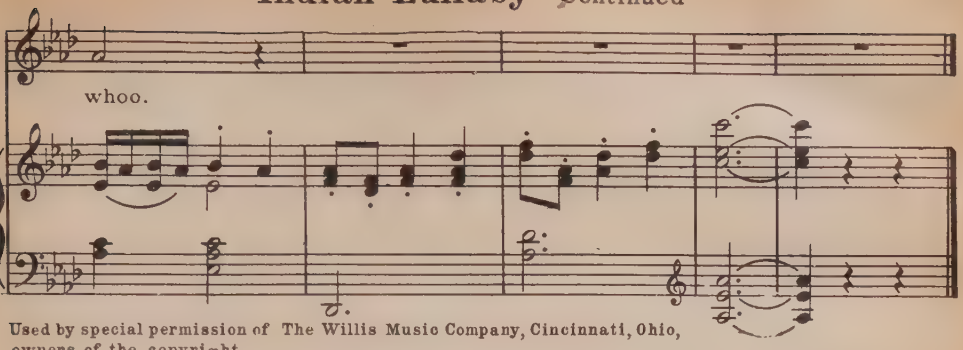
Indian Lullaby

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WALTER H. AIKEN


p
1. Rock - a - bye, my
2. Hush - a - bye, my
3. Sleep, O sleep, my
Dreamily
p
lit - tle ow - let, In thy mos - sy, sway - ing nest,
lit - tle ow - let, Ma - ny voic - es sing to thee,
lit - tle ow - let, Thro' our tent the moon shines bright,
With thy lit - tle wood - land broth - ers, Close thine eyes and
"Hush - a - bye," the wa - ter whis - pers, "Hush!" re - plies the
Like a great eye it will watch thee, Sleep till comes the
take thy rest.
tall pine tree.
morning light.
To whoo, to whoo, to whoo, to

Indian Lullaby—Continued



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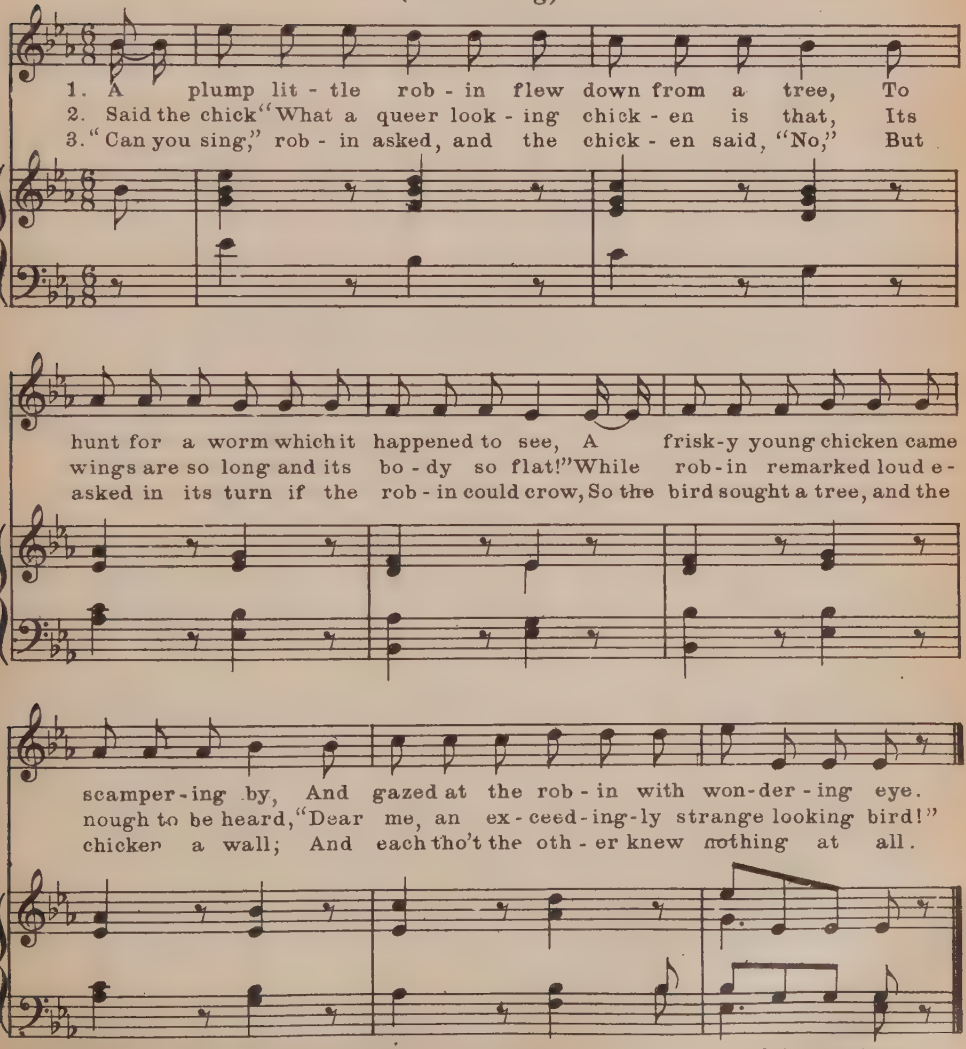
The Robin And Chicken

(Scale Song)

WALTER H. AIKEN


1. A plump lit - tle rob - in flew down from a tree, To
2. Said the chick "What a queer look - ing chick - en is that, Its
3. "Can you sing," rob - in asked, and the chick - en said, "No," But
hunt for a worm which it happened to see, A frisk-y young chicken came
wings are so long and its bo - dy so flat!" While rob-in remarked loud e-
asked in its turn if the rob - in could crow, So the bird sought a tree, and the
scamper - ing by, And gazed at the rob - in with won-der - ing eye.
nough to be heard, "Dear me, an ex - ceed - ing - ly strange looking bird!"
chicken a wall; And each tho't the oth - er knew nothing at all.

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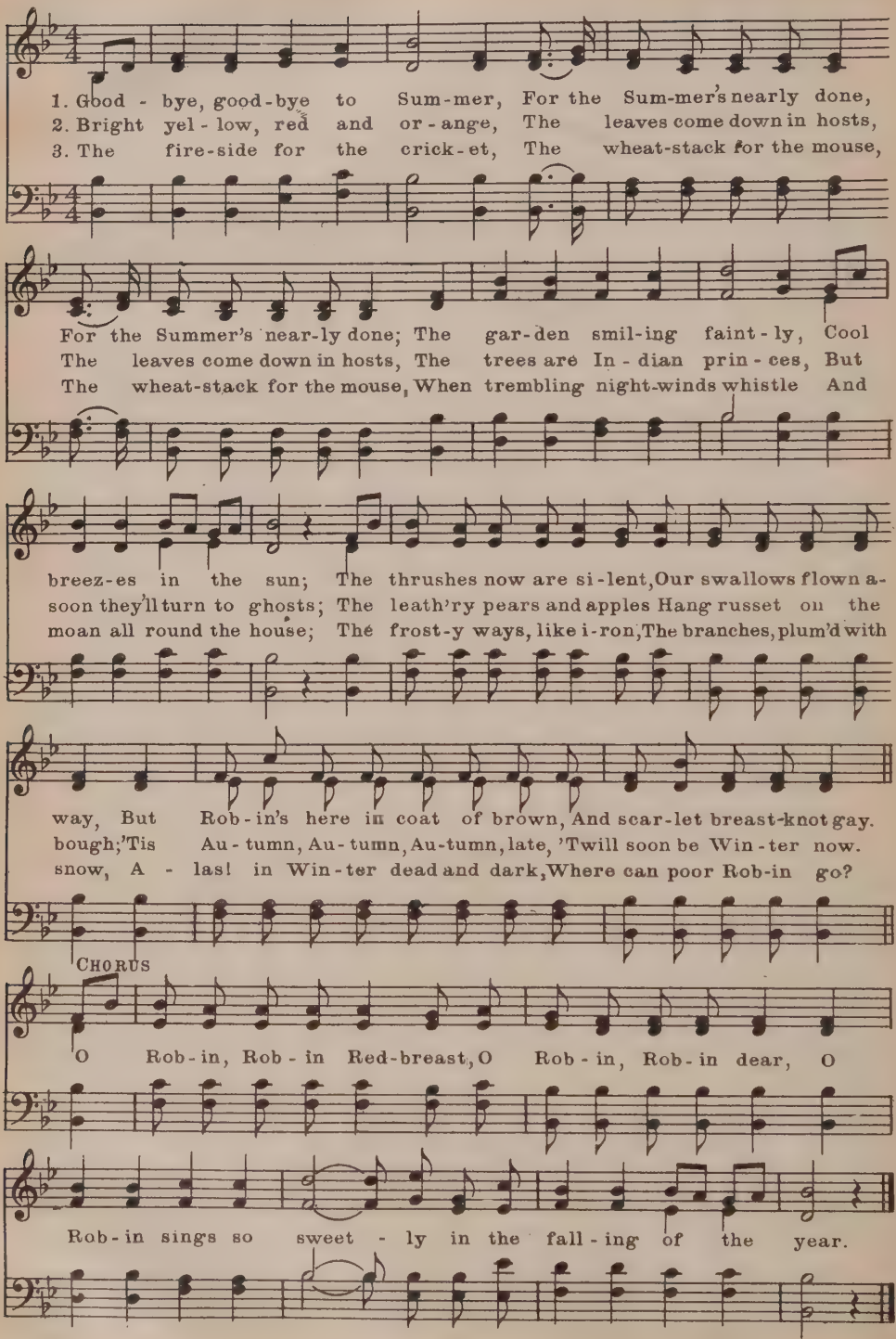
Robin Redbreast

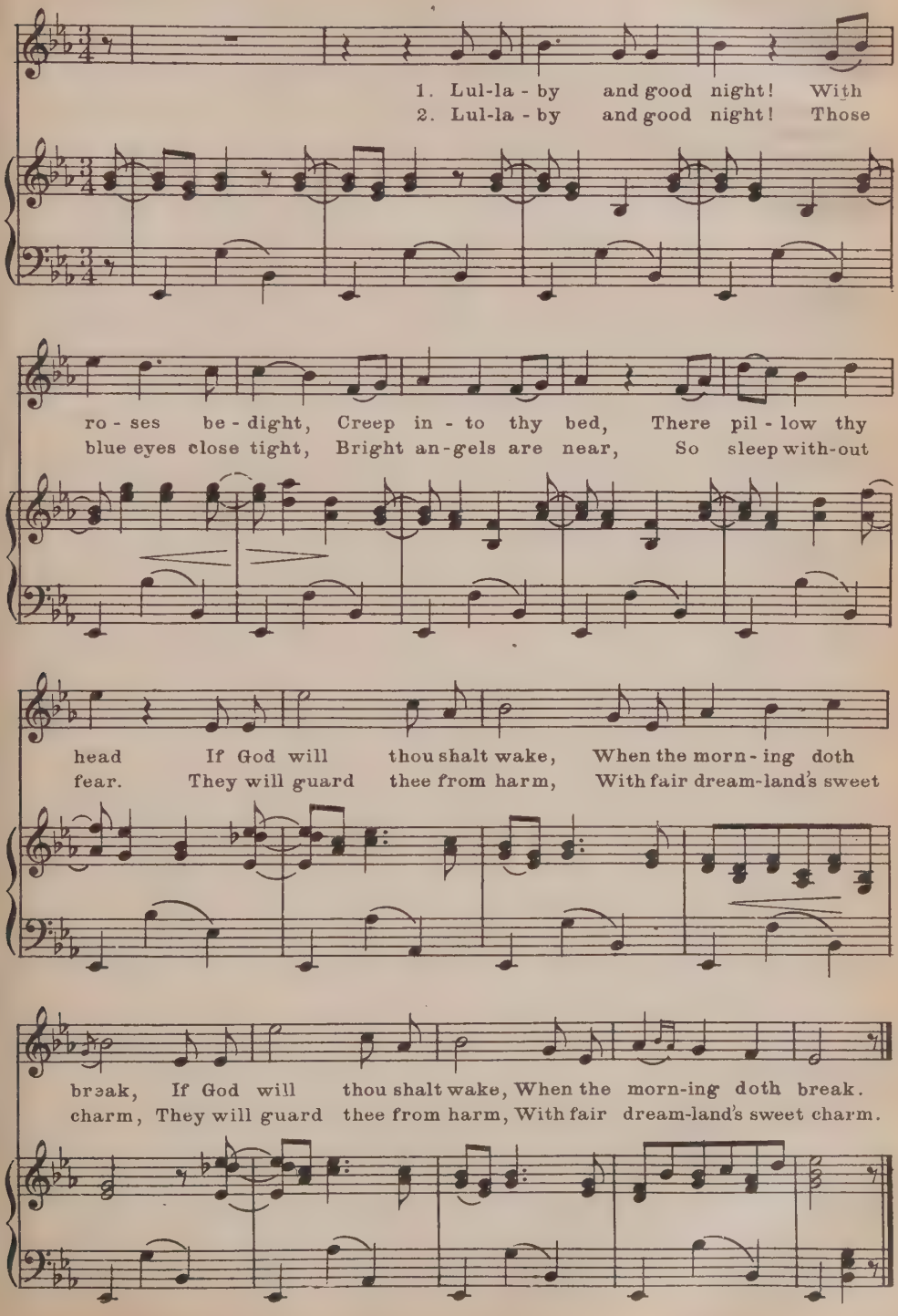
ALLINGHAM — FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN


1. Good - bye, good-bye to Sum-mer, For the Sum-mer's nearly done,
2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts,
3. The fire-side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse,
For the Summer's near-ly done; The gar-den smil-ing faint - ly, Cool
The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In - dian prin - ces, But
The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And
breez-es in the sun; The thrushes now are si-lent, Our swallows flown a-
soon they'll turn to ghosts; The leath'ry pears and apples Hang russet on the
moan all round the house; The frost-y ways, like i-ron, The branches, plum'd with
way, But Rob-in's here in coat of brown, And scar-let breast-knot gay.
bough; 'Tis Au - tumn, Au - tumn, Au-tumn, late, 'Twill soon be Win - ter now.
snow, A - las! in Win - ter dead and dark, Where can poor Rob-in go?
CHORUS
O Rob-in, Rob - in Red-breast, O Rob - in, Rob - in dear, O
Rob-in sings so sweet - ly in the fall - ing of the year.

Cradle Song

KARL SIMROCK
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

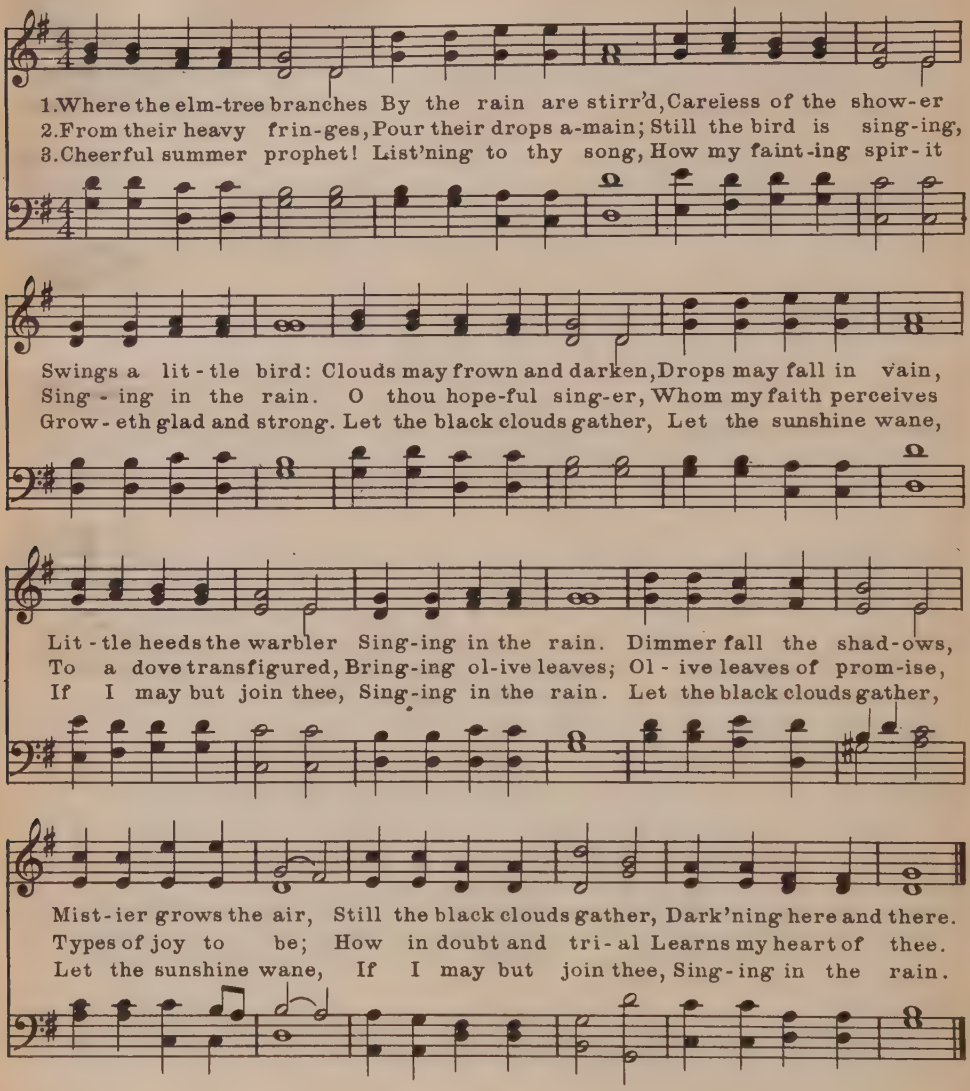
JOHANNES BRAHMS


1. Lul-la - by and good night! With
2. Lul-la - by and good night! Those
ro - ses be - dight, Creep in - to thy bed, There pil - low thy
blue eyes close tight, Bright an-gels are near, So sleep with-out
head If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn - ing doth
fear. They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-land's sweet
break, If God will thou shalt wake, When the morn-ing doth break.
charm, They will guard thee from harm, With fair dream-land's sweet charm.

Singing In The Rain

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

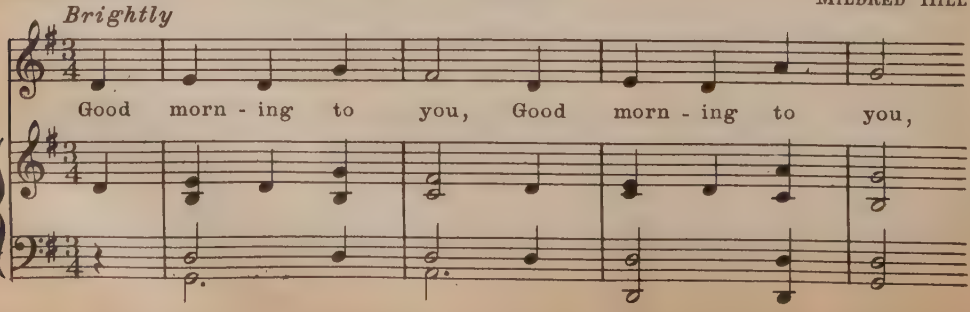

1.Where the elm-tree branches By the rain are stirr'd, Careless of the show-er
2.From their heavy frin-ges, Pour their drops a-main; Still the bird is sing-ing,
3.Cheerful summer prophet! List'ning to thy song, How my faint-ing spir-it
Swings a lit-tle bird: Clouds may frown and darken, Drops may fall in vain,
Sing-ing in the rain. O thou hope-ful sing-er, Whom my faith perceives
Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gather, Let the sunshine wane,
Lit-tle heeds the warbler Sing-ing in the rain. Dimmer fall the shad-ows,
To a dove transfigured, Bring-ing ol-ive leaves; Ol-ive leaves of prom-ise,
If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain. Let the black clouds gather,
Mist-ier grows the air, Still the black clouds gather, Dark'ning here and there.
Types of joy to be; How in doubt and tri-al Learns my heart of thee.
Let the sunshine wane, If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain.

Good Morning To You

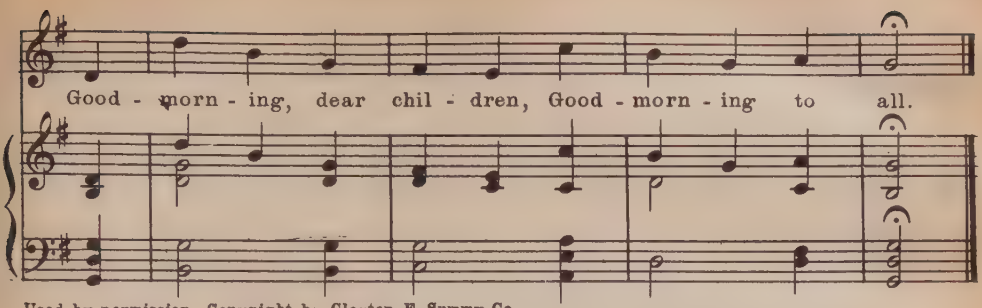
PATTI S. HILL

MILDRED HILL

Brightly



Good Morning To You — Continued



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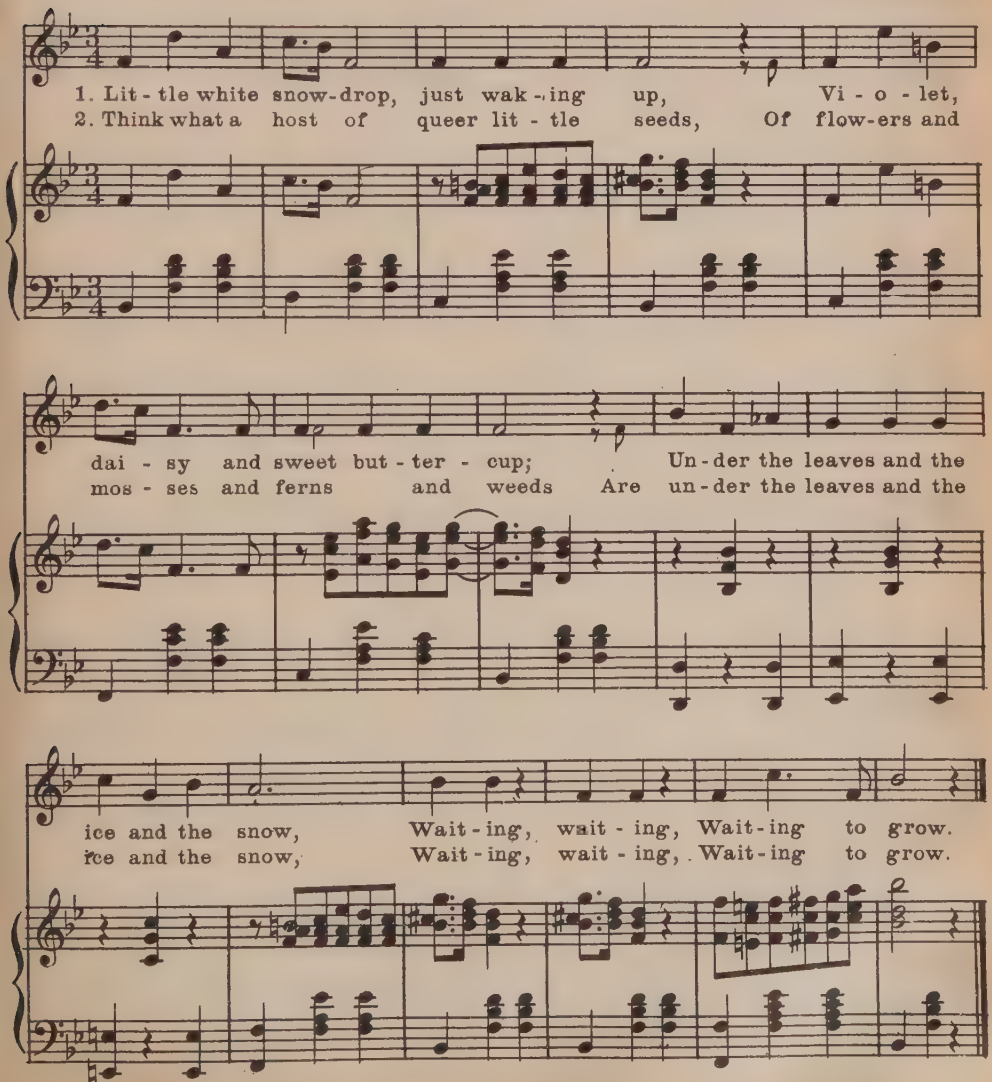
Waiting To Grow

WALTER H. AIKEN


1. Lit - tle white snow-drop, just wak - ing up, Vi - o - let,
2. Think what a host of queer lit - tle seeds, Of flow-ers and
dai - sy and sweet but - ter - cup; Un - der the leaves and the
mos - ses and ferns and weeds Are un - der the leaves and the
ice and the snow, Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing to grow.
ice and the snow, Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing to grow.

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Twinkle, Little Star

JANE TAYLOR — WOLFGANG MOZART

Not too slowly

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are,
2. When the blaz-ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on,
3. Then the trav'ller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark;
4. In the dark blue sky you keep, While you thro' my win - dow peep,

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night
He could not see where to go, If you did not twinkle so.
And you nev - er shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are.

A Little Man

FOLK SONG
sung in Hansel and Gretel
HUMPERDINCK

Moderately quick
mf

A ti-ny lit-tle man stands in for-est dim, A cunning lit-tle

man-tle he wears on him, Who can this fig-ure be, stand-ing 'neath a

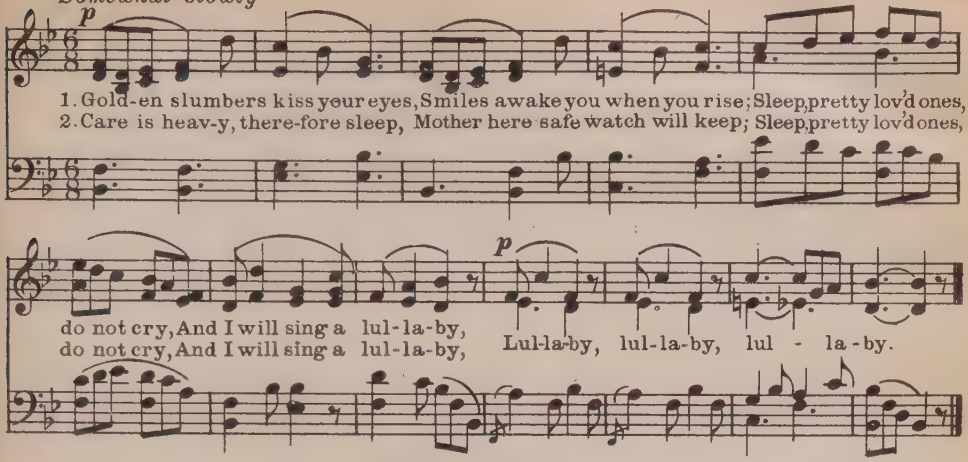
ritard

for-est tree, With the man-tle hang-ing down to his knee?

I Will Sing A Lullaby

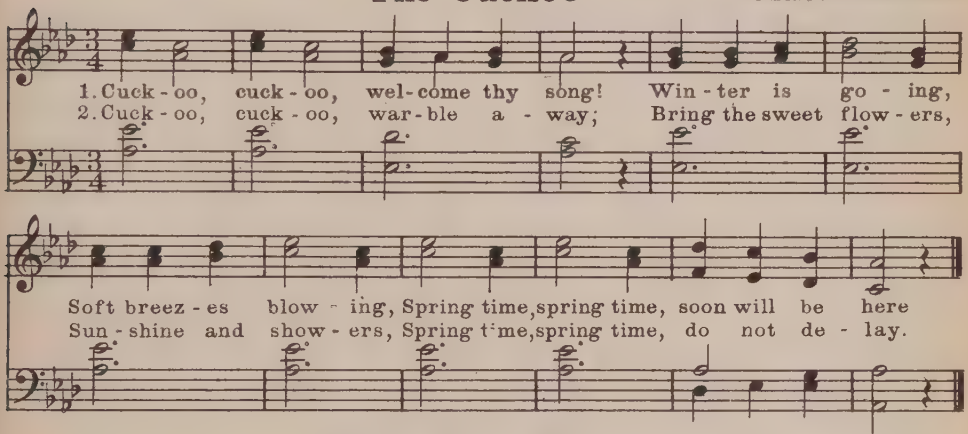
17th Century
ENGLISH CRADLE SONG

Somewhat slowly


p
1. Gold-en slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,
2. Care is heav-y, there-fore sleep, Mother here safe watch will keep; Sleep, pretty lov'd ones,
p
do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by,
do not cry, And I will sing a lul-la-by,
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul - la-by.

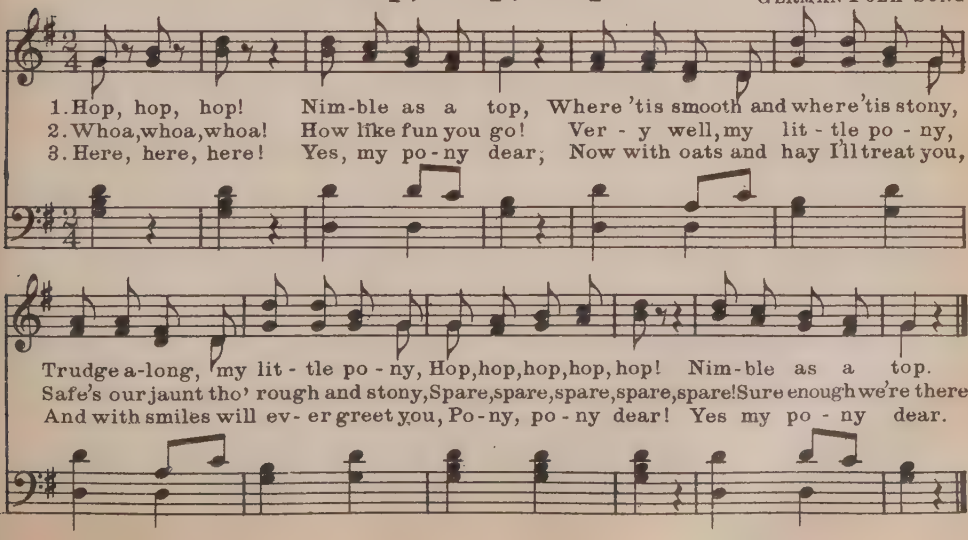
The Cuckoo

GERMAN FOLK SONG


1. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, wel-come thy song! Win - ter is go - ing,
2. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, war-ble a - way; Bring the sweet flow - ers,
Soft breez - es blow - ing, Spring time, spring time, soon will be here
Sun - shine and show - ers, Spring time, spring time, do not de - lay.

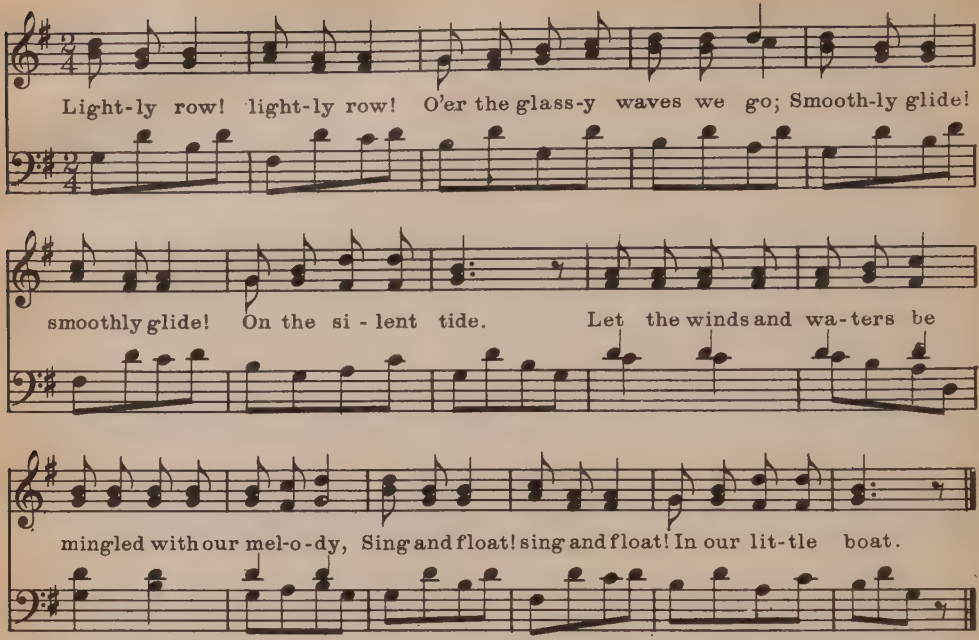
Hop, Hop, Hop!

GERMAN FOLK SONG


1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where 'tis smooth and where 'tis stony,
2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go! Ver - y well, my lit - tle po - ny,
3. Here, here, here! Yes, my po-ny dear; Now with oats and hay I'll treat you,
Trudge a-long, my lit - tle po - ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.
Safe's our jaunt tho' rough and stony, Spare, spare, spare, spare, spare! Sure enough we're there.
And with smiles will ev - er greet you, Po-ny, po - ny dear! Yes my po - ny dear.

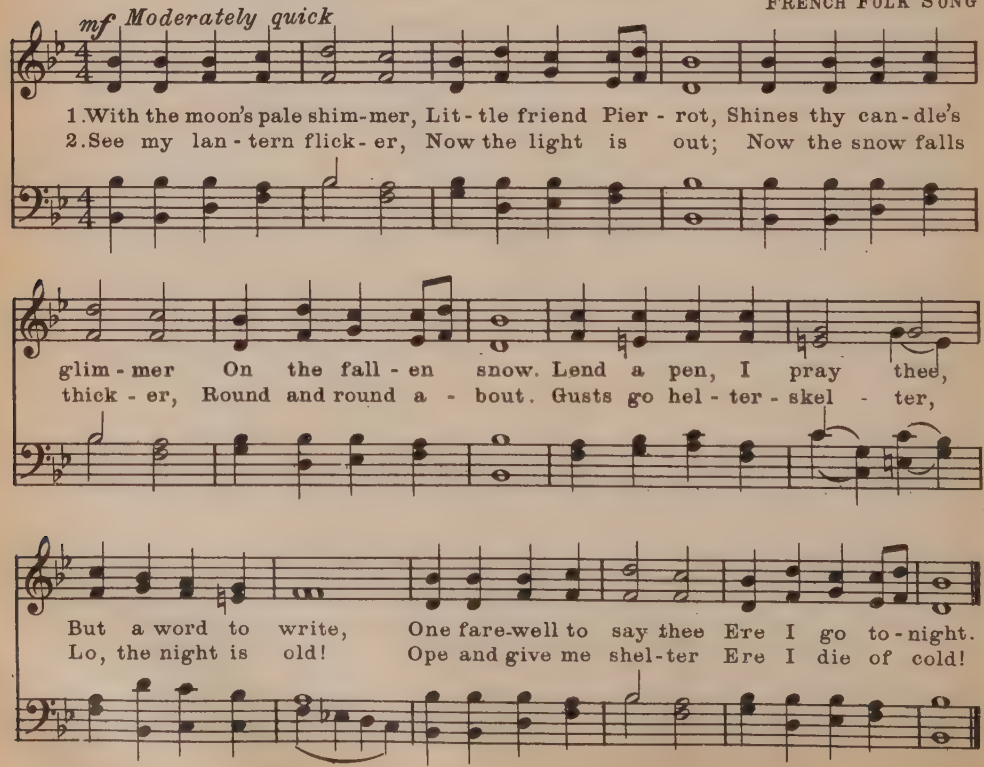
Lightly Row

GERMAN FOLK SONG


Light-ly row! light-ly row! O'er the glass-y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
smoothly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa-ters be
mingled with our mel-o-dy, Sing and float! sing and float! In our lit-tle boat.

At Pierrot's Door

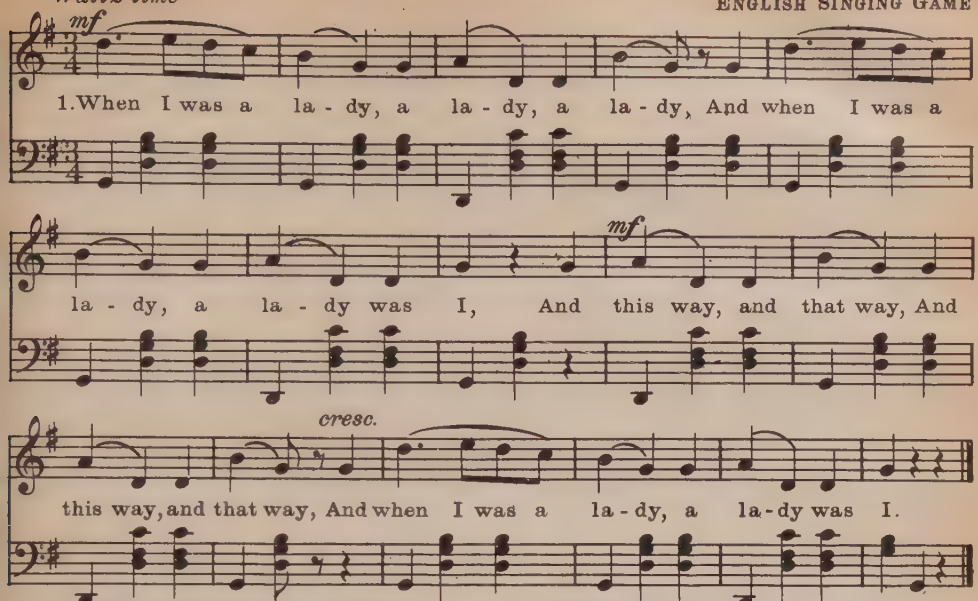
FRENCH FOLK SONG


mf Moderately quick
1. With the moon's pale shim-mer, Lit-tle friend Pier - rot, Shines thy can-dle's
2. See my lan - tern flick - er, Now the light is out; Now the snow falls
glim - mer On the fall - en snow. Lend a pen, I pray thee,
thick - er, Round and round a - bout. Gusts go hel - ter - skel - ter,
But a word to write, One fare-well to say thee Ere I go to-night.
Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

When I Was A Lady

Waltz time

ENGLISH SINGING GAME


mf
1. When I was a la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy, And when I was a
la - dy, a la - dy was I, And this way, and that way, And
mf
cresc.
this way, and that way, And when I was a la - dy, a la - dy was I.

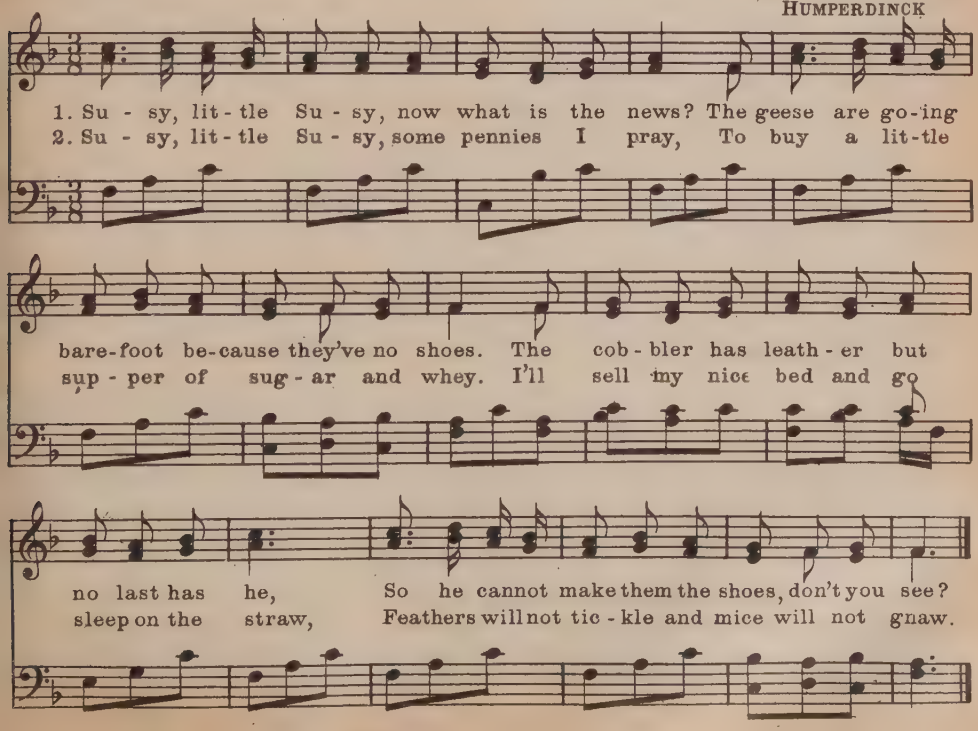
2. When I was a young girl, etc.
3. When I was a dancer, etc.
4. When I was a young man, etc.
5. When I was a soldier, etc.

For this motion song a leader is chosen who, while the first verse is being sung, imitates the actions of a lady, curtseying first to the left then to the right. Another leader is chosen for each of the characters in the other verses. The other children imitate the motions of the leader.

Susy, Little Susy

TRANSLATION

FOLK SONG
sung in Hansel and Gretel
HUMPERDINCK


1. Su - sy, lit - tle Su - sy, now what is the news? The geese are go-ing
2. Su - sy, lit - tle Su - sy, some pennies I pray, To buy a lit-tle
bare-foot be-cause they've no shoes. The cob - bler has leath - er but
sup - per of sug - ar and whey. I'll sell my nice bed and go
no last has he, So he cannot make them the shoes, don't you see?
sleep on the straw, Feathers will not tic - kle and mice will not gnaw.

Morning Prayer

K. D. WIGGINS

Reverently

1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee for the night,
2. Help us to do the things we should;

And for the pleas - ant morn - ing light; For rest and food and
To be to oth - ers kind and good; In all we do, in

lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.
work or play, To grow more lov - ing ev - 'ry day.

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Soldier Boy

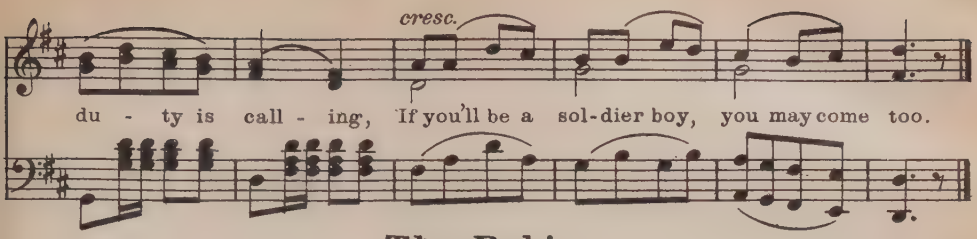
Quickly

f

1. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, where are you go - ing, Wav - ing so

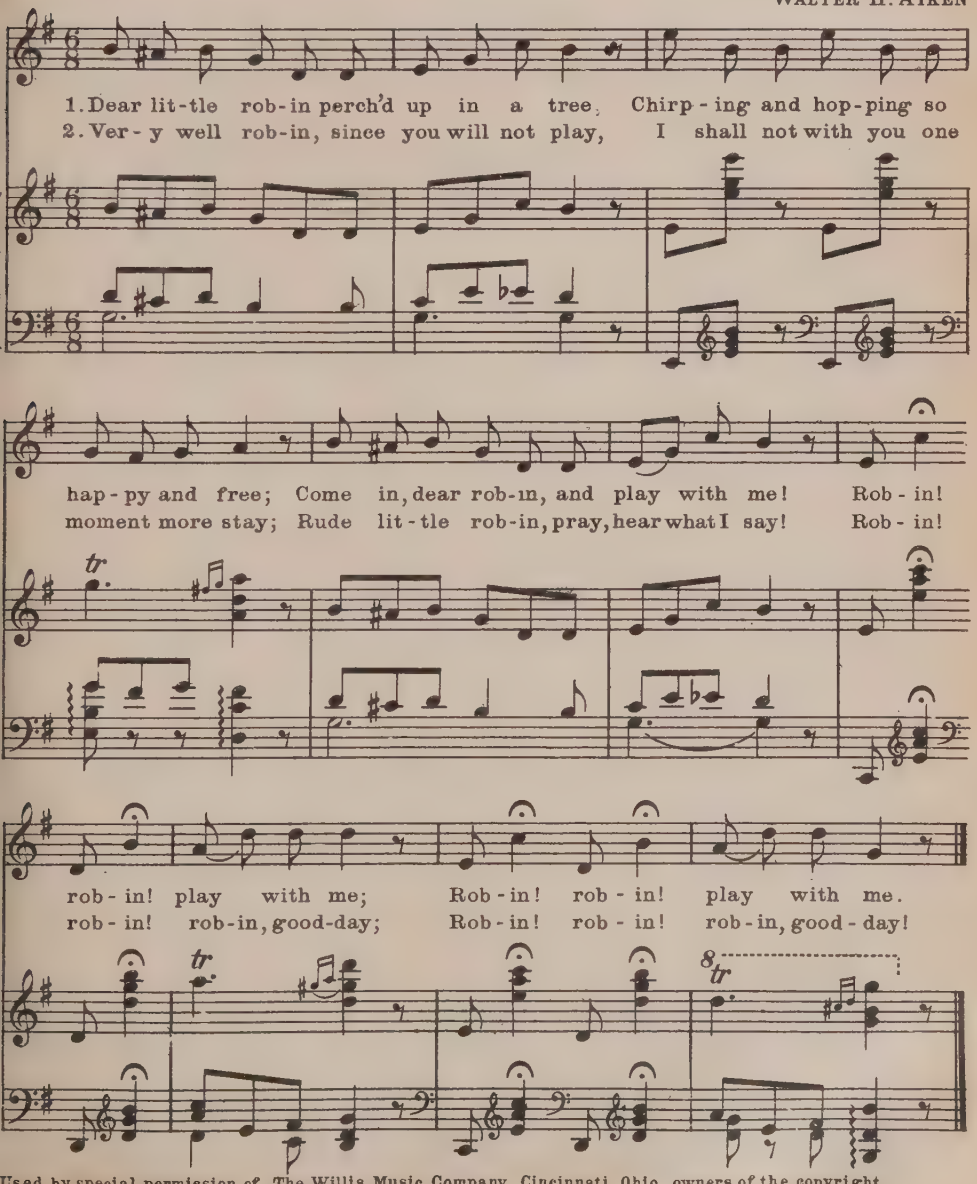
proud - ly the Red, White and Blue? I'm go - ing to my coun - try where

Soldier Boy—Continued



The Robin

WALTER H. AIKEN


1. Dear lit-tle rob-in perch'd up in a tree, Chirp-ing and hop-ping so
2. Ver-y well rob-in, since you will not play, I shall not with you one
hap-py and free; Come in, dear rob-in, and play with me! Rob-in!
moment more stay; Rude lit-tle rob-in, pray, hear what I say! Rob-in!
tr.
rob-in! play with me; Rob-in! rob-in! play with me.
rob-in! rob-in, good-day; Rob-in! rob-in! rob-in, good-day!
tr.
8 tr.

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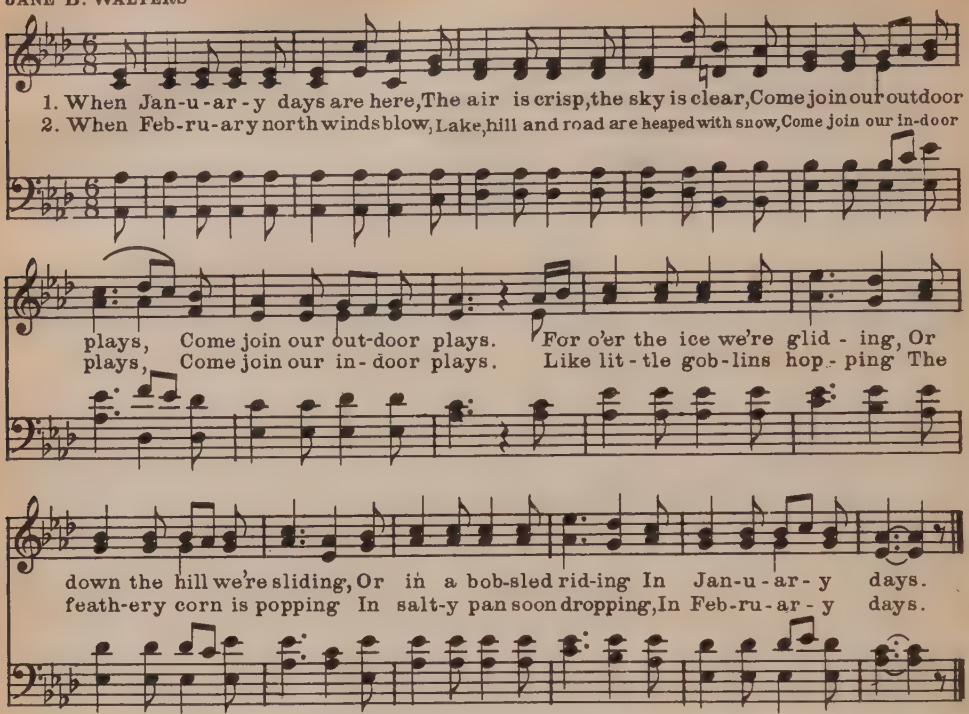
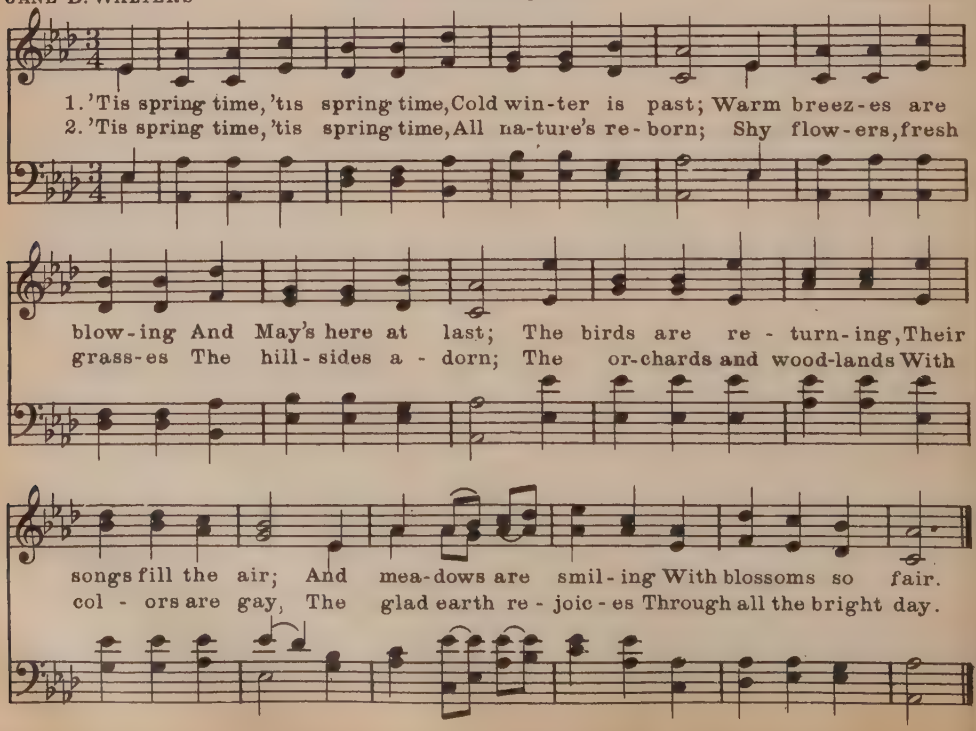
January and February

JANE B. WALTERS — GERMAN FOLK SONG


1. When Jan-u-ar-y days are here, The air is crisp, the sky is clear, Come join our out-door
2. When Feb-ru-a-ry north winds blow, Lake, hill and road are heaped with snow, Come join our in-door
plays, Come join our out-door plays. For o'er the ice we're glid - ing, Or
plays, Come join our in-door plays. Like lit-tle gob-lins hop - ping The
down the hill we're sliding, Or in a bob-sled rid-ing In Jan-u-ar-y days.
feath-ery corn is popping In salt-y pan soon dropping, In Feb-ru-ar-y days.

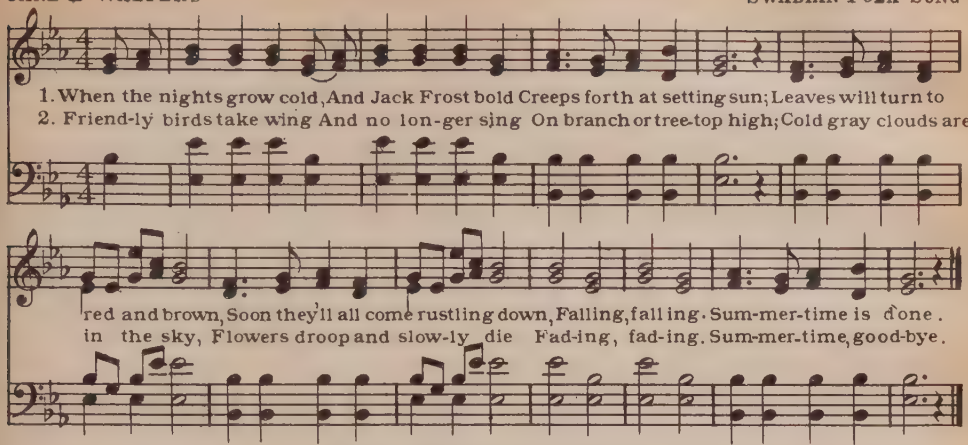
'Tis Springtime

JANE B. WALTERS — SÜSSMAYER


1. 'Tis spring time, 'tis spring time, Cold win-ter is past; Warm breez-es are
2. 'Tis spring time, 'tis spring time, All na-ture's re-born; Shy flow-ers, fresh
blow-ing And May's here at last; The birds are re - turn-ing, Their
grass-es The hill-sides a - dorn; The or-chards and wood-lands With
songs fill the air; And mea-dows are smil-ing With blossoms so fair.
col - ors are gay, The glad earth re - joic-es Through all the bright day.

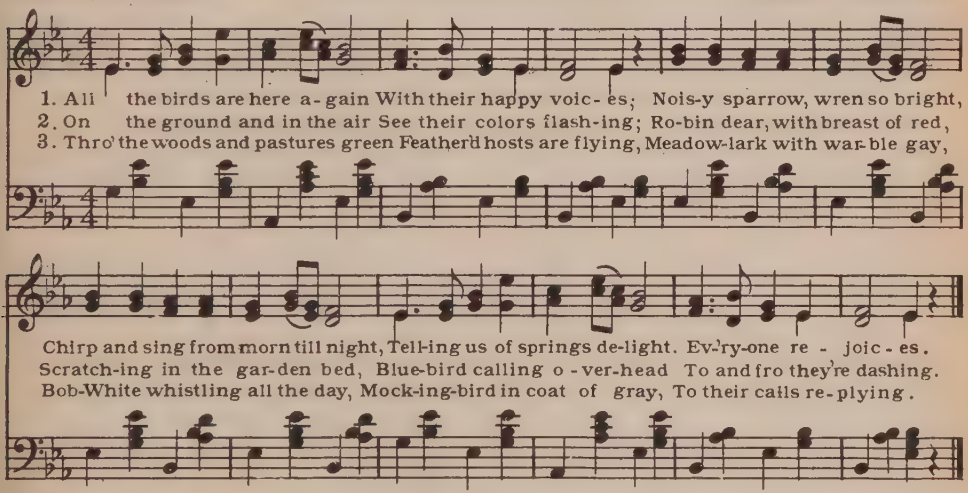
Farewell To Summer

JANE B WALTERS — SWABIAN FOLK SONG


1. When the nights grow cold, And Jack Frost bold Creeps forth at setting sun; Leaves will turn to
2. Friend-ly birds take wing And no lon-ger sing On branch or tree-top high; Cold gray clouds are
red and brown, Soon they'll all come rustling down, Falling, fall ing. Sum-mer-time is done.
in the sky, Flowers droop and slow-ly die Fad-ing, fad-ing. Sum-mer-time, good-bye.

The Birds' Return

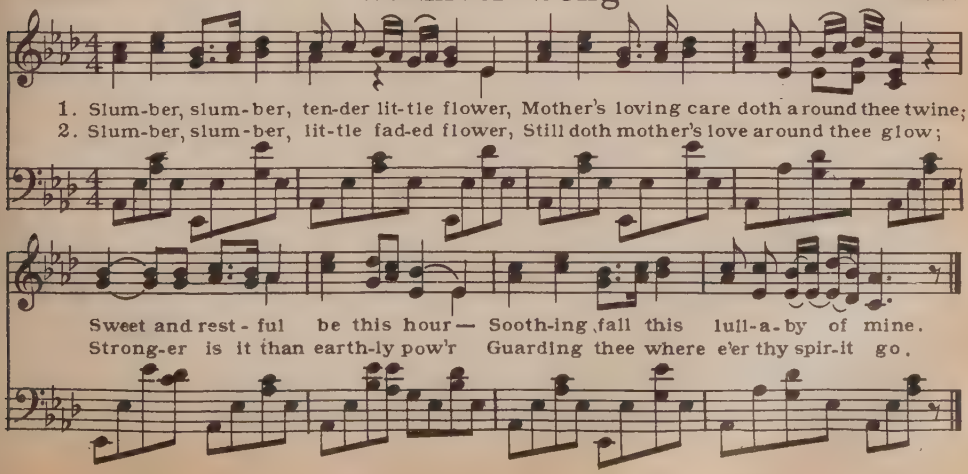
JANE B. WALTERS — BOHEMIAN FOLK SONG


1. All the birds are here a-gain With their happy voic-es; Nois-y sparrow, wren so bright,
2. On the ground and in the air See their colors flash-ing; Ro-bin dear, with breast of red,
3. Thro' the woods and pastures green Feather'd hosts are flying, Meadow-lark with war-ble gay,
Chirp and sing from morn till night, Tell-ing us of springs de-light. Ev-'ry-one re - joic-es.
Scratch-ing in the gar-den bed, Blue-bird calling o-ver-head To and fro they're dashing.
Bob-White whistling all the day, Mock-ing-bird in coat of gray, To their calls re-plying.

TRANSLATION

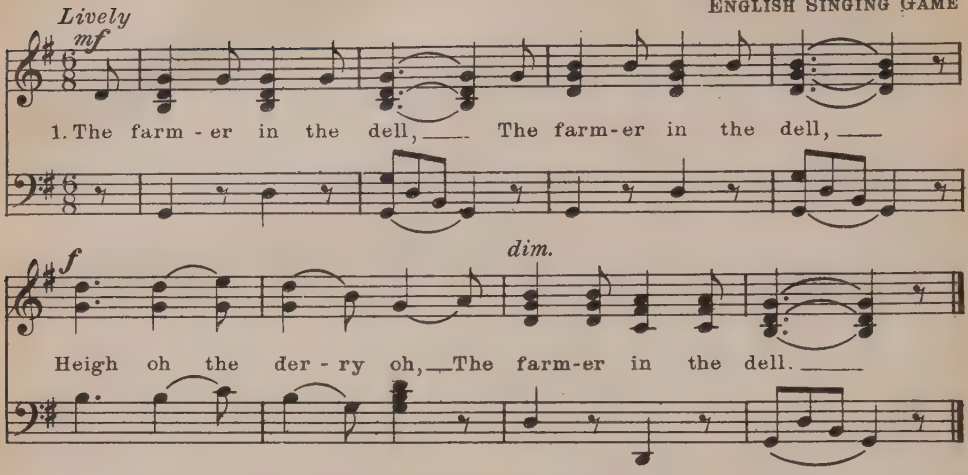
Slumber Song

FRANZ SCHUBERT


1. Slum-ber, slum-ber, ten-der lit-tle flower, Mother's loving care doth around thee twine;
2. Slum-ber, slum-ber, lit-tle fad-ed flower, Still doth mother's love around thee glow;
Sweet and rest-ful be this hour— Sooth-ing fall this lull-a-by of mine.
Strong-er is it than earth-ly pow'r Guarding thee where e'er thy spir-it go.

The Farmer In The Dell

ENGLISH SINGING GAME

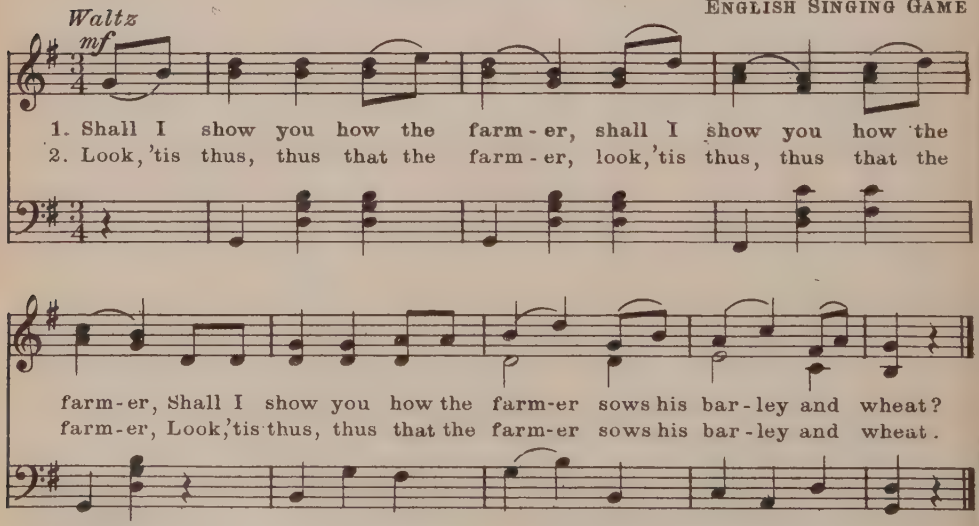


2. The farmer takes a wife, etc.
3. The wife takes the child, etc.
4. The child takes the nurse, etc.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.
6. The dog takes the cat, etc.
7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

The children form a circle. One of them, representing the farmer, stands in the center and while the second verse is being sung, chooses "a wife." This one chooses "the child" and so on until "the cheese" is selected when the game is repeated.

The Farmer

ENGLISH SINGING GAME


Waltz
mf
1. Shall I show you how the farm - er, shall I show you how the
2. Look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm - er, look, 'tis thus, thus that the
farm-er, Shall I show you how the farm-er sows his bar - ley and wheat?
farm-er, Look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm-er sows his bar - ley and wheat.

3. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

4. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

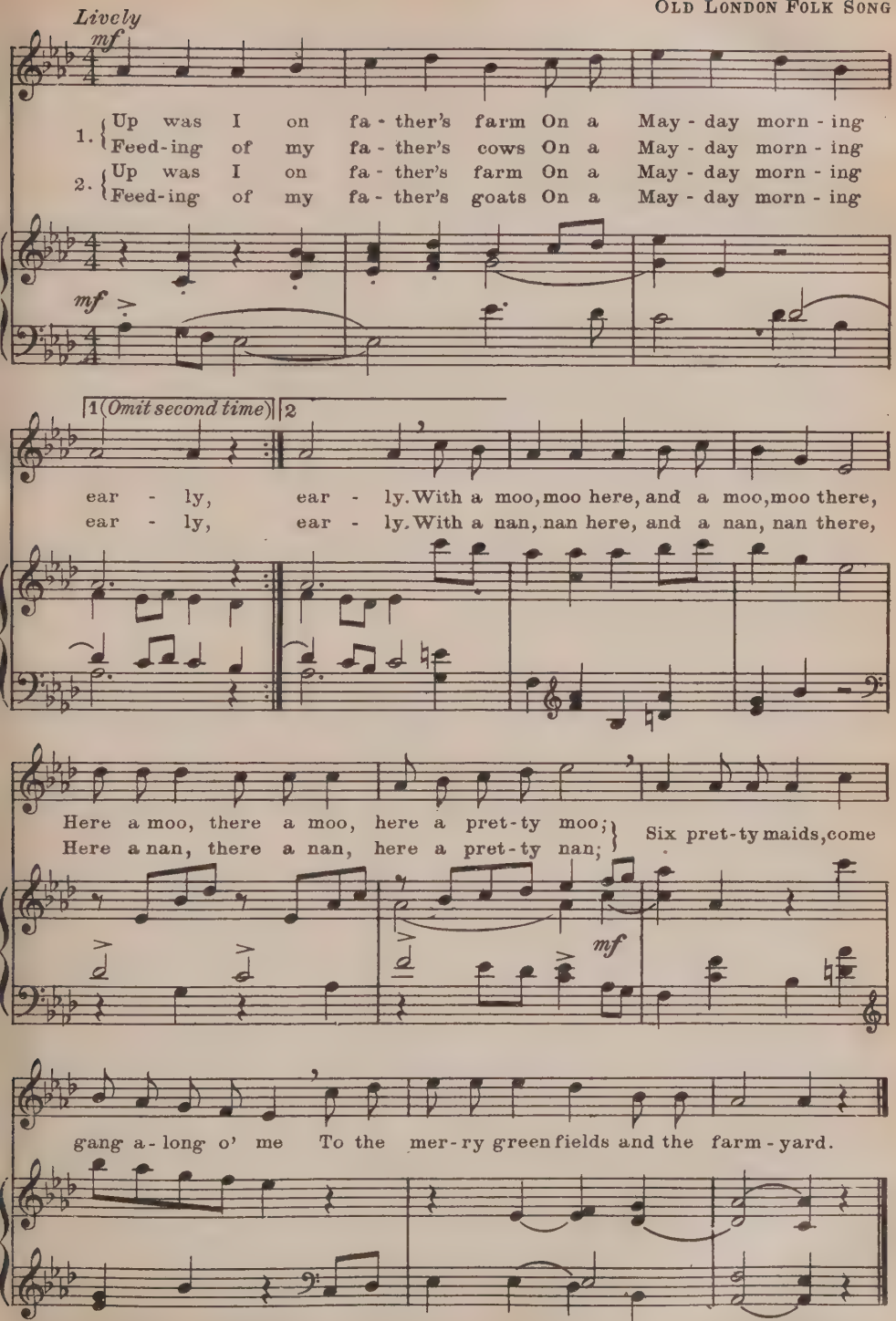
5. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

6. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

As this song is sung, the children imitate the farmer sowing, reaping and threshing his wheat.

The Farmyard

OLD LONDON FOLK SONG

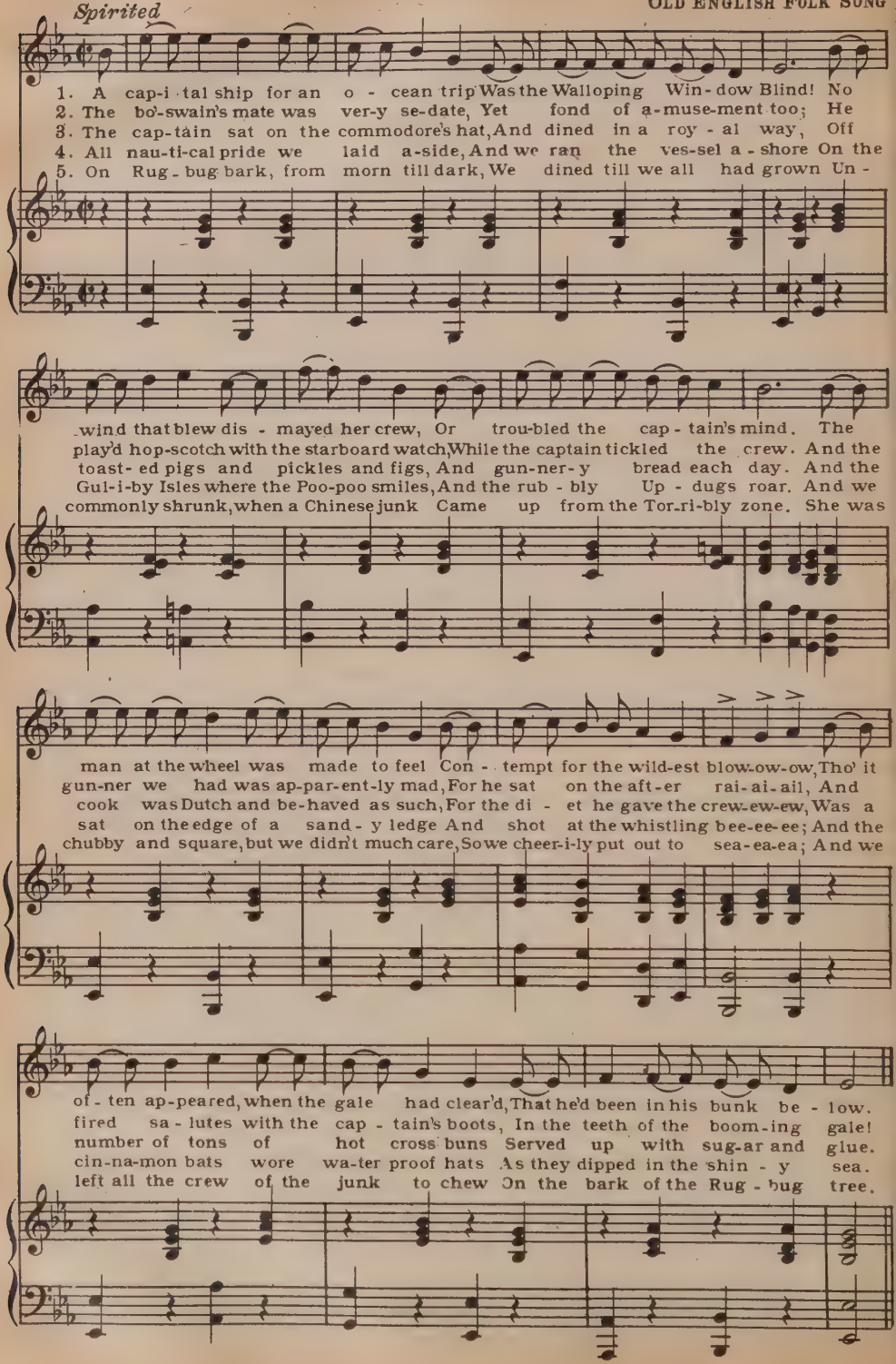

Lively
mf
1. Up was I on fa - ther's farm On a May - day morn - ing
Feed-ing of my fa - ther's cows On a May - day morn - ing
2. Up was I on fa - ther's farm On a May - day morn - ing
Feed-ing of my fa - ther's goats On a May - day morn - ing
mf
1 (Omit second time)
2
ear - ly, ear - ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
ear - ly, ear - ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,
Here a moo, there a moo, here a pret-ty moo;
Here a nan, there a nan, here a pret-ty nan;
Six pret-ty maids, come
mf
gang a - long o' me To the mer-ry green fields and the farm - yard.

This song may be continued by using the names of other animals and the sounds they make as sheep (baa-baa), ducks (quack-quack).

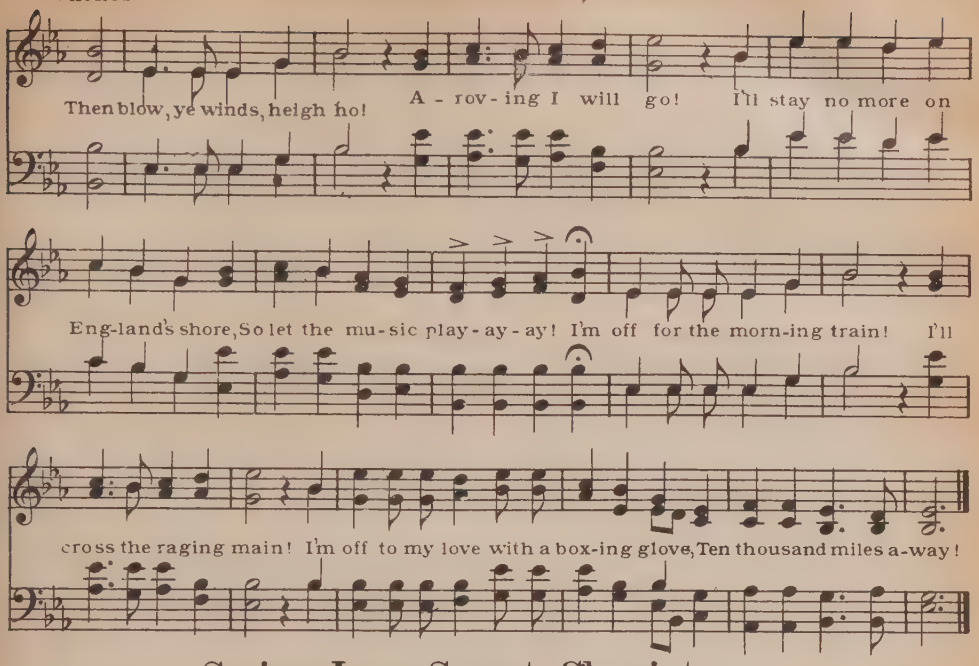
A Capital Ship

OLD ENGLISH FOLK SONG

Spirited

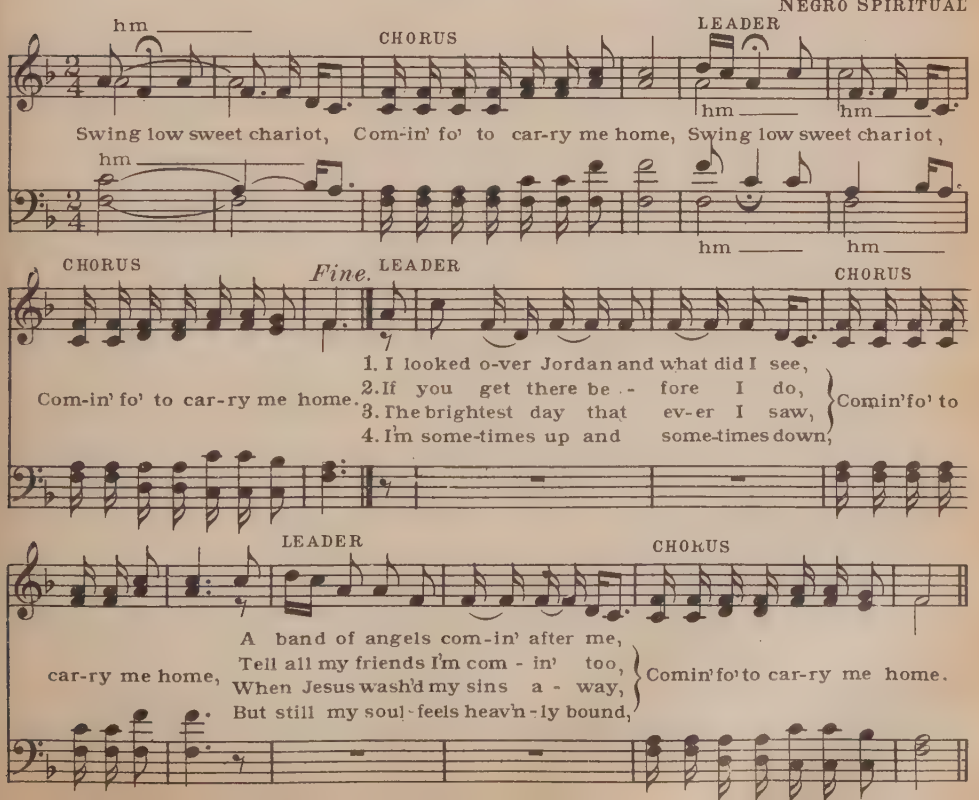

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Walloping Win-dow Blind! No
2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se-date, Yet fond of a-muse-ment too; He
3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off
4. All nau-ti-cal pride we laid a-side, And we ran the ves-sel a - shore On the
5. On Rug - bug bark, from morn till dark, We dined till we all had grown Un -
wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the cap - tain's mind. The
play'd hop-scotch with the starboard watch, While the captain tickled the crew. And the
toast-ed pigs and pickles and figs, And gun-ner-y bread each day. And the
Gui-i-by Isles where the Poo-poo smiles, And the rub - bly Up - dugs roar. And we
commonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk Came up from the Tor-ri-bly zone. She was
man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Tho' it
gun-ner we had was ap-par-ent-ly mad, For he sat on the aft-er rai-ai-ail, And
cook was Dutch and be-haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew-ew-ew, Was a
sat on the edge of a sand-y ledge And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee; And the
chubby and square, but we didn't much care, So we cheer-i-ly put out to sea-ea-ea; And we
of - ten ap-peared, when the gale had clear'd, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!
number of tons of hot cross buns Served up with sug-ar and glue.
cin-na-mon bats wore wa-ter proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
left all the crew of the junk to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.

A Capital Ship—Continued


CHORUS
Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on
Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll
cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

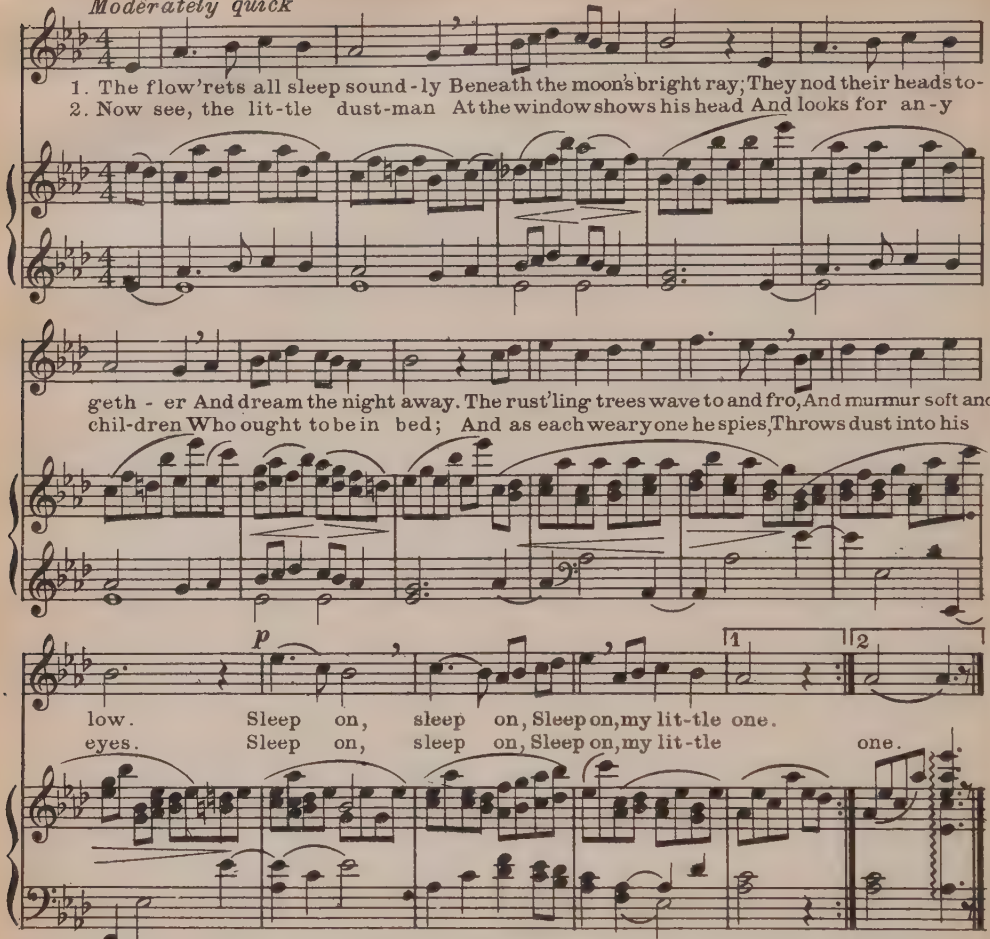

hm
CHORUS
LEADER
Swing low sweet chariot, Com-in' fo' to car-ry me home, Swing low sweet chariot,
CHORUS
Fine.
LEADER
CHORUS
Com-in' fo' to car-ry me home.
1. I looked o-ver Jordan and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The brightest day that ev-er I saw,
4. I'm some-times up and some-times down,
Comin' fo' to
LEADER
CHORUS
car-ry me home,
A band of angels com-in' after me,
Tell all my friends I'm com - in' too,
When Jesus wash'd my sins a - way,
But still my soul feels heav'n-ly bound,
Comin' fo' to car-ry me home.

TRANSLATION

The Little Dustman

JOHANNES BRAHMS

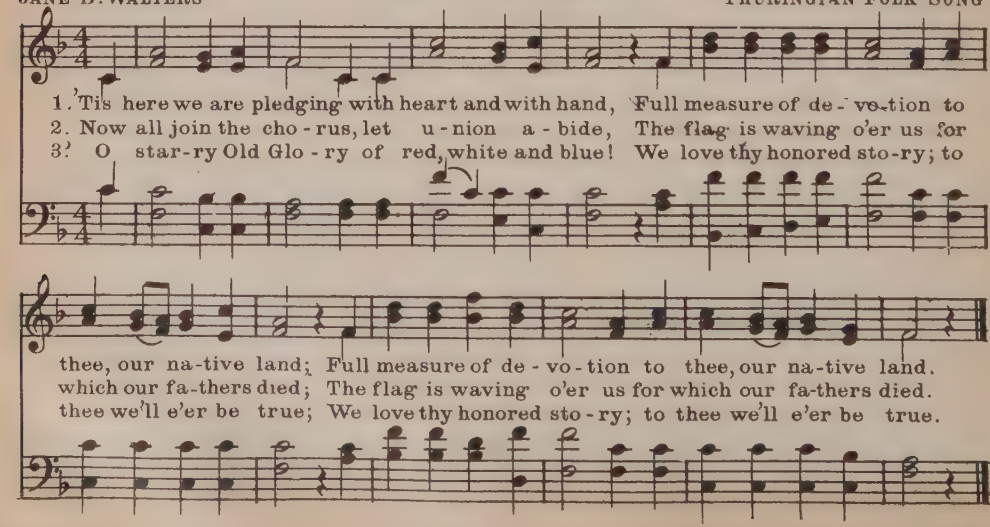
Moderately quick


1. The flow'rets all sleep sound-ly Beneath the moon's bright ray; They nod their heads to-
2. Now see, the lit-tle dust-man At the window shows his head And looks for an-y
geth - er And dream the night away. The rust'ling trees wave to and fro, And murmur soft and
chil-dren Who ought to be in bed; And as each weary one he spies, Throws dust into his
p
1
2
low. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit-tle one.
eyes. Sleep on, sleep on, Sleep on, my lit-tle one.

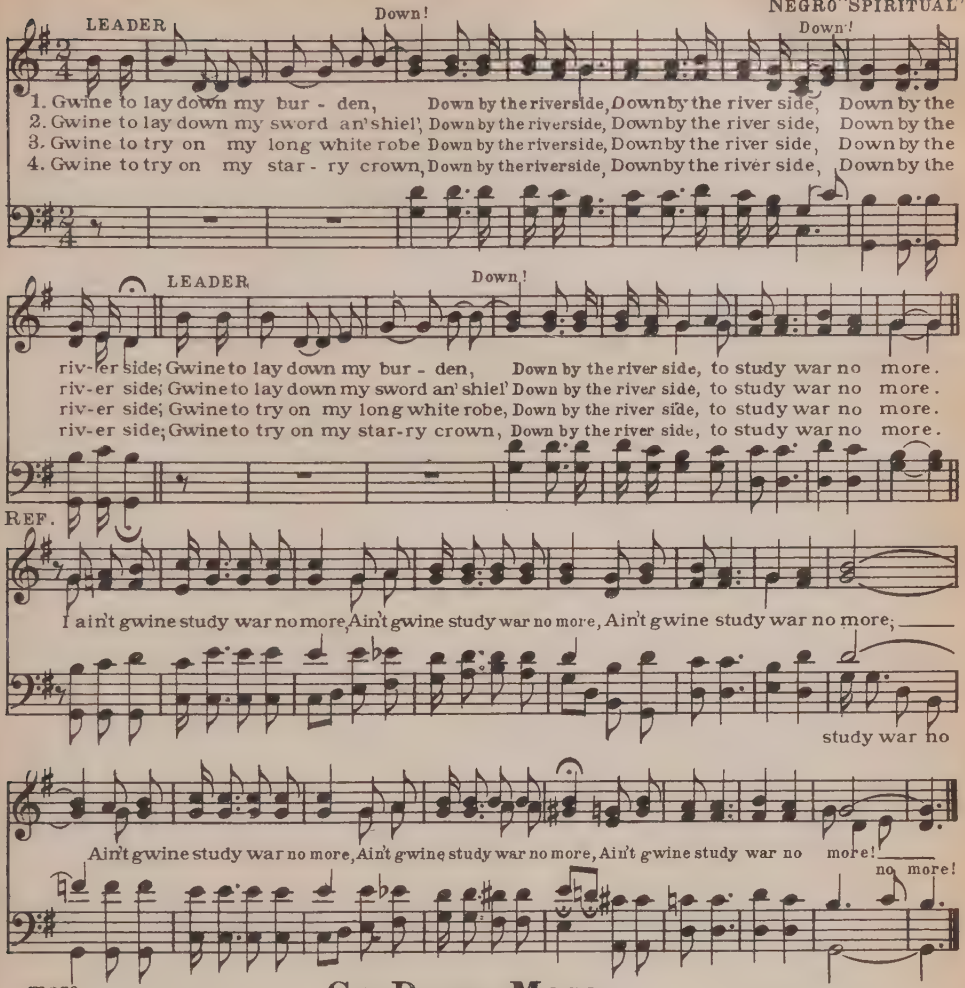
Adapted by
JANE B. WALTERS

The Patriots

THÜRINGIAN FOLK SONG

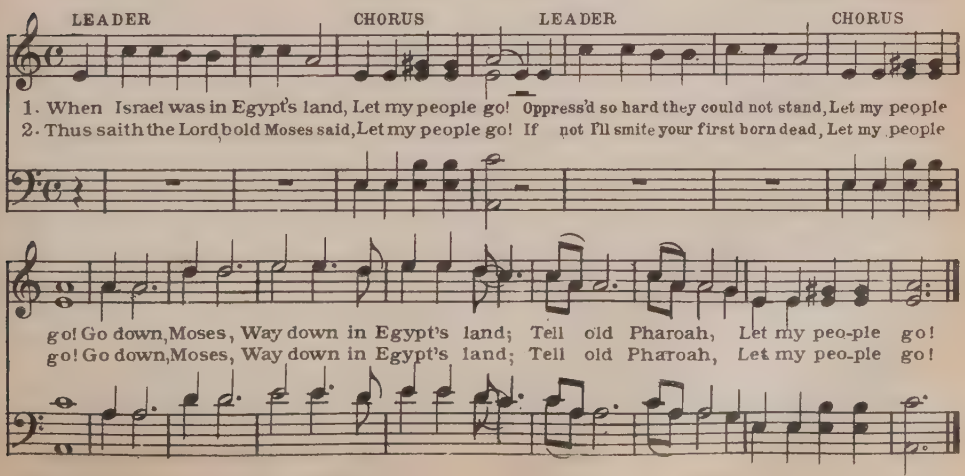

1. 'Tis here we are pledging with heart and with hand, Full measure of de-vo-tion to
2. Now all join the cho-rus, let u-nion a-bide, The flag is waving o'er us for
3. O star-ry Old Glo-ry of red, white and blue! We love thy honored sto-ry; to
thee, our na-tive land; Full measure of de-vo-tion to thee, our na-tive land.
which our fa-thers died; The flag is waving o'er us for which our fa-thers died.
thee we'll e'er be true; We love thy honored sto-ry; to thee we'll e'er be true.

I Ain't Gwine Study War No More

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

LEADER
Down!
Down!
1. Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
2. Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel', Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
3. Gwine to try on my long white robe Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
4. Gwine to try on my star - ry crown, Down by the riverside, Down by the river side, Down by the
LEADER
Down!
riv-er side; Gwine to lay down my bur - den, Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to lay down my sword an' shiel' Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to try on my long white robe, Down by the river side, to study war no more.
riv-er side; Gwine to try on my star-ry crown, Down by the river side, to study war no more.
REF.
I ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more;
study war no
Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more!
no more!
more,

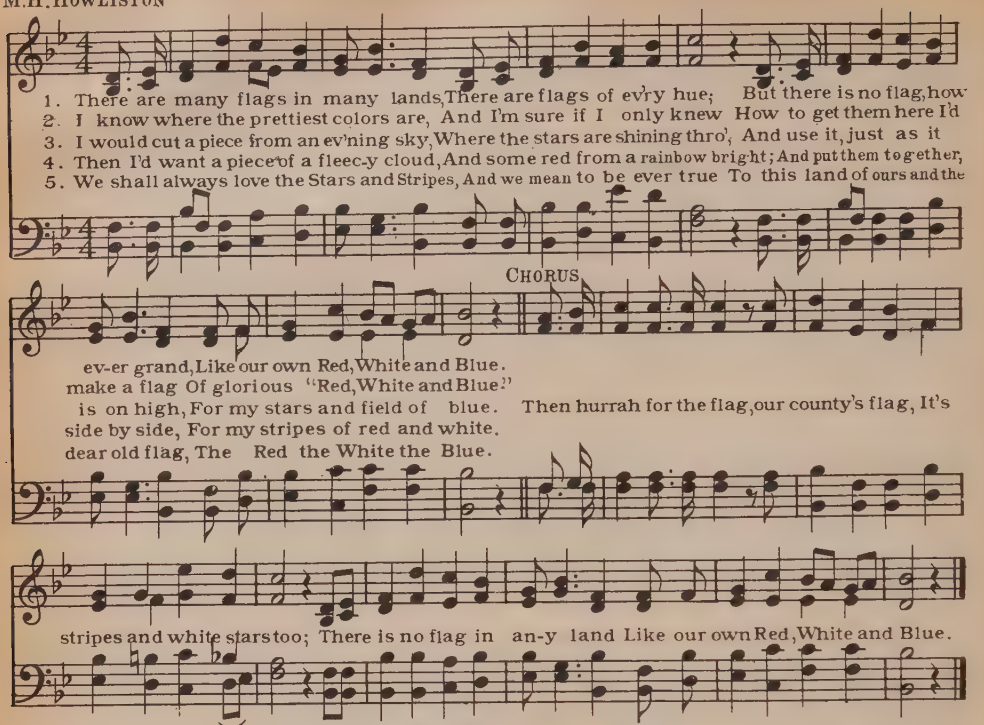
Go Down, Moses

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"


LEADER
CHORUS
LEADER
CHORUS
1. When Israel was in Egypt's land, Let my people go! Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my people
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said, Let my people go! If not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my people
go! Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt's land; Tell old Pharoah, Let my peo-ple go!
go! Go down, Moses, Way down in Egypt's land; Tell old Pharoah, Let my peo-ple go!

There Are Many Flags In Many Lands

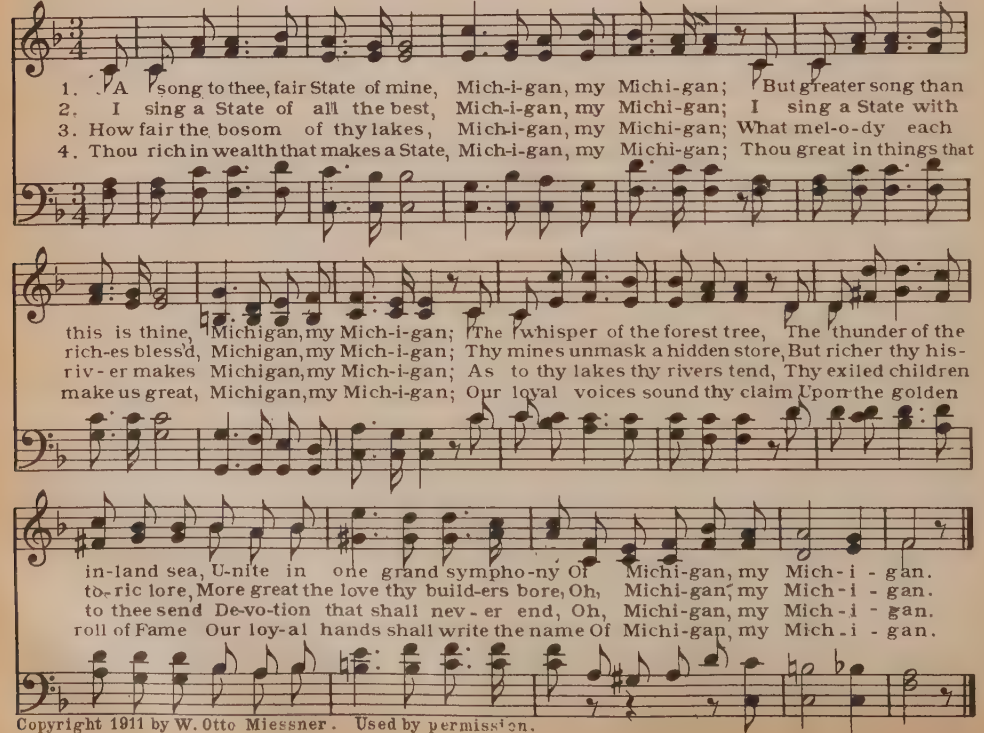
M.H. HOWLISTON


1. There are many flags in many lands, There are flags of ev'ry hue; But there is no flag, how
2. I know where the prettiest colors are, And I'm sure if I only knew How to get them here I'd
3. I would cut a piece from an ev'ning sky, Where the stars are shining thro', And use it, just as it
4. Then I'd want a piece of a fleec-y cloud, And some red from a rainbow bright; And put them together,
5. We shall always love the Stars and Stripes, And we mean to be ever true To this land of ours and the
CHORUS
ev-er grand, Like our own Red, White and Blue.
make a flag Of glorious "Red, White and Blue!"
is on high, For my stars and field of blue. Then hurrah for the flag, our county's flag, It's
side by side, For my stripes of red and white.
dear old flag, The Red the White the Blue.
stripes and white stars too; There is no flag in an-y land Like our own Red, White and Blue.

Michigan, My Michigan

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

W. OTTO MIESSNER


1. A song to thee, fair State of mine, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; But greater song than
2. I sing a State of all the best, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; I sing a State with
3. How fair the bosom of thy lakes, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; What mel-o-dy each
4. Thou rich in wealth that makes a State, Mich-i-gan, my Michi-gan; Thou great in things that
this is thine, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; The whisper of the forest tree, The thunder of the
rich-es blessed, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; Thy mines unmask a hidden store, But richer thy his-
riv-er makes Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; As to thy lakes thy rivers tend, Thy exiled children
make us great, Michigan, my Mich-i-gan; Our loyal voices sound thy claim Upon the golden
in-land sea, U-nite in one grand sympho-ny Of Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
to-ric lore, More great the love thy build-ers bore, Oh, Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
to thee send De-vo-tion that shall nev-er end, Oh, Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.
roll of Fame Our loy-al hands shall write the name Of Michi-gan, my Mich-i-gan.

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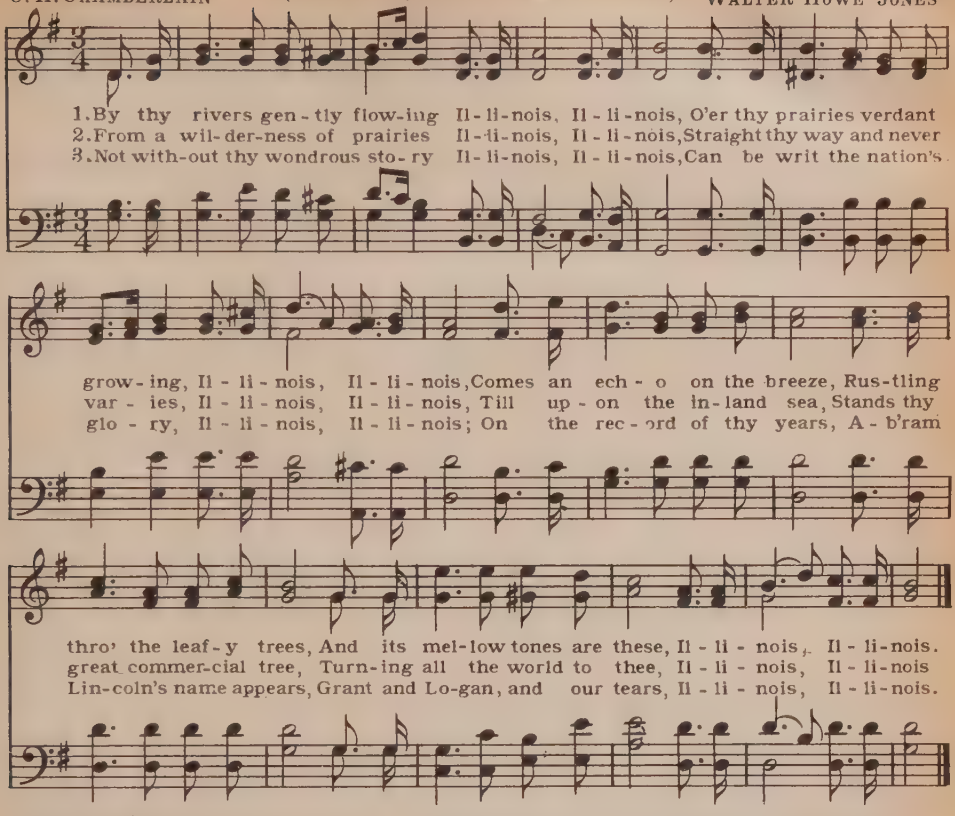
Illinois

C. H. CHAMBERLAIN (May also be sung to tune "Baby Mine") WALTER HOWE JONES


1. By thy rivers gen - tly flow-ing Il - li-nois, Il - li - nois, O'er thy prairies verdant
2. From a wil-der-ness of prairies Il - li-nois, Il - li - nois, Straight thy way and never
3. Not with-out thy wondrous sto - ry Il - li-nois, Il - li - nois, Can be writ the nation's
grow - ing, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Comes an ech - o on the breeze, Rus-tling
var - ies, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois, Till up - on the in-land sea, Stands thy
glo - ry, Il - li - nois, Il - li - nois; On the rec - ord of thy years, A - b'ram
thro' the leaf - y trees, And its mel-low tones are these, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois.
great commer-cial tree, Turn-ing all the world to thee, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois
Lin-coln's name appears, Grant and Lo-gan, and our tears, Il - li - nois, Il - li-nois.

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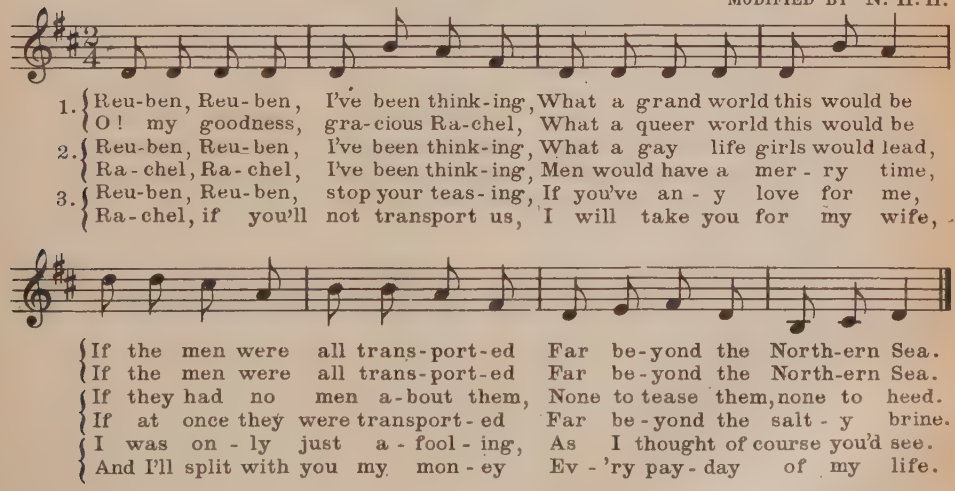
Reuben and Rachel

MODIFIED BY N. H. H.

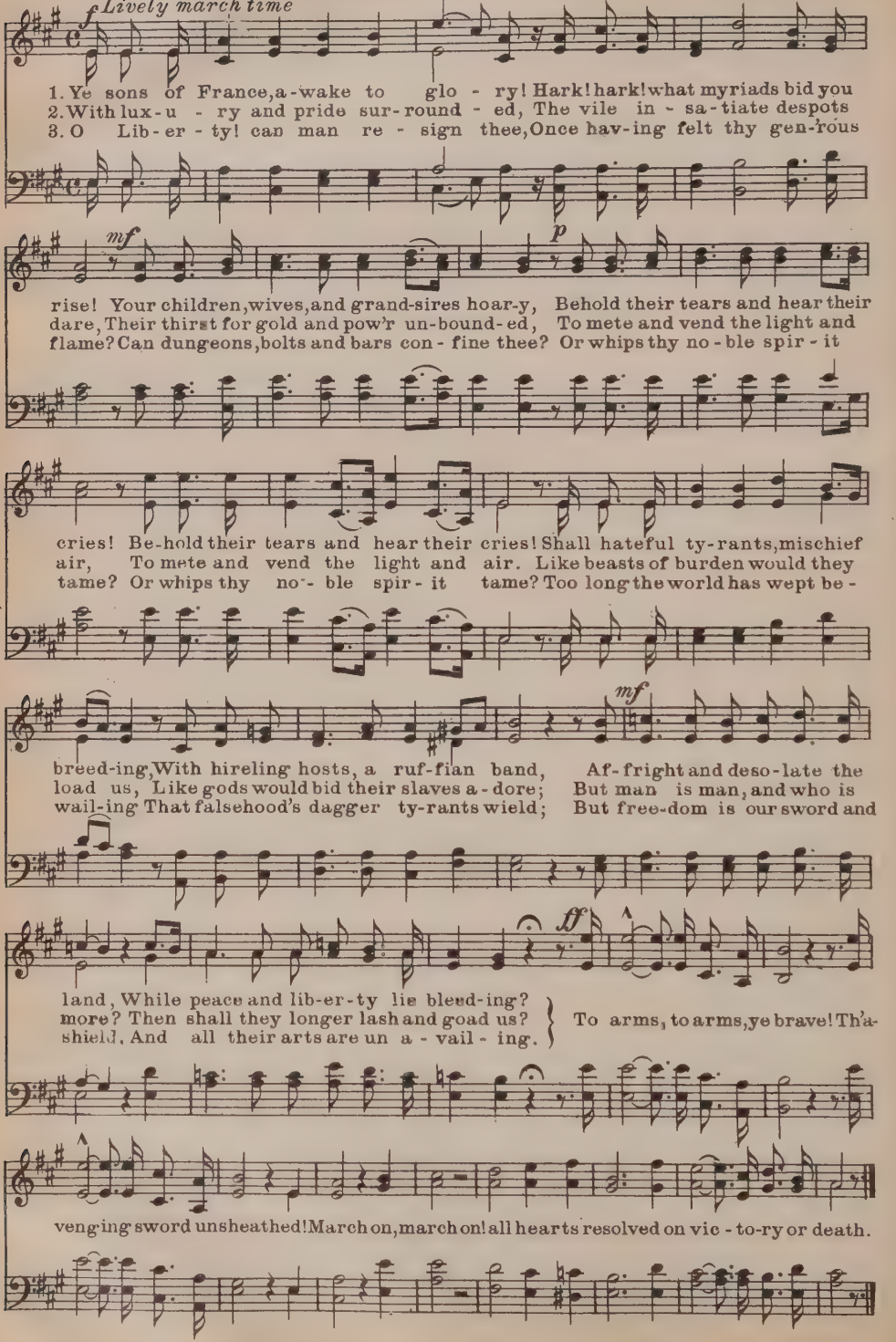

1. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be
2. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer - ry time,
3. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas-ing, If you've an - y love for me,
Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,
If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
If they had no men a-bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
If at once they were transport - ed Far be - yond the salt - y brine.
I was on - ly just a - fool - ing, As I thought of course you'd see.
And I'll split with you my mon - ey Ev - 'ry pay - day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only would be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

Marseillaise Hymn

(National Hymn of France)

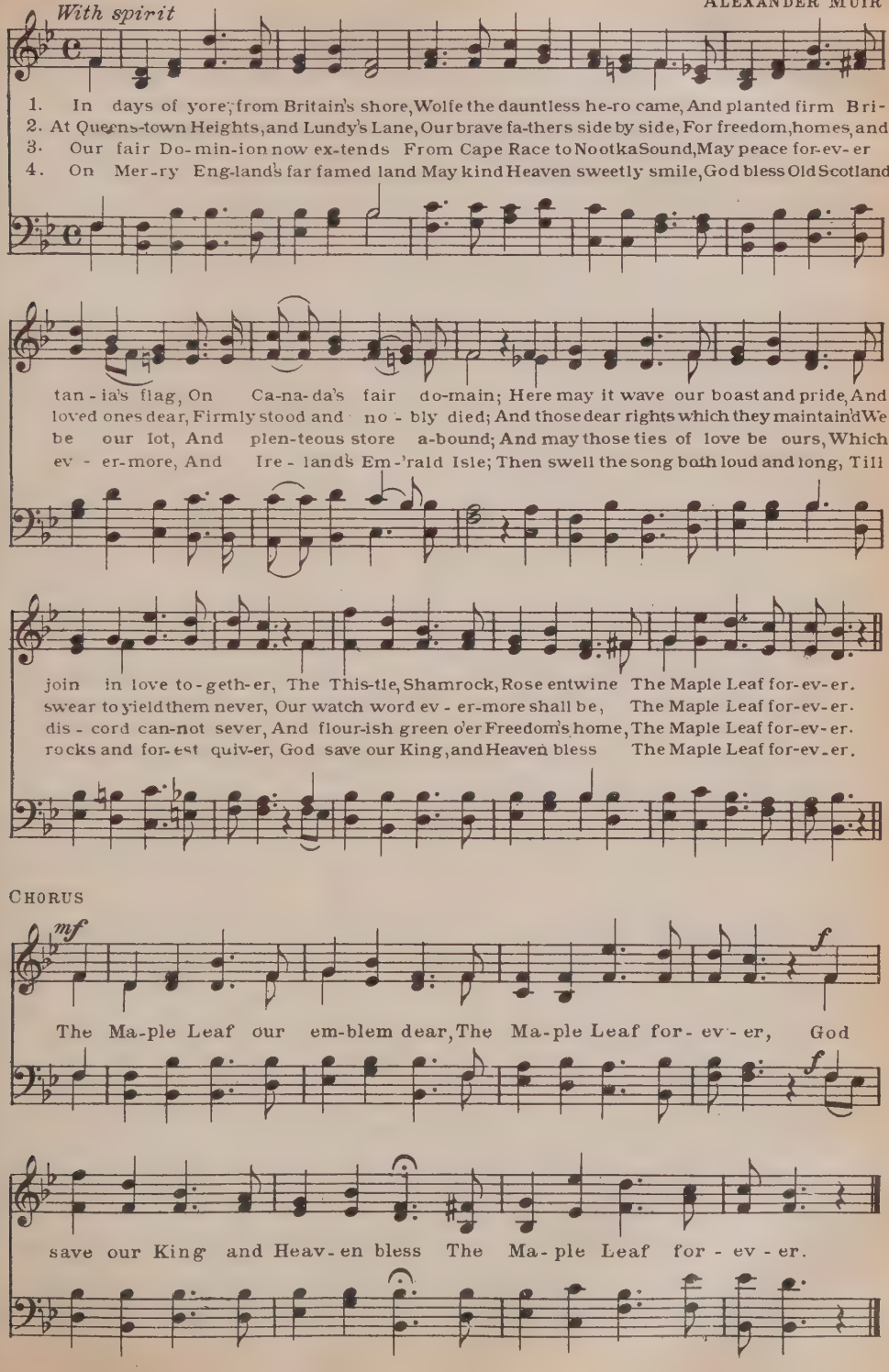
R. DE L. ROUGET DE LISLE


f Lively march time
1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you
2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur-round - ed, The vile in - sa-tiate despots
3. O Lib-er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav-ing felt thy gen-rous
mf
p
rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their
dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un-bound-ed, To mete and vend the light and
flame? Can dungeons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no-ble spir - it
cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful ty-rants, mischief
air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of burden would they
tame? Or whips thy no-ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -
mf
breed-ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf-fian band,
load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a-dore;
wail-ing That falsehood's dagger ty-rants wield;
Af-fright and deso-late the
But man is man, and who is
But free-dom is our sword and
ff
land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing?
more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
shield. And all their arts are un a - vail - ing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
venging sword unsheathed! March on, march on! all hearts resolved on vic - to-ry or death.

The Maple Leaf Forever

A. L.

ALEXANDER MUIR

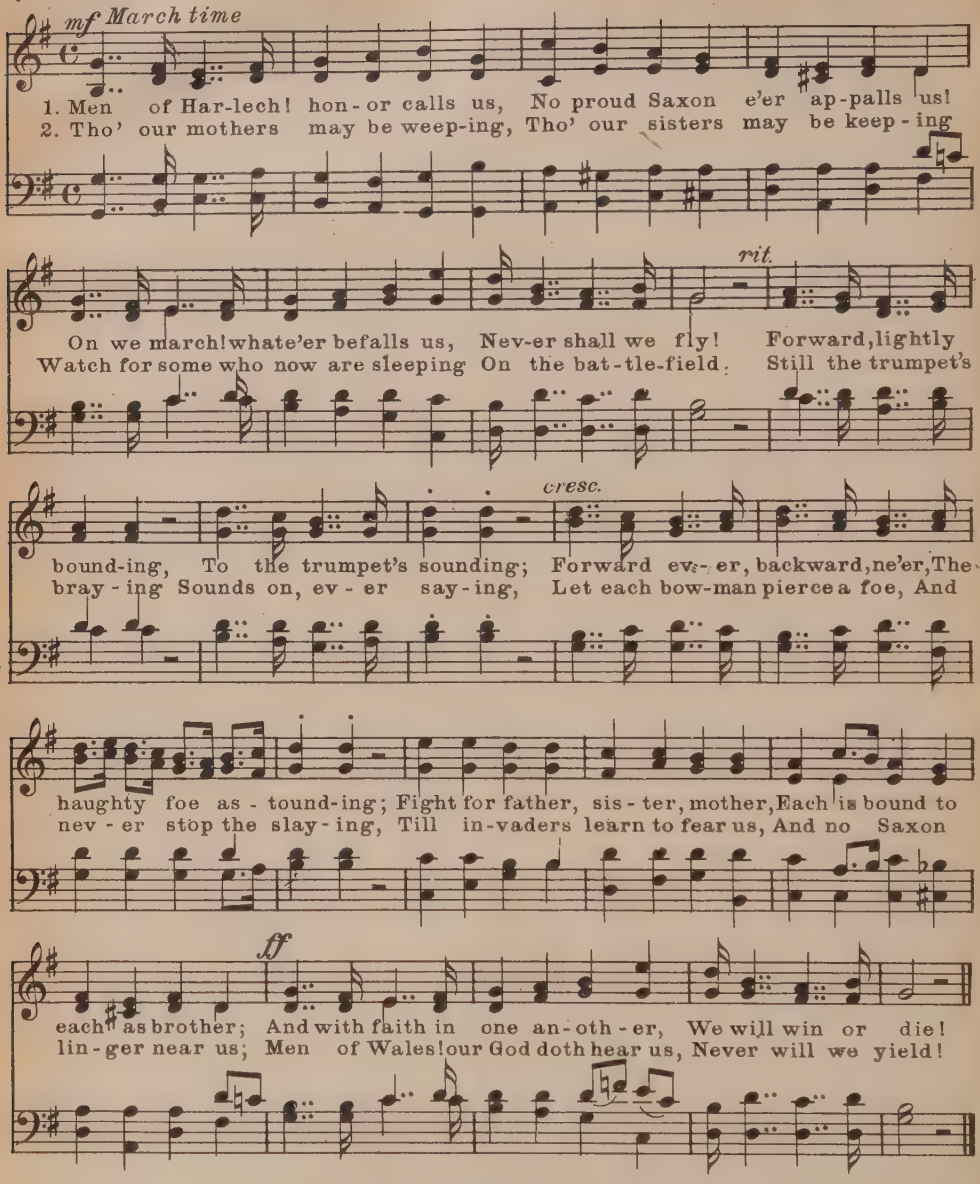

With spirit
1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless he-ro came, And planted firm Bri-
2. At Queens-town Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace for-ev-er
4. On Mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind Heaven sweetly smile, God bless Old Scotland
tan-ia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And
loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
be our lot, And plen-teous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till
join in love to-geth-er, The This-tle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
swear to yield them never, Our watch word ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
dis-cord can-not sever, And flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.
rocks and for-est quiv-er, God save our King, and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf for-ev-er.

CHORUS

March Of The Men Of Harlech

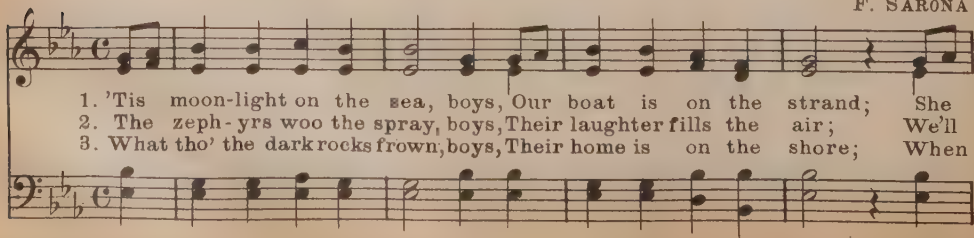
Welsh Poem translated by William Duthie

Harmonized by Joseph Barnby

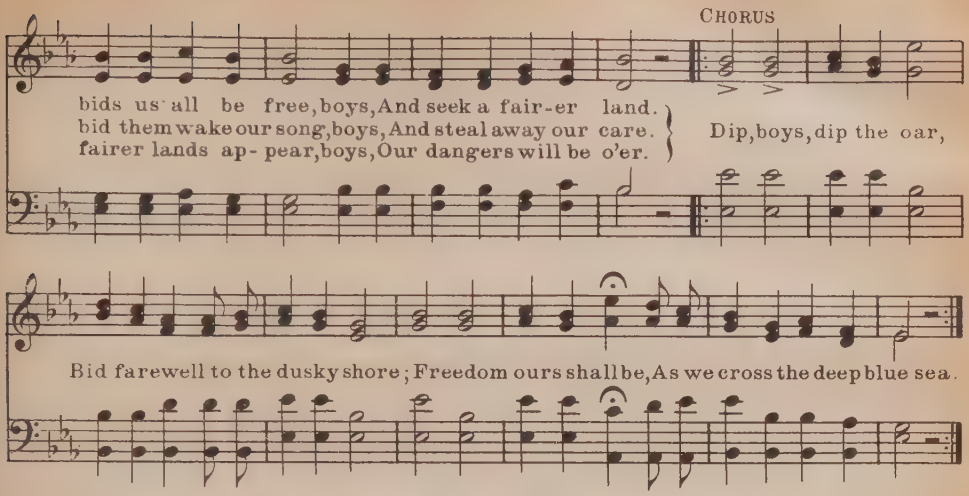
WELSH AIR

mf March time
1. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Saxon e'er ap-palls us!
2. Tho' our mothers may be weep-ing, Tho' our sisters may be keep-ing
rit.
On we march! whate'er befalls us, Nev-er shall we fly! Forward, lightly
Watch for some who now are sleeping On the bat-tle-field. Still the trumpet's
cresc.
bound-ing, To the trumpet's sounding; Forward ev-er, backward, ne'er, The-
bray-ing Sounds on, ev-er say-ing, Let each bow-man pierce a foe, And
haughty foe as-tound-ing; Fight for father, sis-ter, mother, Each is bound to
nev-er stop the slay-ing, Till in-vaders learn to fear us, And no Saxon
ff
each as brother; And with faith in one an-oth-er, We will win or die!
lin-ger near us; Men of Wales! our God doth hear us, Never will we yield!

Dip, Boys, Dip The Oar

F. SARONA

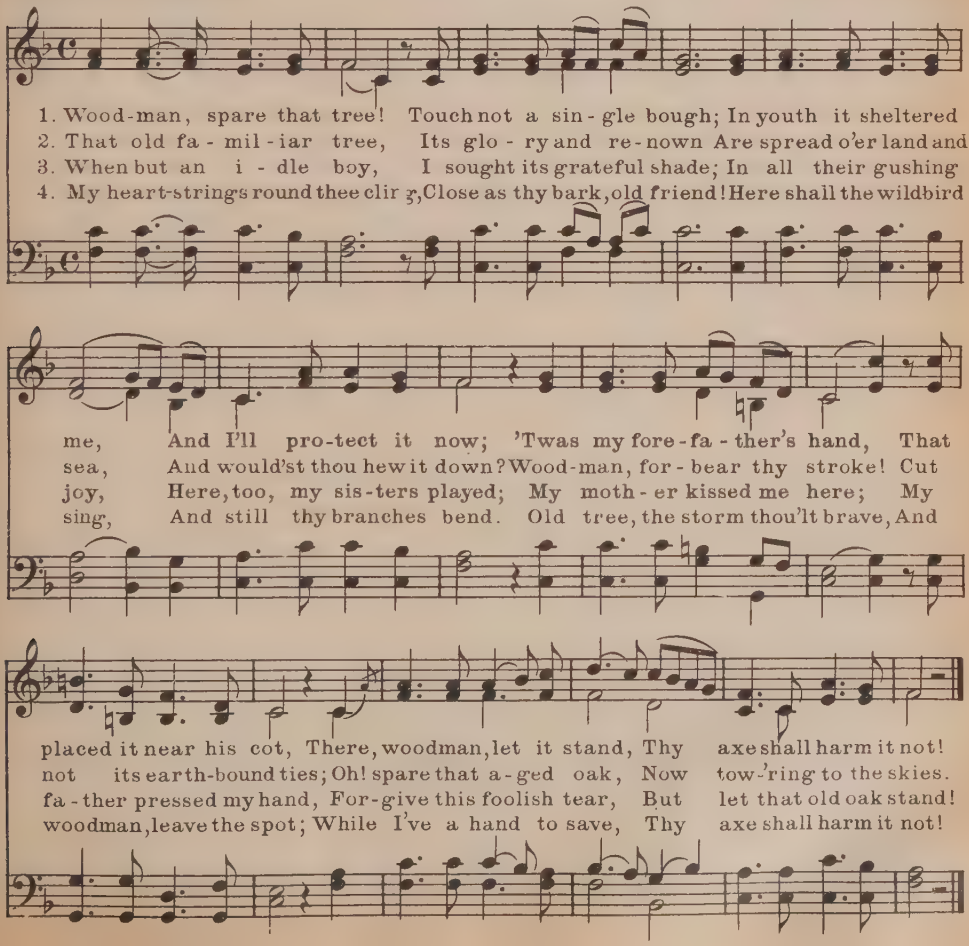

1. 'Tis moon-light on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
2. The zeph-yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laughter fills the air; We'll
3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

Dip, Boys, Dip The Oar—Continued


CHORUS
bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair-er land.
bid them wake our song, boys, And steal away our care.
fairer lands ap-pear, boys, Our dangers will be o'er.
Dip, boys, dip the oar,
Bid farewell to the dusky shore; Freedom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

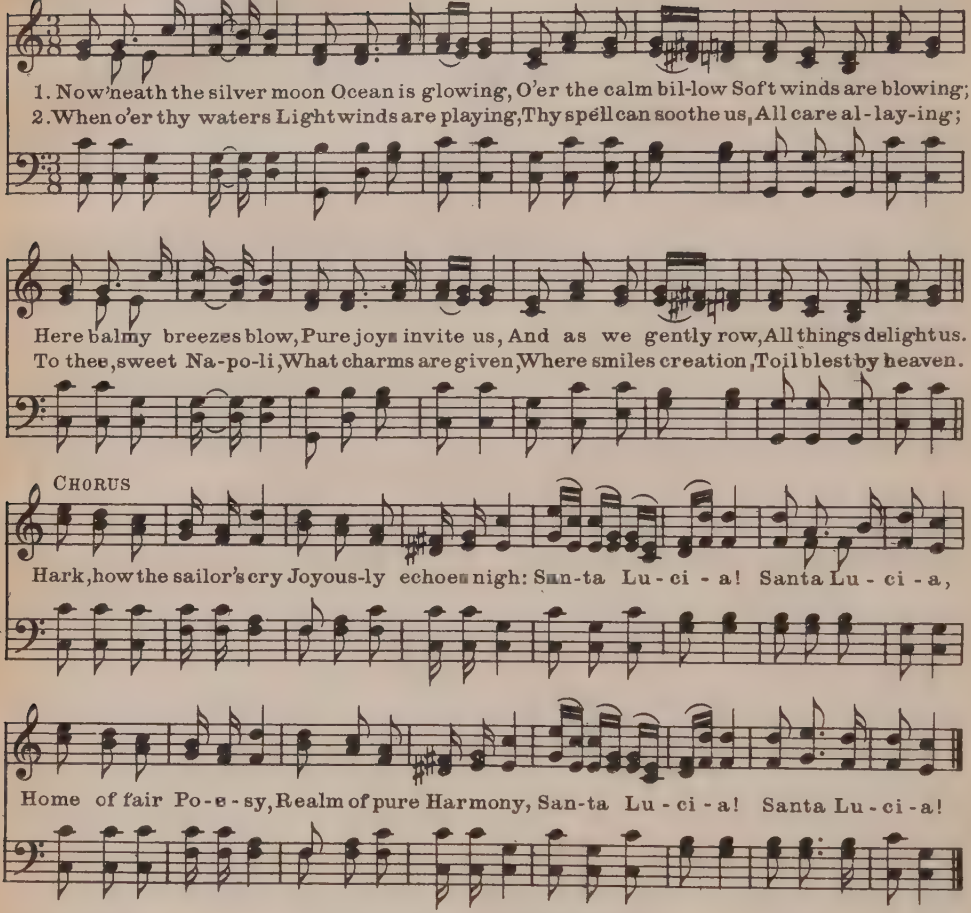
GEORGE POPE MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL


1. Wood-man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin-gle bough; In youth it sheltered
2. That old fa-mil-iar tree, Its glo-ry and re-nown Are spread o'er land and
3. When but an i-dle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing
4. My heart-strings round thee clin,g, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wildbird
me, And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand, That
sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut
joy, Here, too, my sis-ters played; My moth-er kissed me here; My
sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And
placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a-ged oak, Now tow-'ring to the skies.
fa-ther pressed my hand, For-give this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand!
woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

Santa Lucia

NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG

With swinging motion

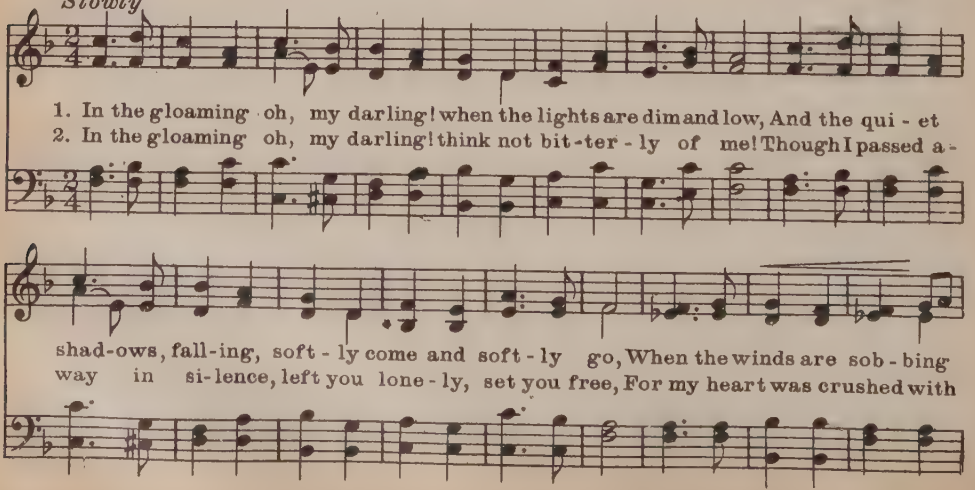

1. Now 'neath the silver moon Ocean is glowing, O'er the calm bil-low Soft winds are blowing;
2. When o'er thy waters Light winds are playing, Thy spell can soothe us, All care al-lay-ing;
Here balmy breezes blow, Pure joys invite us, And as we gently row, All things delight us.
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are given, Where smiles creation, To il blest by heaven.
CHORUS
Hark, how the sailor's cry Joyous-ly echoes nigh: San-ta Lu-ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a,
Home of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure Harmony, San-ta Lu-ci-a! Santa Lu-ci-a!

In The Gloaming

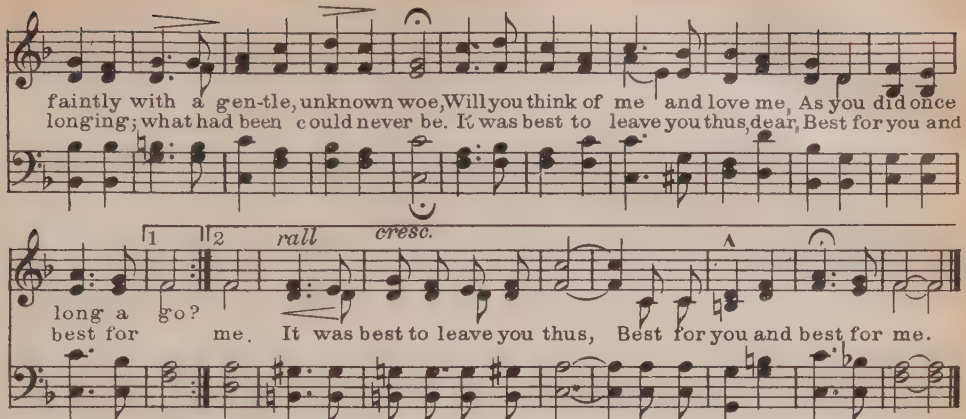
META ORRED

ANNIE F. HARRISON

Slowly


1. In the gloaming oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low, And the qui-et
2. In the gloaming oh, my darling! think not bit-ter-ly of me! Though I passed a-
shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go, When the winds are sob-bing
way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free, For my heart was crushed with

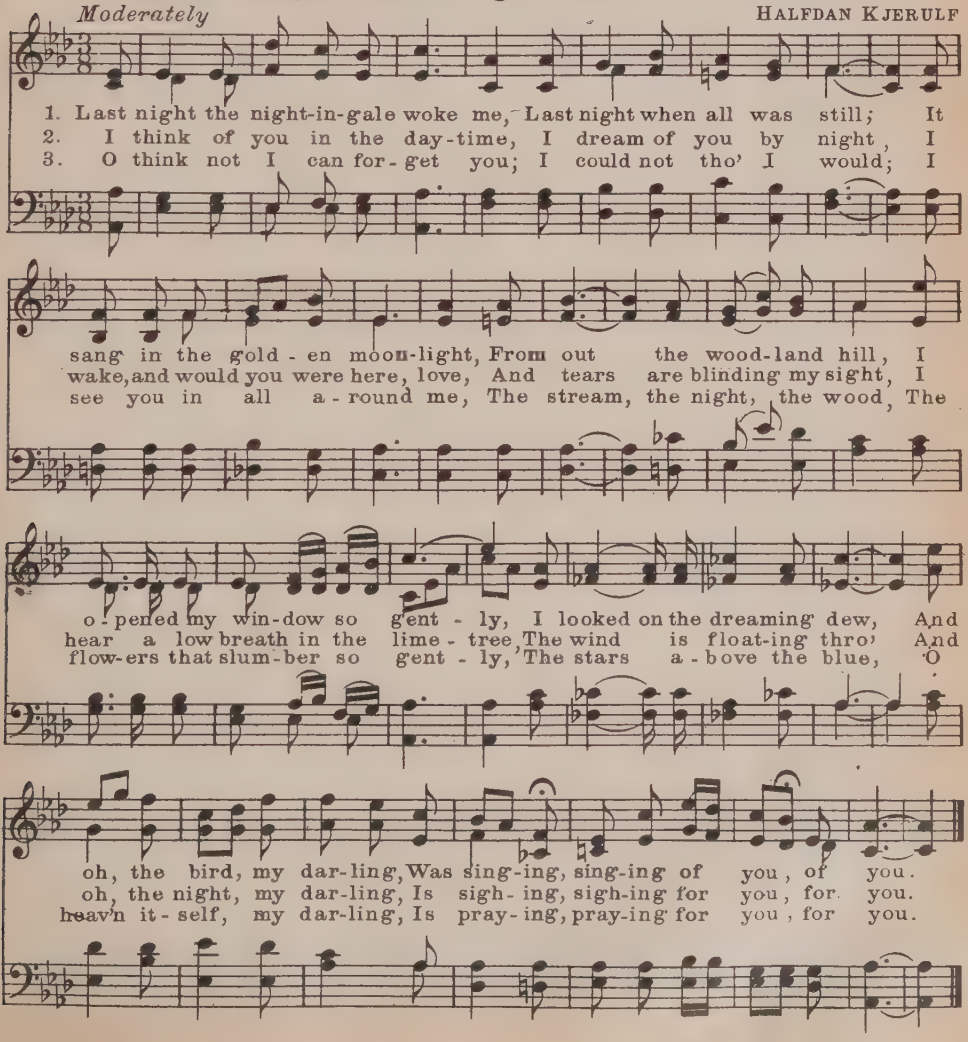
In The Gloaming—Continued


faintly with a gen-tle, unknown woe, Will you think of me and love me, As you did once
long ing; what had been could never be. It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and
1 2
rall
cresc.
long a go?
best for me. It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

Last Night The Nightingale Woke Me

Moderately

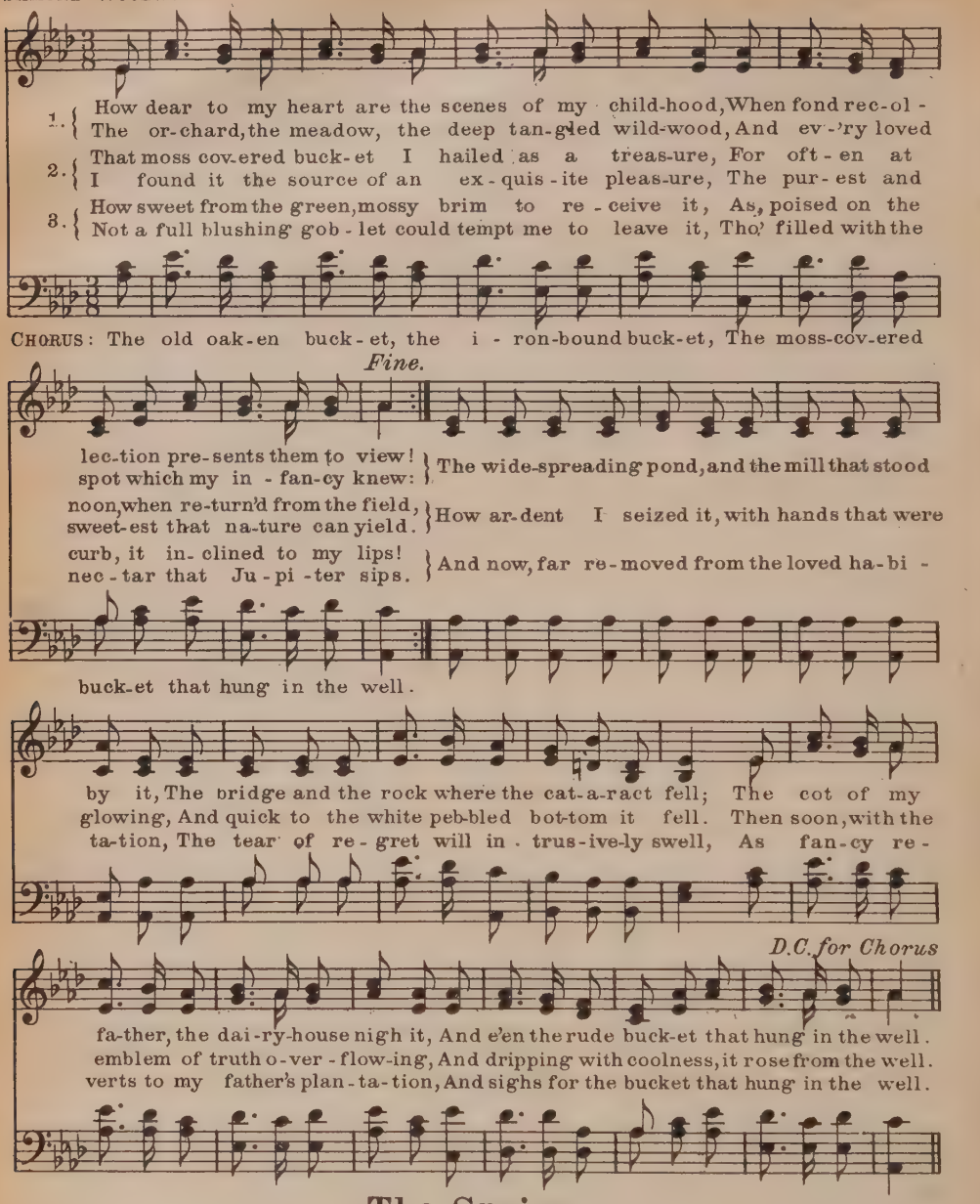
HALFDAN KJERULF


1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still; It
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night, I
3. O think not I can for-get you; I could not tho' I would; I
sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out the wood-land hill, I
wake, and would you were here, love, And tears are blinding my sight, I
see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood, The
o-pened my win-dow so gent-ly, I looked on the dreaming dew, And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro' And
flow-ers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue, O
oh, the bird, my dar-ling, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
oh, the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.
heav'n it-self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

The Old Oaken Bucket

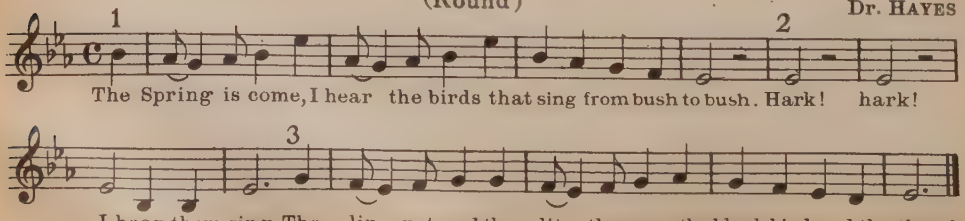
E. KAILLMARK


1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
2. That moss cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft-en at
I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and
3. How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full blushing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the
CHORUS: The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-ered
Fine.
lec-tion pre-sents them to view!
spot which my in-fan-cy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood
noon, when re-turn'd from the field,
sweet-est that na-ture can yield.
How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
curb, it in-clined to my lips!
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips.
And now, far re-moved from the loved ha-bi-
buck-et that hung in the well.
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my
glowing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-trus-ive-ly swell, As fan-cy re-
D.C. for Chorus
fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
emblem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my father's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

The Spring

(Round)

Dr. HAYES

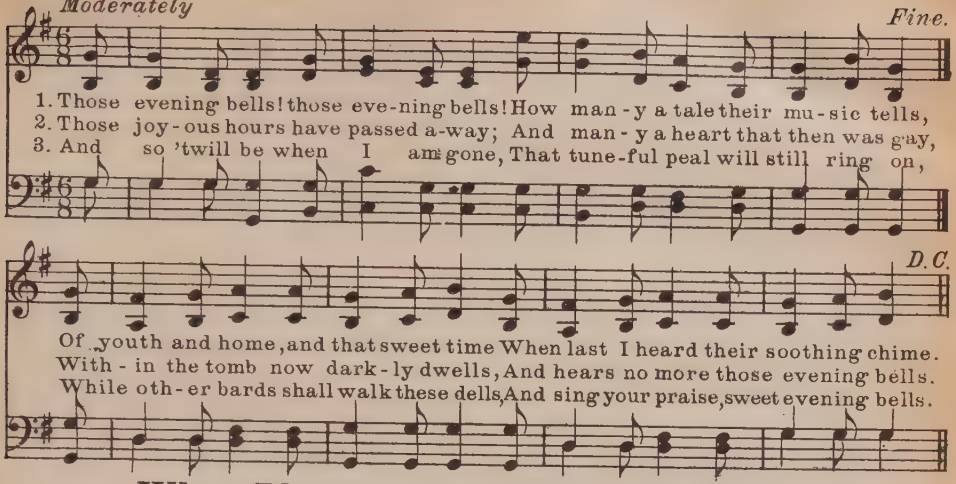

1
2
The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush. Hark! hark!
3
I hear them sing. The lin net and the lit-tle wren, the black bird and the thrush.

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE

Moderately

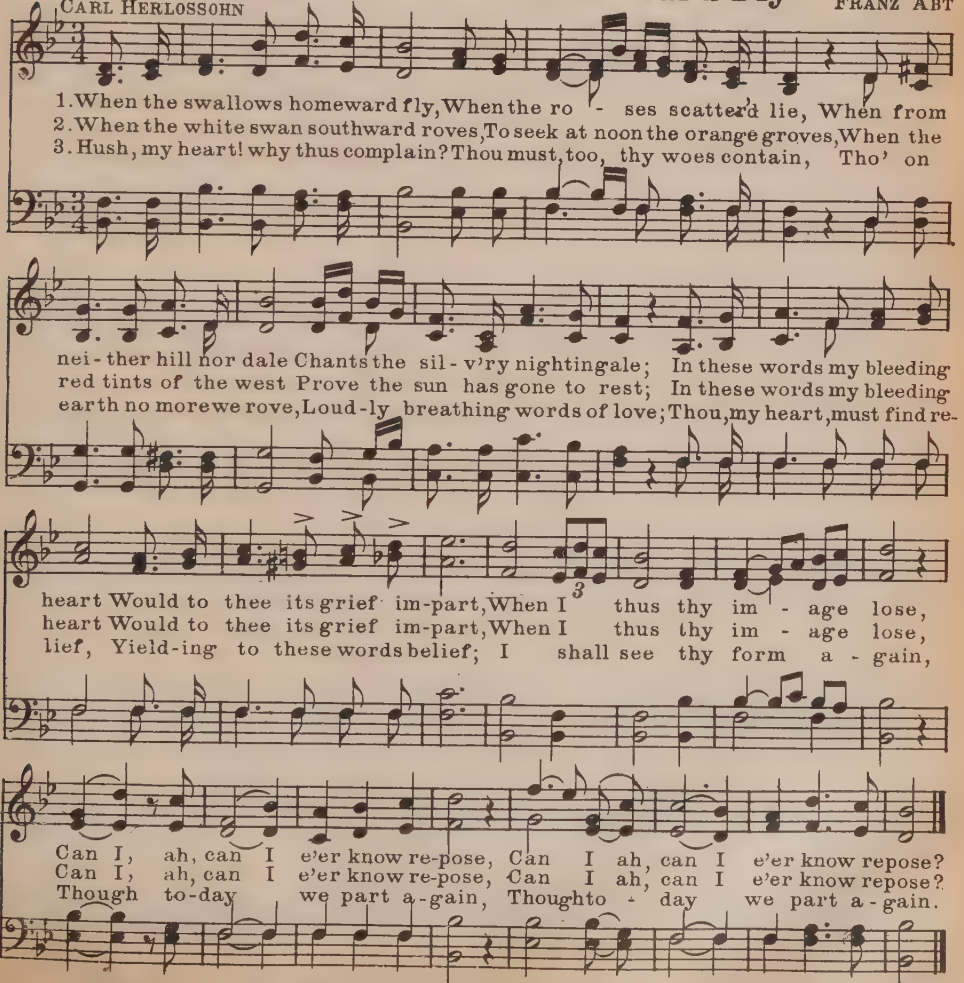
Fine.


1. Those evening bells! those eve-ning bells! How man-y a tale their mu-sic tells,
2. Those joy-ous hours have passed a-way; And man-y a heart that then was gay,
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune-ful peal will still ring on,
D.C.
Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime.
With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells.
While oth-er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

When The Swallows Homeward Fly

CARL HERLOSSOHN

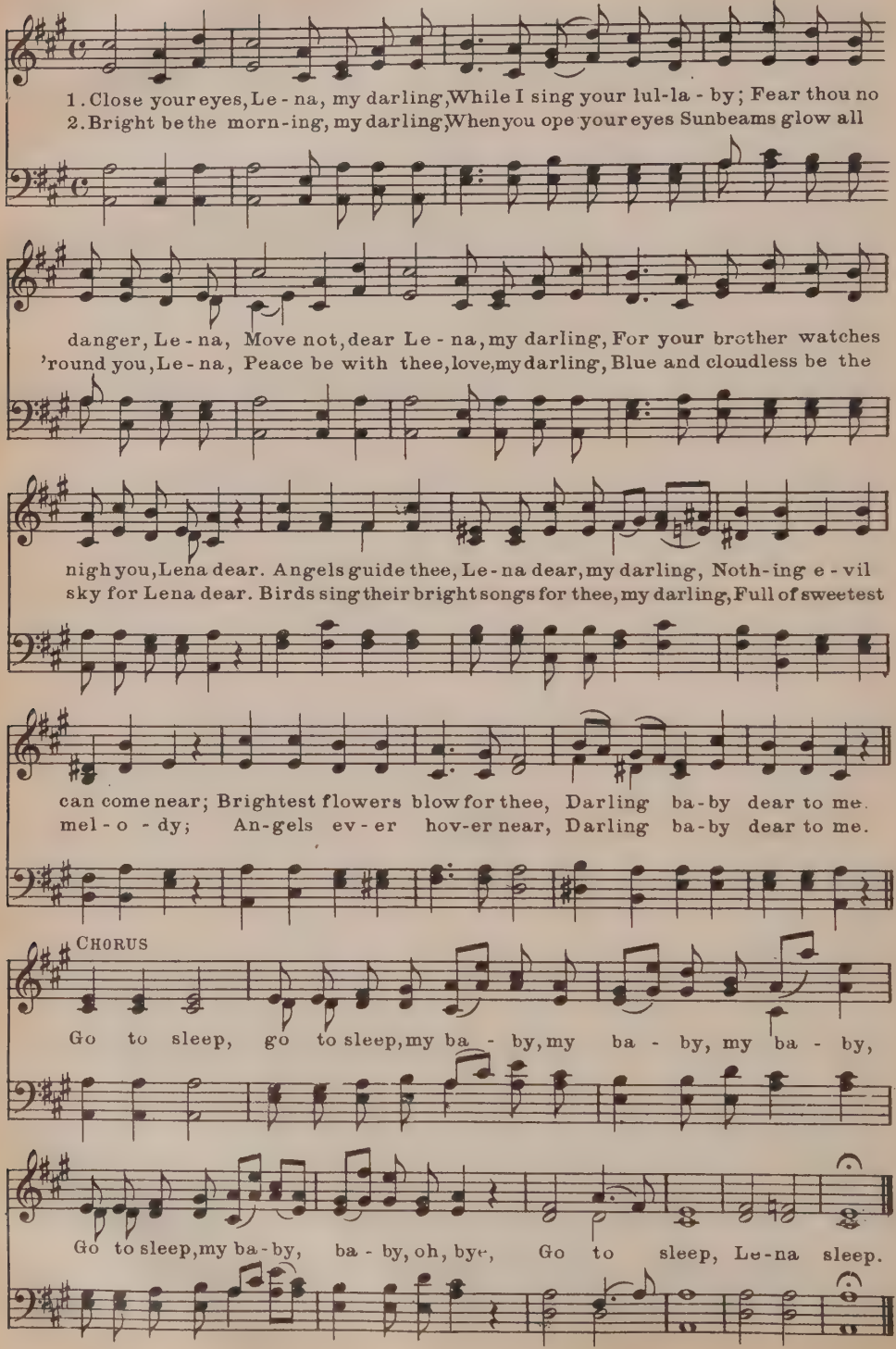
FRANZ ABT


1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the ro - ses scatter'd lie, When from
2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the
3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain, Tho' on
nei-ther hill nor dale Chants the sil-v'ry nightingale; In these words my bleeding
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
earth no more we rove, Loud-ly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
lief, Yield-ing to these words belief; I shall see thy form a-gain,
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I ah, can I e'er know repose?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I ah, can I e'er know repose?
Though to-day we part a-gain, Though to-day we part a-gain.

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmet's Lullaby)

J.K.E. J. K. EMMET


1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my darling, While I sing your lul-la - by; Fear thou no
2. Bright be the morn-ing, my darling, When you ope your eyes Sunbeams glow all
danger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my darling, For your brother watches
'round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my darling, Blue and cloudless be the
nigh you, Lena dear. Angels guide thee, Le - na dear, my darling, Noth-ing e - vil
sky for Lena dear. Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my darling, Full of sweetest
can come near; Brightest flowers blow for thee, Darling ba-by dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An-gels ev - er hov-er near, Darling ba-by dear to me.
CHORUS
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by,
Go to sleep, my ba - by, ba - by, oh, bye, Go to sleep, Le - na sleep.

The Loreley

HEINRICH HEINE — FRIEDRICH SILCHER

With a moderately quick motion

p

1. I know not what it pre - sa - ges, That
2. The most beau - ti - ful maid - is re - clin - ing On the
3. It seiz - es with wild - est yearn - ing, The

I am so sad to - day; A leg - end of for - mer
cliff, so won - drous fair; Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are
boat-man, entranc'd in his skiff; He sees not the treach-er - ous

a - ges Will not from my thoʻts a - way. The
shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair; With a
break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff. And

dim. e rit.

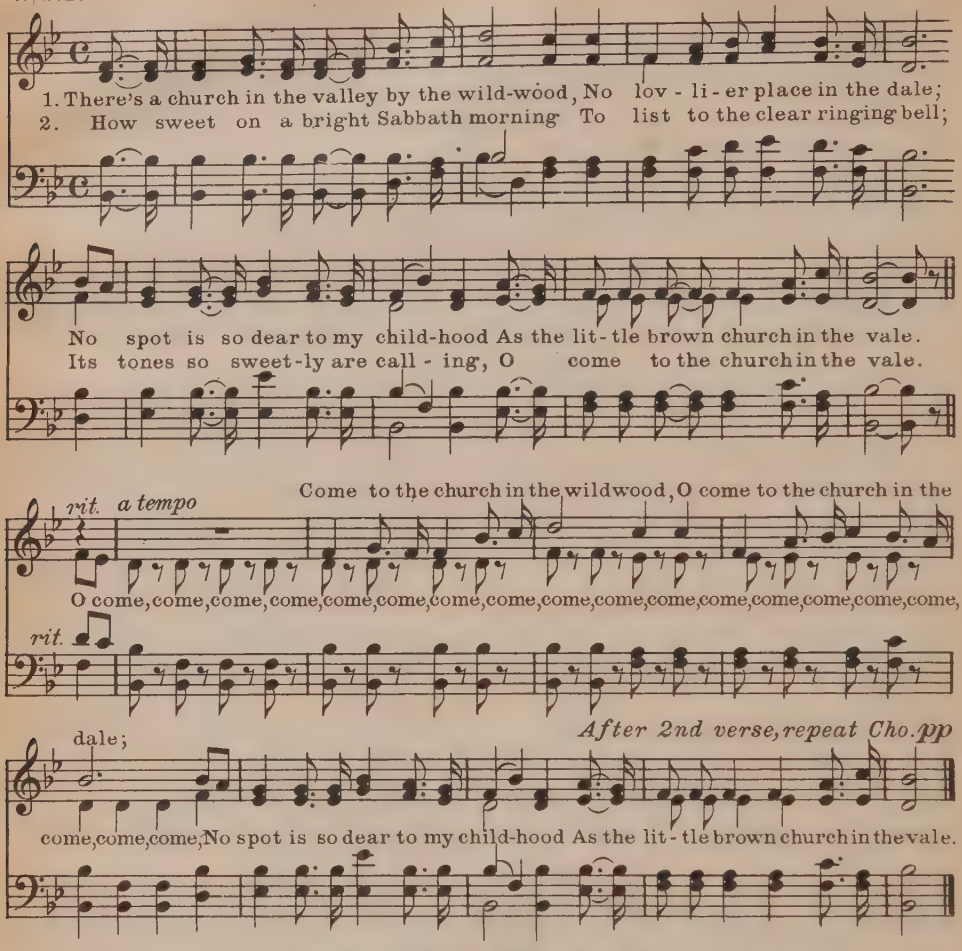
air is cool and it dar-kles, The Rhine flows calm-ly on, The
gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there-by, That
soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat-man strong, For

a tempo *rit.*

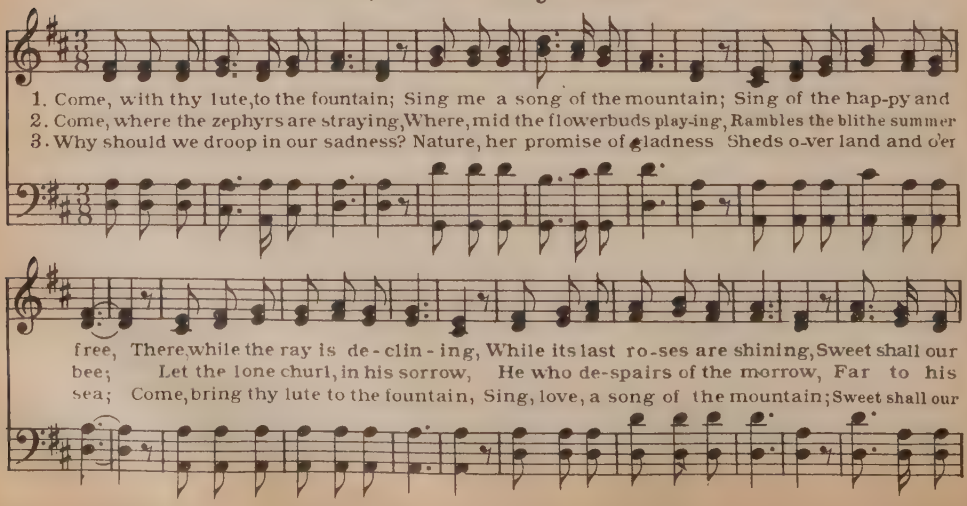
peak of the moun - tain sparkles In the glow of the eve-ning sun.
thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow-er-ful mel - o - dy.
thus in her toils hath she bound them, The Lore - ley with her song.

The Little Brown Church In The Vale

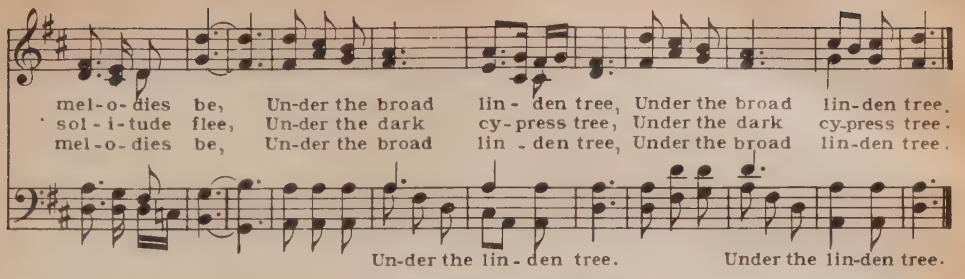
W. S. P. WILLIAM S. PITTS


1. There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood, No lov - li - er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning To list to the clear ringing bell;
No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call - ing, O come to the church in the vale.
rit. a tempo
Come to the church in the wildwood, O come to the church in the
O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rit.
dale;
After 2nd verse, repeat Cho. pp
come, come, come, No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.

Come, With Thy Lute

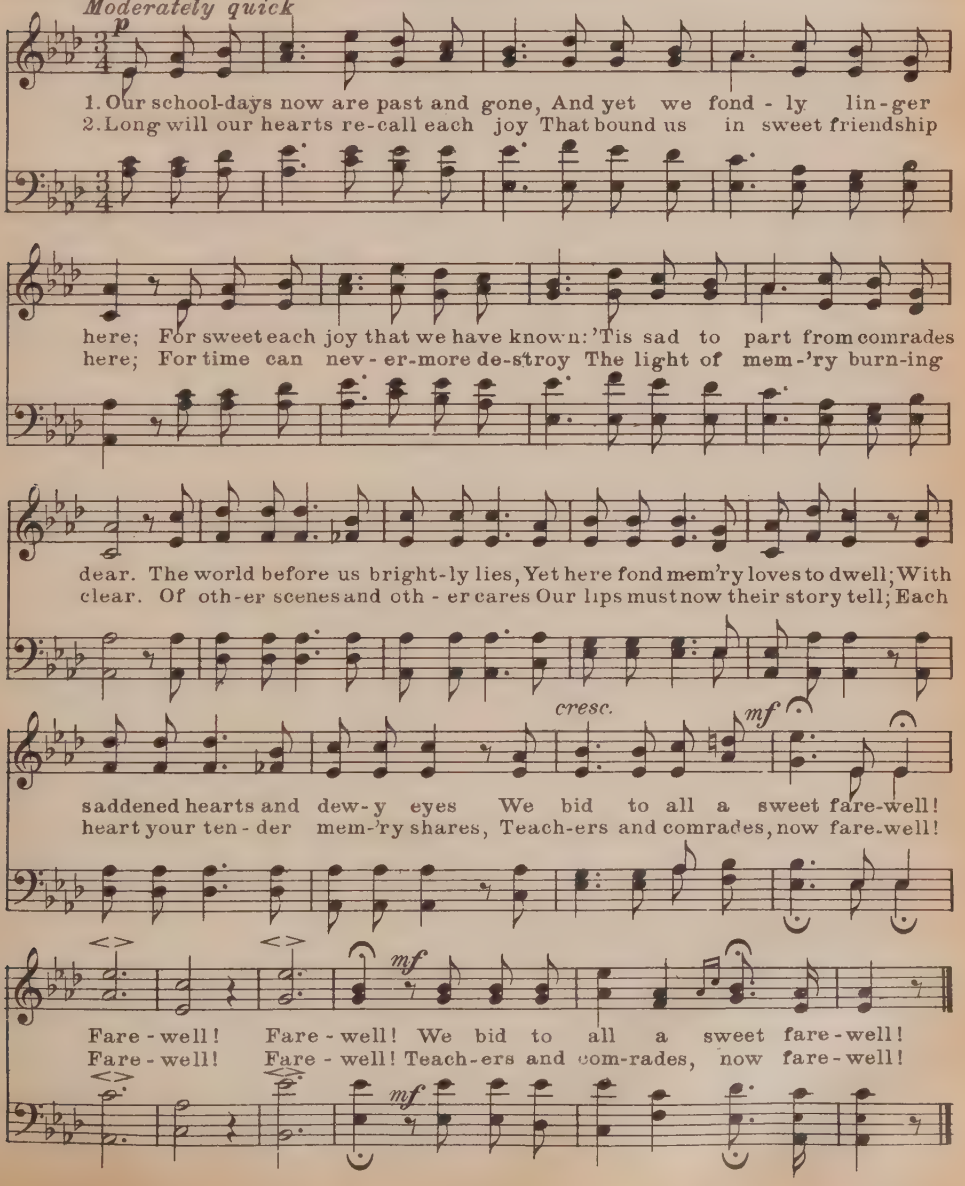

1. Come, with thy lute, to the fountain; Sing me a song of the mountain; Sing of the hap-py and
2. Come, where the zephyrs are straying, Where, mid the flowerbuds play-ing, Rambles the blithe summer
3. Why should we droop in our sadness? Nature, her promise of gladness Sheds o-ver land and o'er
free, There while the ray is de - clin - ing, While its last ro-ses are shining, Sweet shall our
bee; Let the lone churl, in his sorrow, He who de-spairs of the morrow, Far to his
sea; Come, bring thy lute to the fountain, Sing, love, a song of the mountain; Sweet shall our

Come With Thy Lute—Continued


mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin-den tree, Under the broad lin-den tree.
sol-i-tude flee, Un-der the dark cy-press tree, Under the dark cy-press tree.
mel-o-dies be, Un-der the broad lin-den tree, Under the broad lin-den tree.
Un-der the lin-den tree. Under the lin-den tree.

Graduation Song

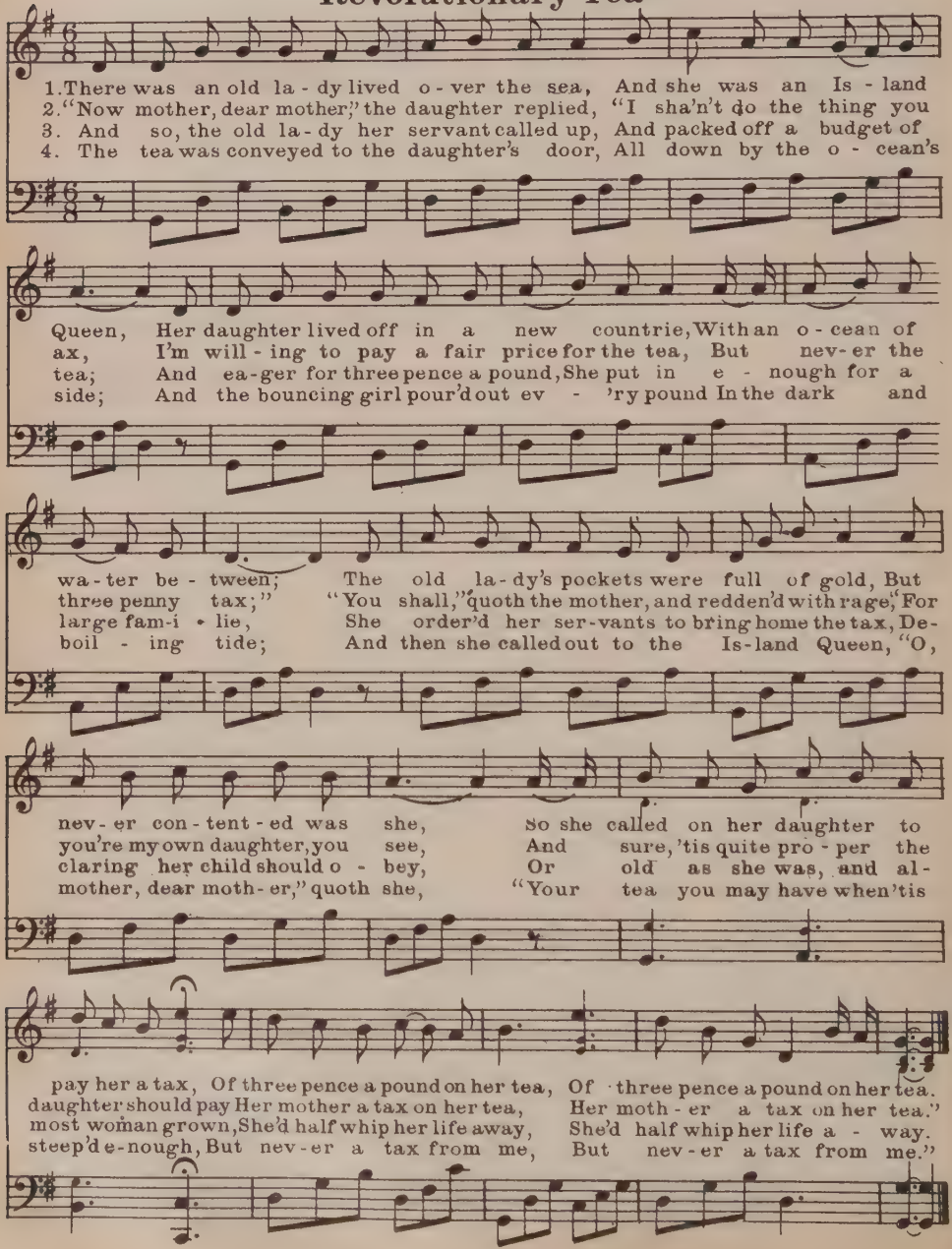
GEORGE COOPER ANCIENT MELODY

Moderately quick

p
1. Our school-days now are past and gone, And yet we fond-ly lin-ger
2. Long will our hearts re-call each joy That bound us in sweet friendship
here; For sweet each joy that we have known: 'Tis sad to part from comrades
here; For time can nev-er-more de-stroy The light of mem-'ry burn-ing
dear. The world before us bright-ly lies, Yet here fond mem'ry loves to dwell; With
clear. Of oth-er scenes and oth-er cares Our lips must now their story tell; Each
cresc.
mf
saddened hearts and dew-y eyes We bid to all a sweet fare-well!
heart your ten-der mem-'ry shares, Teach-ers and comrades, now fare-well!
mf
Fare-well! Fare-well! We bid to all a sweet fare-well!
Fare-well! Fare-well! Teach-ers and com-rades, now fare-well!
mf

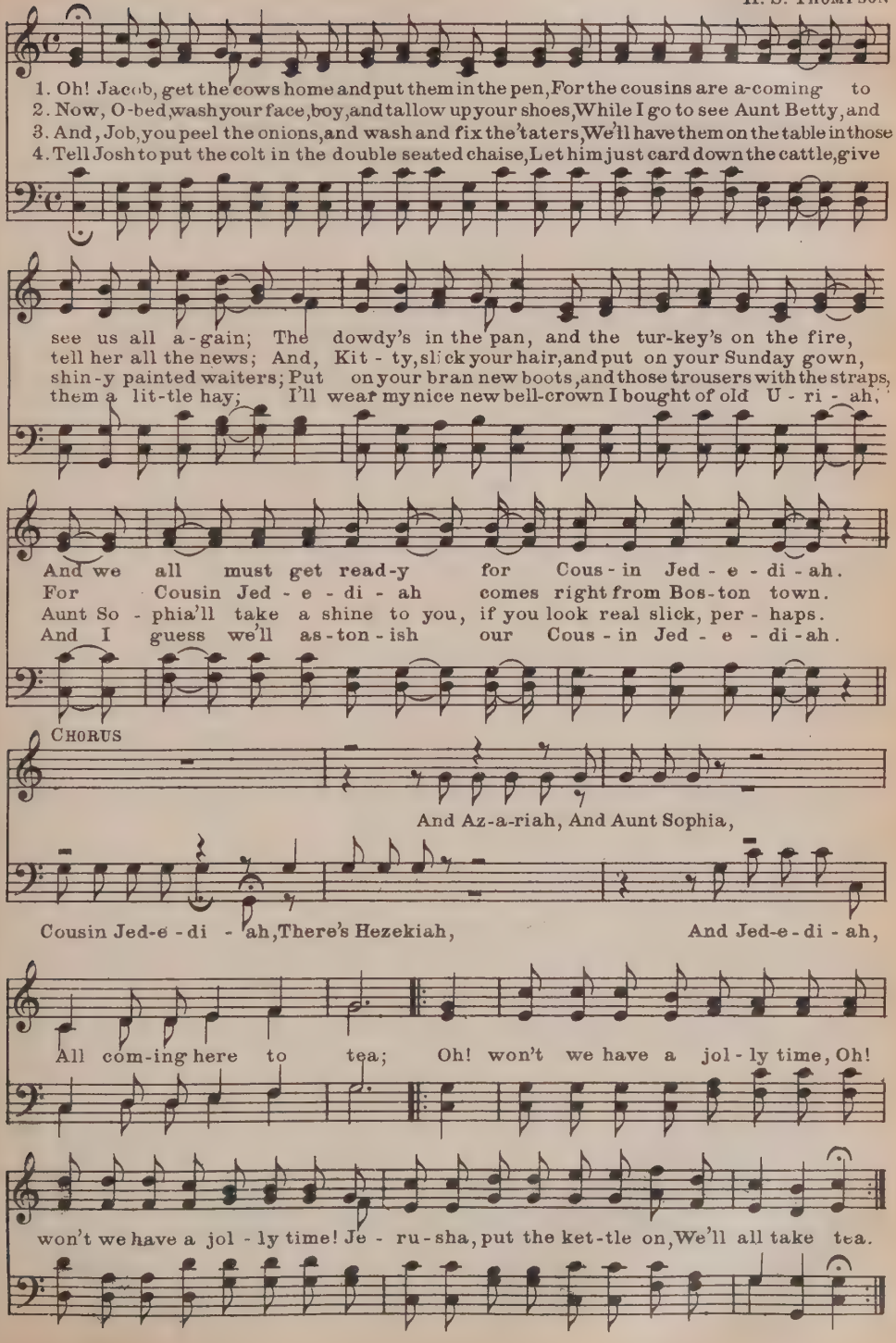
"Ye Olde Folkes' Concertte"

The songs "Revolutionary Tea," "Cousin Jedediah" and "Sound the Loud Timbrel" are examples of those which may be used to advantage in an Old Folks Concert. Programs of this type, made up of songs and recitations selected from among those popular in the days of the old time "Singing School," with the performers appropriately costumed, can be given in any community and are great fun. The more elderly people enjoy them because they bring back memories of an institution which, like the spelling match and husking bee, was important from a social standpoint. The younger people and children will be entertained by taking part in a program similar to one in which their grandparents often participated.

Revolutionary Tea


1.There was an old la - dy lived o - ver the sea, And she was an Is - land
2."Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied, "I sha'n't do the thing you
3. And so, the old la - dy her servant called up, And packed off a budget of
4. The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door, All down by the o - cean's
Queen, Her daughter lived off in a new countrie, With an o - cean of
ax, I'm will - ing to pay a fair price for the tea, But nev - er the
tea; And ea - ger for three pence a pound, She put in e - nough for a
side; And the bouncing girl pour'd out ev - 'ry pound In the dark and
wa - ter be - tween; The old la - dy's pockets were full of gold, But
three penny tax;" "You shall," quoth the mother, and redden'd with rage, "For
large fam - i - lie, She order'd her ser - vants to bring home the tax, De -
boil - ing tide; And then she called out to the Is - land Queen, "O,
nev - er con - tent - ed was she, So she called on her daughter to
you're my own daughter, you see, And sure, 'tis quite pro - per the
claring her child should o - bey, Or old as she was, and al -
mother, dear moth - er," quoth she, "Your tea you may have when 'tis
pay her a tax, Of three pence a pound on her tea, Of three pence a pound on her tea.
daughter should pay Her mother a tax on her tea, Her moth - er a tax on her tea."
most woman grown, She'd half whip her life away, She'd half whip her life a - way.
steep'd e - nough, But nev - er a tax from me, But nev - er a tax from me."

Cousin Jedediah

H. S. THOMPSON

1. Oh! Jacob, get the cows home and put them in the pen, For the cousins are a-coming to
2. Now, O-bed, wash your face, boy, and tallow up your shoes, While I go to see Aunt Betty, and
3. And, Job, you peel the onions, and wash and fix the 'taters, We'll have them on the table in those
4. Tell Josh to put the colt in the double seated chaise, Let him just card down the cattle, give
see us all a-gain; The dowdy's in the pan, and the tur-key's on the fire,
tell her all the news; And, Kit-ty, slick your hair, and put on your Sunday gown,
shin-y painted waiters; Put on your bran new boots, and those trousers with the straps,
them a lit-tle hay; I'll wear my nice new bell-crown I bought of old U-ri-ah,
And we all must get read-y for Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.
For Cousin Jed-e-di-ah comes right from Bos-ton town.
Aunt So-phia'll take a shine to you, if you look real slick, per-haps.
And I guess we'll as-ton-ish our Cous-in Jed-e-di-ah.
CHORUS
And Az-a-riah, And Aunt Sophia,
Cousin Jed-e-di-ah, There's Hezekiah,
And Jed-e-di-ah,
All com-ing here to tea; Oh! won't we have a jol-ly time, Oh!
won't we have a jol-ly time! Je-ru-sha, put the ket-tle on, We'll all take tea.

Sound The Loud Timbrel

With spirit CHARLES AVISON

f

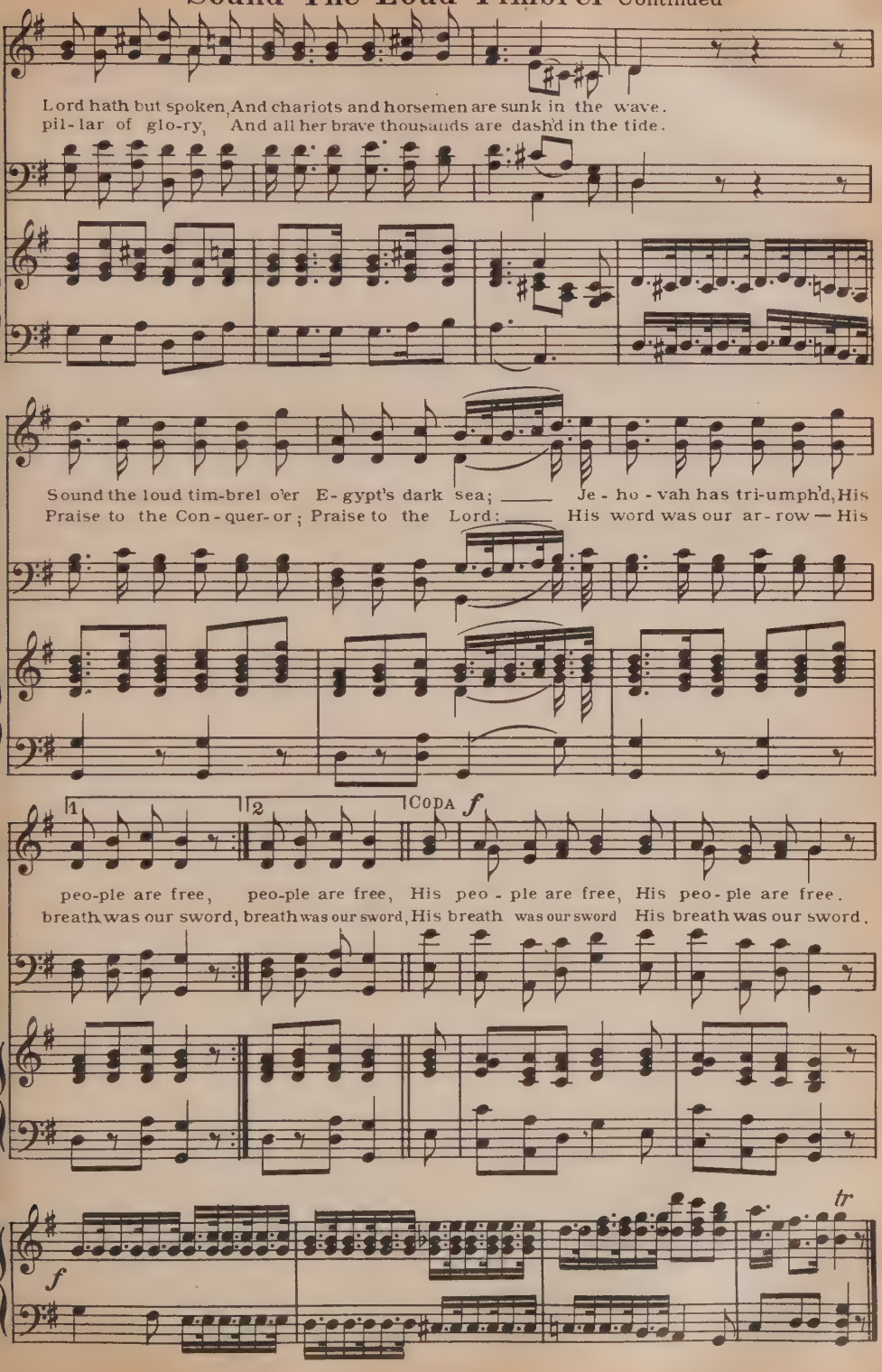
With spirit

1. Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark-sea; Je-ho-vah has tri-umph'd His
2. Praise to the con-quer-or, Praise to the Lord: His word was our ar-row, His

peo-ple are free; Sing, for the pride of the ty-rant is bro-ken; His
breath was our sword Who shall re-turn to tell E-gypt the sto-ry Of

chari-ots, His horse-men all splen-did and brave; How vain was their boast-ing, the
those she sent forth in the hour of her pride? The Lord hath look'd out from His

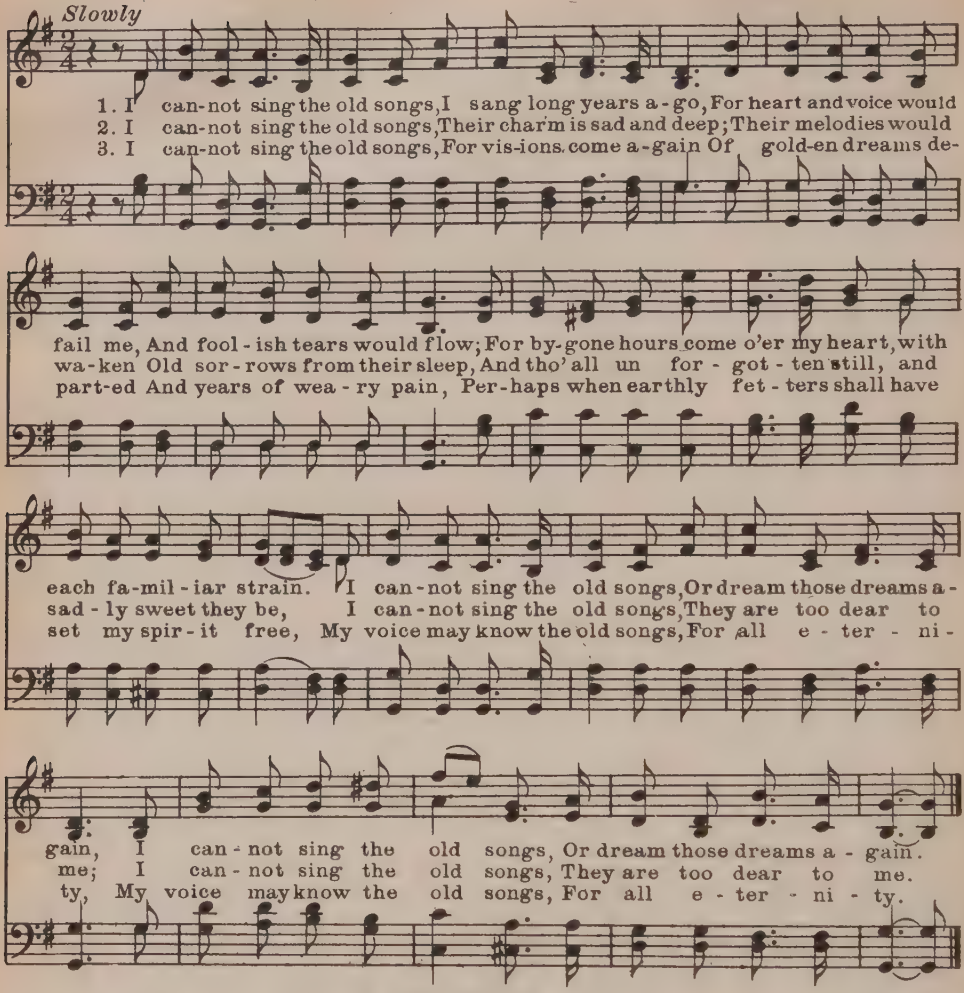
Sound The Loud Timbrel–Continued


Lord hath but spoken, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
pil-lar of glo-ry, And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud tim-brel o'er E-gypt's dark sea; Je-ho-vah has tri-umph'd, His
Praise to the Con-quer-or; Praise to the Lord: His word was our ar-row — His
1
2
Coda
f
peo-ple are free, peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free, His peo-ple are free.
breath was our sword, breath was our sword, His breath was our sword His breath was our sword.
f
tr

I Cannot Sing The Old Songs

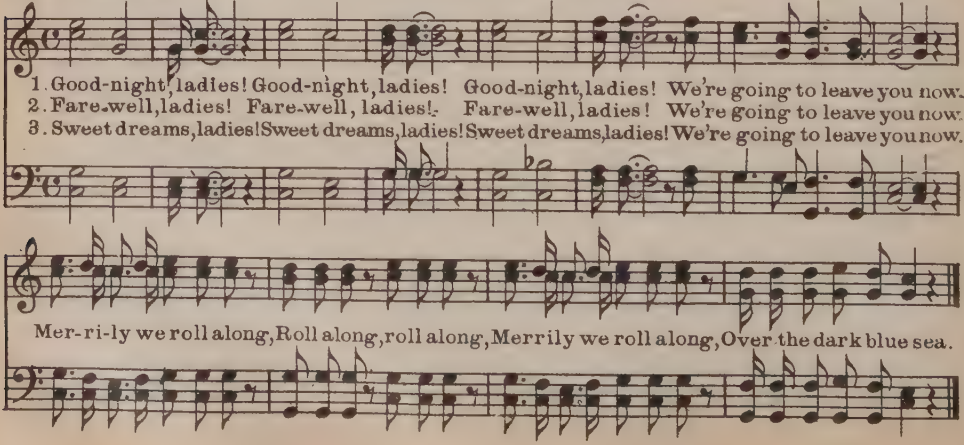
Mrs. C.B. — Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD

Slowly


1. I can-not sing the old songs, I sang long years a-go, For heart and voice would fail me, And fool-ish tears would flow; For by-gone hours come o'er my heart, with each fa-mil-iar strain. I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a-gain.
2. I can-not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their melodies would wa-ken Old sor-rows from their sleep, And tho' all un for-got-ten still, and sad-ly sweet they be, I can-not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.
3. I can-not sing the old songs, For vis-ions come a-gain Of gold-en dreams de-part-ed And years of wea-ry pain, Per-haps when earthly fet-ters shall have set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs, For all e-ter-ni-ty.

Good-Night, Ladies

Male Quartette — COLLEGE SONG


1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll along, roll along, Merrily we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

The Bull-Dog

COLLEGE SONG

MALE VOICES

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him,
3. Says the monkey to the owl:
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,

Oh! the bull-dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
Says the monkey to the
Pharaoh's daughter on the

SOLO, FIRST BASS

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo.- ses in the pool.

CHORUS *Lively* (MALE QUARTETTE)

f

bank,
catch him,
owl:
bank,

Air

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
Says the monkey to the owl: "Oh!
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, Lit-tle

SOLO, SECOND BASS *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mo-ses in the pool.

bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old water-fool.
snapper caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a laughing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so very kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mo-ses in the pool, She fish'd him out with a telegraph pole, And sent him off to school.

Singing tra la la la, la la la, Singing tra la la la, la la la, Singing
leil-i - o, leil-i - o,

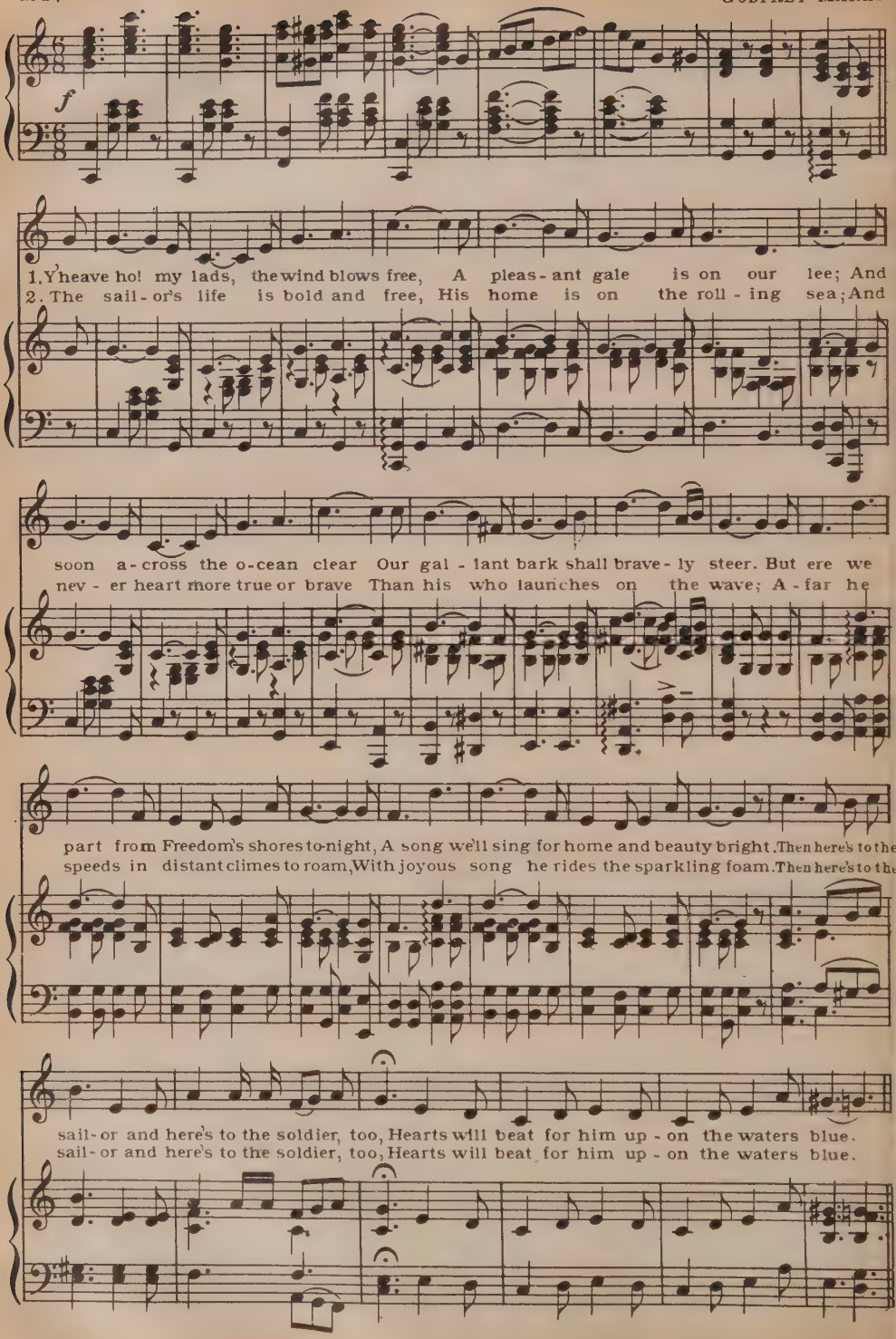
Repeat pp

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la, la la la.
leil-i - o.

Sailing

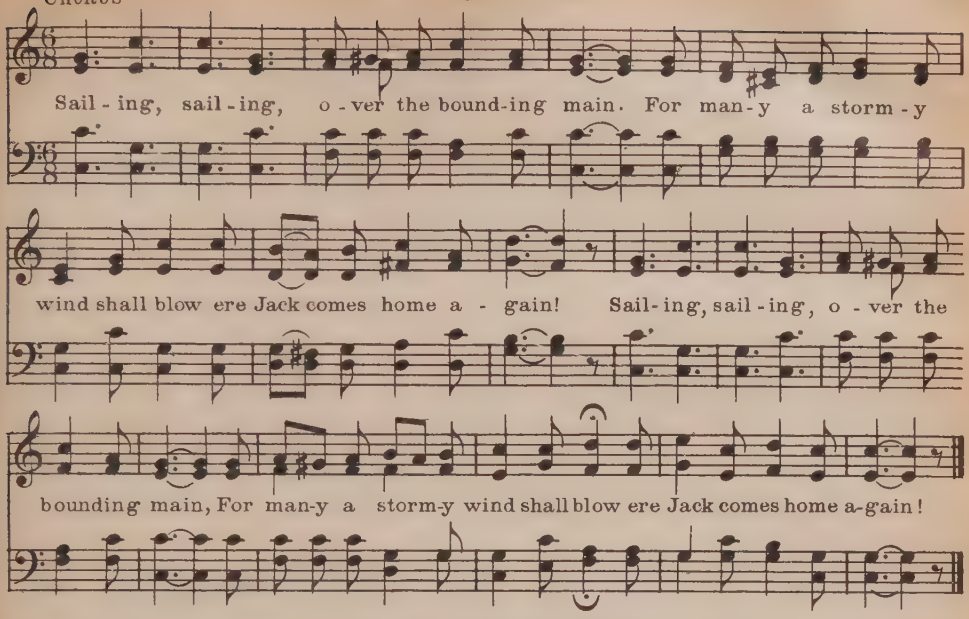
G. F.

GODFREY MARKS


f
1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our lee; And
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing sea; And
soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly steer. But ere we
nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launches on the wave; A - far he
part from Freedom's shores to-night, A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright. Then here's to the
speeds in distant climes to roam, With joyous song he rides the sparkling foam. Then here's to the
sail - or and here's to the soldier, too, Hearts will beat for him up - on the waters blue.
sail - or and here's to the soldier, too, Hearts will beat for him up - on the waters blue.

Sailing—Continued

CHORUS

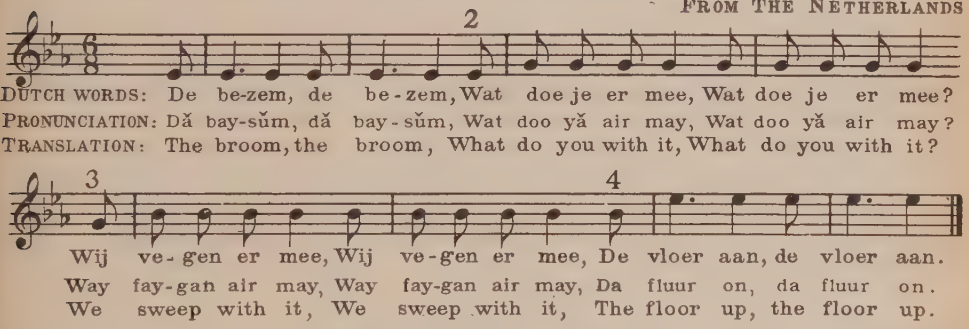

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main. For man - y a storm - y
wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the
bounding main, For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a-gain!

De Bezem

(Round)

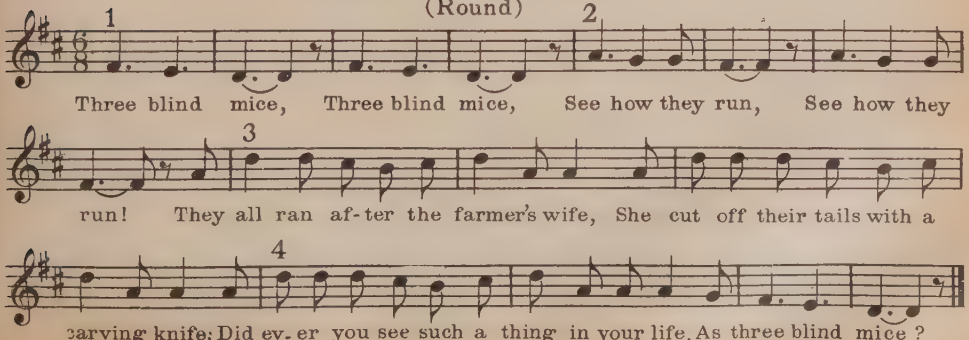
This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS


2
DUTCH WORDS: De be-zem, de be-zem, Wat doe je er mee, Wat doe je er mee?
PRONUNCIATION: Dă bay-sŭm, dă bay-sŭm, Wat doo yă air may, Wat doo yă air may?
TRANSLATION: The broom, the broom, What do you with it, What do you with it?
3
4
Wij ve-gen er mee, Wij ve-gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.
Way fay-gan air may, Way fay-gan air may, Da fluur on, da fluur on.
We sweep with it, We sweep with it, The floor up, the floor up.

Three Blind Mice

(Round)


1
2
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they
3
run! They all ran af-ter the farmer's wife, She cut off their tails with a
4
carving knife; Did ev-er you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

Jingle, Bells

J. P. J. PIERPONT

Quickly

1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one horse o - pen sleigh, —
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. — Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young, —

O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; —
soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat - ed by my side; The
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing song; Just

Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak - ing spir - its bright, What
horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot, He
get a bob-tailed nag, Two - for - ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot.
hitch him to an o pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

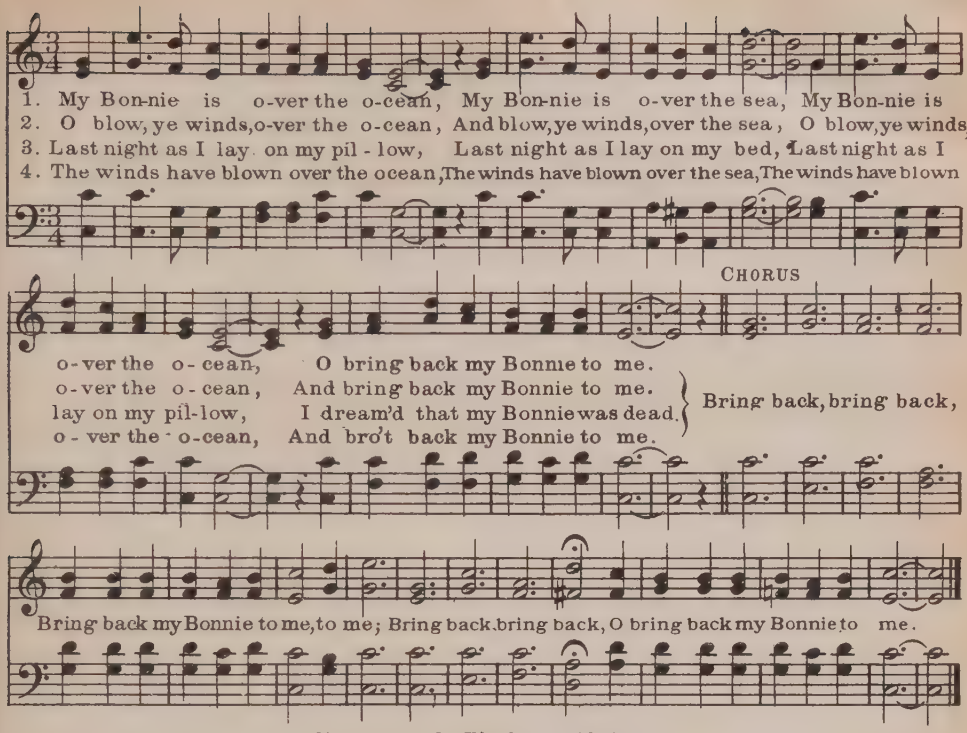
CHORUS (*Accompanied by jingling glasses*)

Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride

1. In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!
2. In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

My Bonnie

COLLEGE SONG

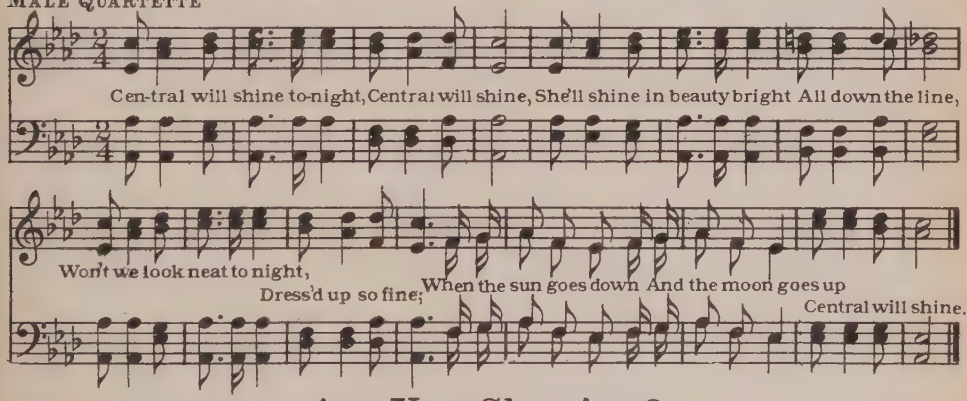

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is
2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, over the sea, O blow, ye winds,
3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I
4. The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown
CHORUS
o-ver the o-cean, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
o-ver the o-cean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.
lay on my pil-low, I dream'd that my Bonnie was dead.
o-ver the o-cean, And bro't back my Bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

Central Will Shine

(The name of any school may be substituted for "Central")

SCHOOL SONG

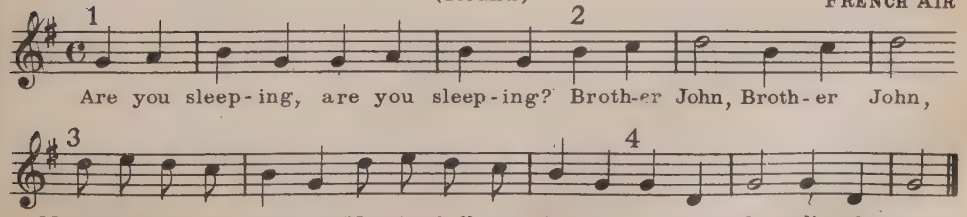
MALE QUARTETTE


Cen-tral will shine to-night, Central will shine, She'll shine in beauty bright All down the line,
Won't we look neat to night,
Dress'd up so fine;
When the sun goes down And the moon goes up
Central will shine.

Are You Sleeping?

(Round)

FRENCH AIR


1
2
Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Broth-er John, Broth-er John,
3
4
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, Morning bells are ringing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER

HENRY TUCKER
Arr. by Walter Goodell

1. Oh, Gen-e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a-gain the love-ly past! The
2. Fair Gen-e-vieve, my ear-ly love, The years but make you dear-er far. My

D.S. Gen-e-vieve, sweet Gen-e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

Fine

rose of youth was dew im-pearl'd, But now it with-ers in the blast.
heart shall nev-er, nev-er rove, Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star.

still the hands of mem-'ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.

I see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My wak-ing tho'ts are full of thee; Thy
For me the past has no re-gret, What-e'er the years may bring to me; I

D.S. al Fine

glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a-long the sum-mer sea. Oh,
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee! Oh,

The Bee And The Pup

Arr. by Walter Goodell

1. There was a bee-i-ee-i-ee Sat on a wall-i-all-i-all,
2. There was a pup-i-up-i-up Sat on the bee-i-ee-i-ee,

1. was all all all

1. buzz buzz buzz

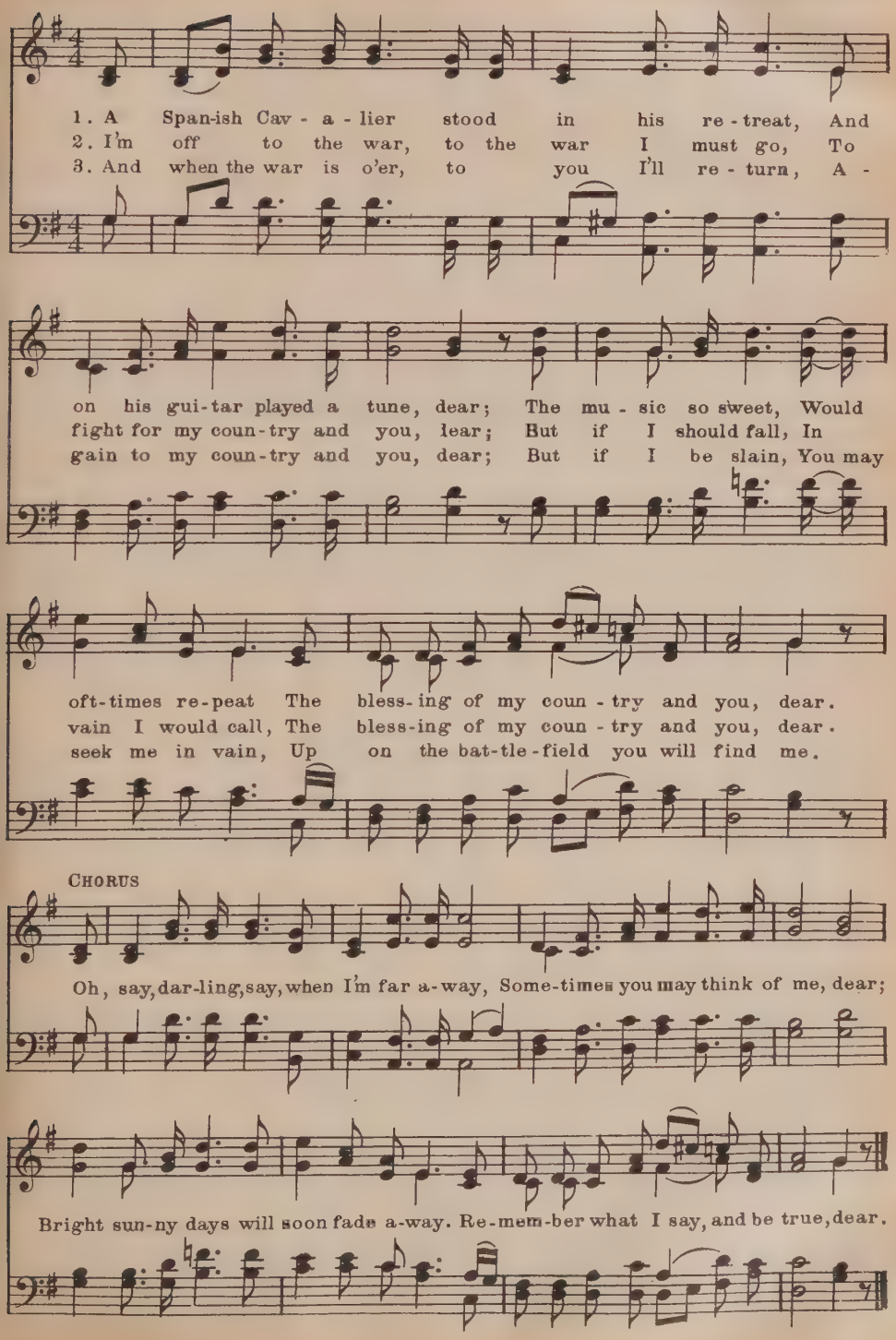
And he went buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz, And that was all-i-all-i-all.
Some one went ki-yi-yi-yi-yi! And that was he-i-ee-i-ee.

2. Ki-yi-yi was he-ee-ee

The Spanish Cavalier

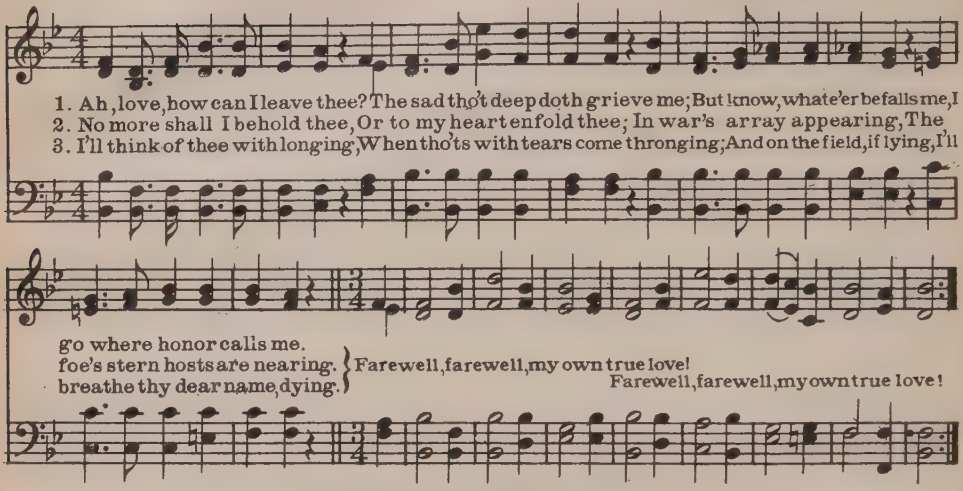
W. D. H.

WM. D. HENDRICKSON


1. A Span-ish Cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And
2. I'm off to the war, to the war I must go, To
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re - turn, A -
on his gui-tar played a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, Would
fight for my coun-try and you, lear; But if I should fall, In
gain to my coun-try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may
oft-times re-peat The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
seek me in vain, Up on the bat-tle-field you will find me.
CHORUS
Oh, say, dar-ling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear;
Bright sun-ny days will soon fade a-way. Re-mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.

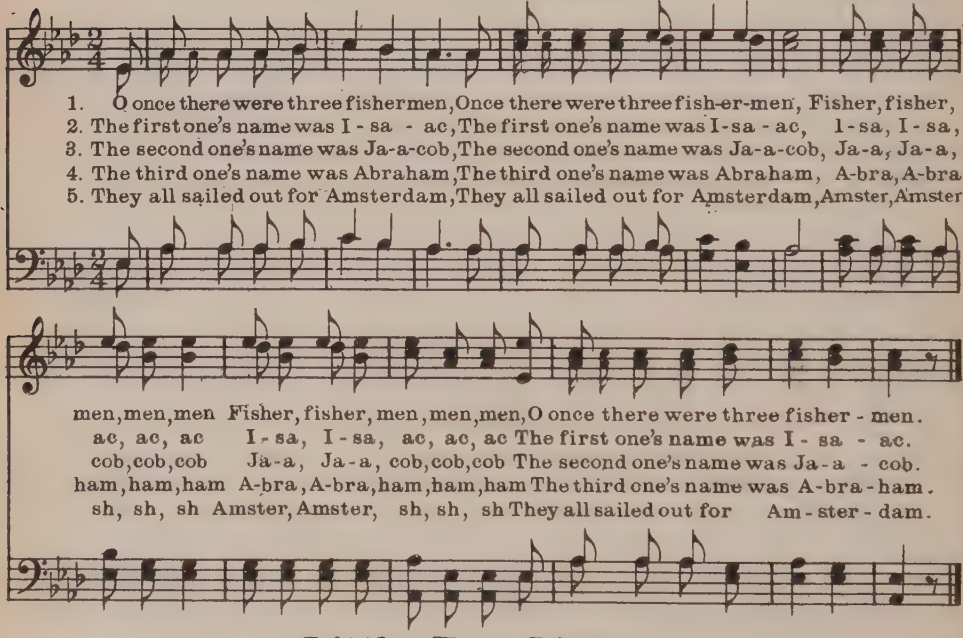
The Soldier's Farewell

J.K. JOHANNA KINKEL


1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad tho't deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I
2. No more shall I behold thee, Or to my heart enfold thee; In war's array appearing, The
3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if lying, I'll
go where honor calls me.
foe's stern hosts are nearing. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love!
breathe thy dear name, dying. } Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

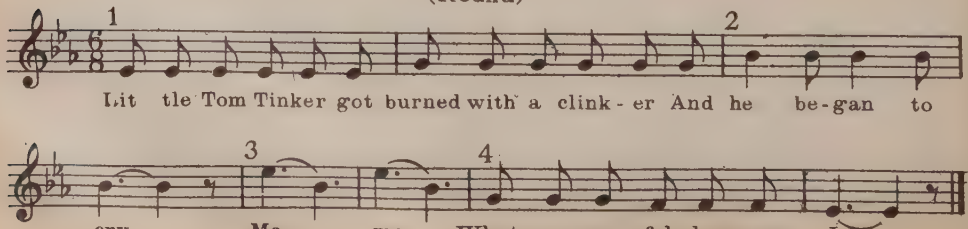
The Three Fishermen

COLLEGE SONG


1. O once there were three fishermen, Once there were three fish-er-men, Fisher, fisher,
2. The first one's name was I - sa - ac, The first one's name was I-sa - ac, I-sa, I - sa,
3. The second one's name was Ja-a-cob, The second one's name was Ja-a-cob, Ja-a, Ja-a,
4. The third one's name was Abraham, The third one's name was Abraham, A-bra, A-bra,
5. They all sailed out for Amsterdam, They all sailed out for Amsterdam, Amster, Amster,
men, men, men Fisher, fisher, men, men, men, O once there were three fisher - men.
ac, ac, ac I - sa, I - sa, ac, ac, ac The first one's name was I - sa - ac.
cob, cob, cob Ja-a, Ja-a, cob, cob, cob The second one's name was Ja-a - cob.
ham, ham, ham A-bra, A-bra, ham, ham, ham The third one's name was A-bra - ham.
sh, sh, sh Amster, Amster, sh, sh, sh They all sailed out for Am - ster - dam.

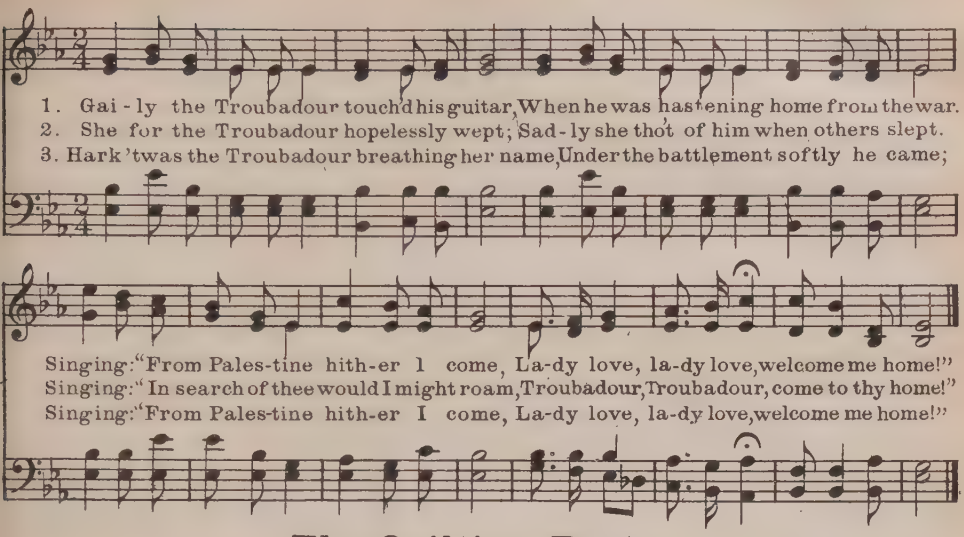
Little Tom Tinker

(Round)



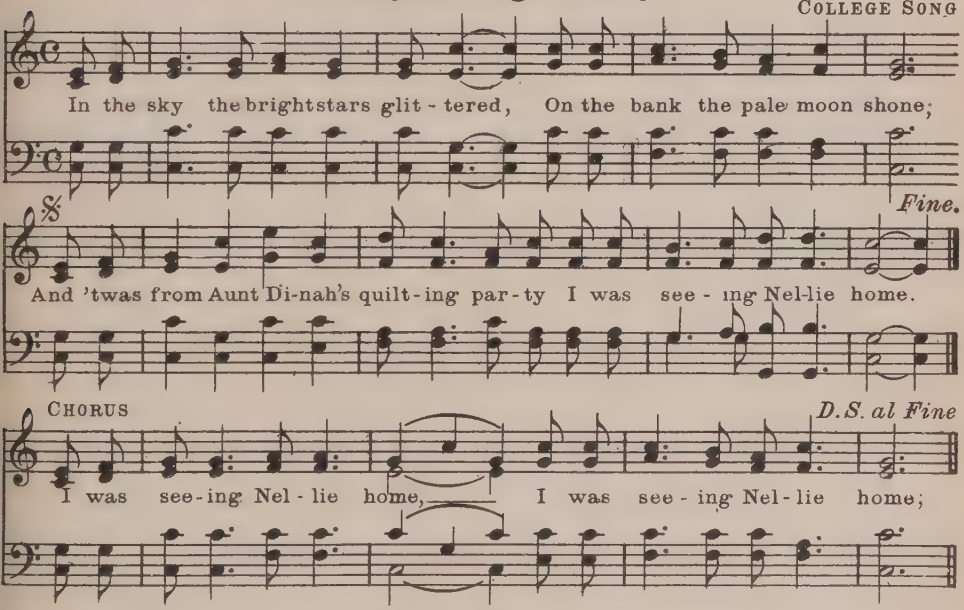
Gaily The Troubadour

T. H. B. THOMAS H. BAYLY


1. Gai-ly the Troubadour touch'd his guitar, When he was hast'ning home from the war.
2. She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept; Sad-ly she thot of him when others slept.
3. Hark 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name, Under the battlement softly he came;
Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"
Singing: "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home!"
Singing: "From Pales-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"

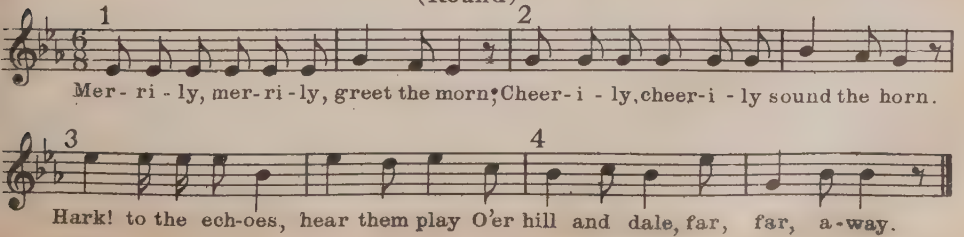
The Quilting Party

COLLEGE SONG


In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
Fine.
And 'twas from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
CHORUS
D.S. al Fine
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home;

Merrily, Merrily

(Round)


1
2
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, greet the morn; Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sound the horn.
3
4
Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a-way.

"Stunt" Songs

The Golden Book of Favorite Songs will be found invaluable for use at banquets, community meetings and other adult gatherings. For such occasions, a short time devoted to singing will do more to unify the people and bring them into a neighborly and co-operative spirit than anything else possible. Have an adequate supply of books and secure a competent leader of singing. This leader need not be a great musician but must possess qualities of leadership and a strong sense of rhythm. In addition to patriotic songs and the old songs known and loved universally, a few good "stunt" numbers are in order. Several of these follow together with some standard popular numbers.

Welcome, Neighbor

(Tune for following is first phrase of Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, page 84.)

Welcome, neighbor, how do you do?
We're mighty glad to meet with you.

Hello Speaker

Hello, speaker, we're your friend,
We'll stay with you until the end.

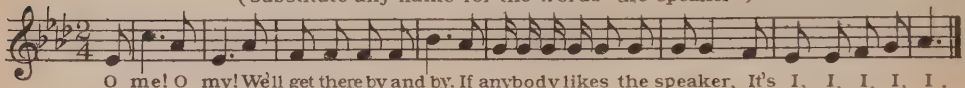
Hail, Hail

(Key of G)

Hail, hail, the gang's all here,
Never mind the weather,
Let the trouble start RIGHT NOW.
Here we are together
Hail, hail, the gang's all here

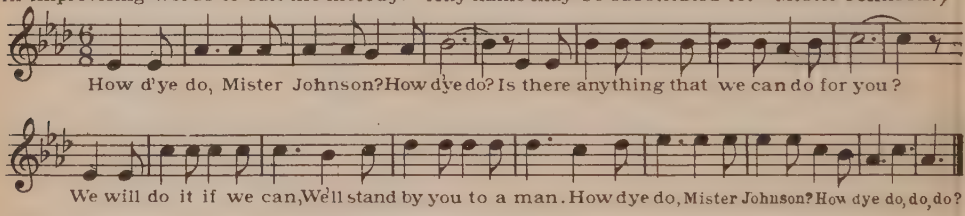
O Me! O My! (A Toast)

(Substitute any name for the words "the speaker")

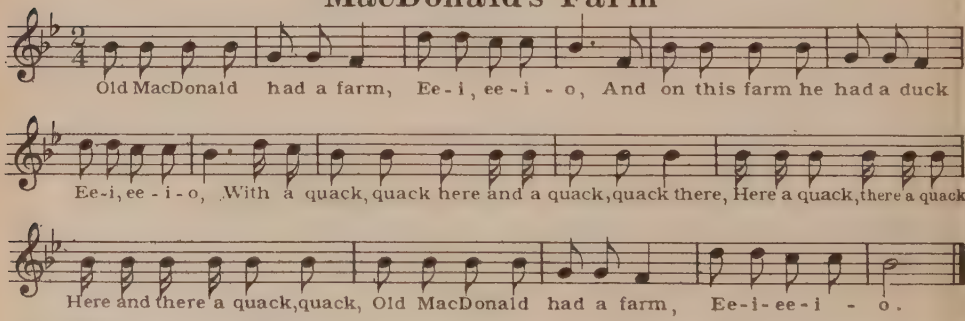

O me! O my! We'll get there by and by. If anybody likes the speaker, It's I, I, I, I, I.
O my! O me! We're hap-py as can be. If anybody likes the speaker, It's me, me, me, me, me.

How D'ye Do

(This number may be used at banquets by having various tables compete with one another in improvising words to suit the melody. Any name may be substituted for "Mister Johnson.)


How d'ye do, Mister Johnson? How d'ye do? Is there anything that we can do for you?
We will do it if we can, We'll stand by you to a man. How dye do, Mister Johnson? How dye do, do, do?

MacDonald's Farm


Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i, ee-i-o, And on this farm he had a duck
Ee-i, ee-i-o, With a quack, quack here and a quack, quack there, Here a quack, there a quack
Here and there a quack, quack, Old MacDonald had a farm, Ee-i-ee-i-o.

Continue indefinitely by using names and sounds of other animals. Do not overlook the Ford, with its "rattle," as a necessary farm adjunct.

The Mummy Song

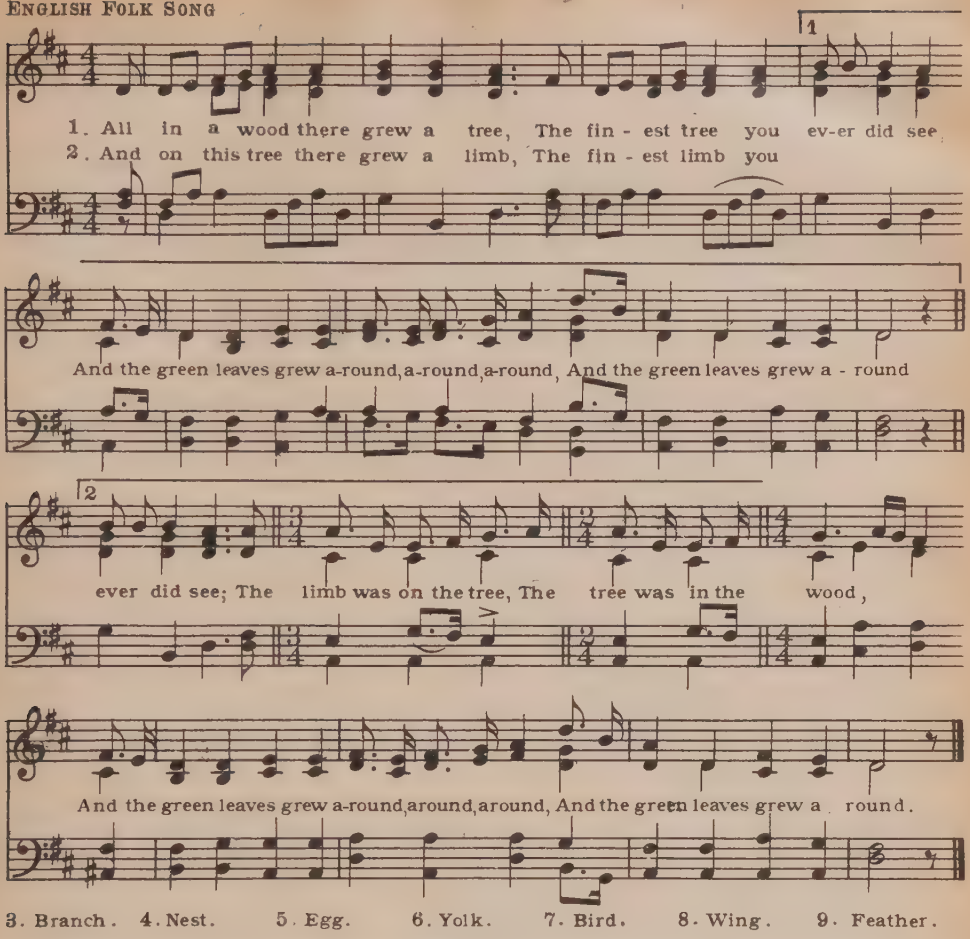
(Tune—"The Long, Long Trail"—Key of G)

It's a short, short life we live here
So let us give while we may
And a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.

What's the use of looking gloomy,
Or what's the use of our tears,
When we know a Mummy's had no fun
For more'n Three-Thousand Years.

The Tree In The Wood

ENGLISH FOLK SONG


1. All in a wood there grew a tree, The fin - est tree you ev-er did see
2. And on this tree there grew a limb, The fin - est limb you
And the green leaves grew a-round, a-round, a-round, And the green leaves grew a - round
ever did see; The limb was on the tree, The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew a-round, around, around, And the green leaves grew a round.

3. Branch. 4. Nest. 5. Egg. 6. Yolk. 7. Bird. 8. Wing. 9. Feather.

As each item is added in successive verses, the preceding items are repeated in reverse order. Thus the last verse would run as follows:

And on the wing there was a feather,
The finest feather you ever did see,
The feather was on the wing,
The wing was on the bird,
The bird was in the yolk,
The yolk was in the egg,
The egg was in the nest,
The nest was on the branch,
The branch was on the limb,
The limb was on the tree,
The tree was in the wood,
And the green leaves grew around, around, around,
And the green leaves grew around.

Ham and Eggs

(Tune—Tammany—Key of D)

Leader: Ham and Eggs.
Echo: Ham and Eggs.
L: I like mine fried good and brown.
E: I like mine fried upside down.
L: Ham and Eggs.
E: Ham and Eggs.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
L: Flip 'em.
E: Flop 'em.
All: Ham and Eggs.

A Laugh Provoker

(Tune—Battle Hymn of the Republic)

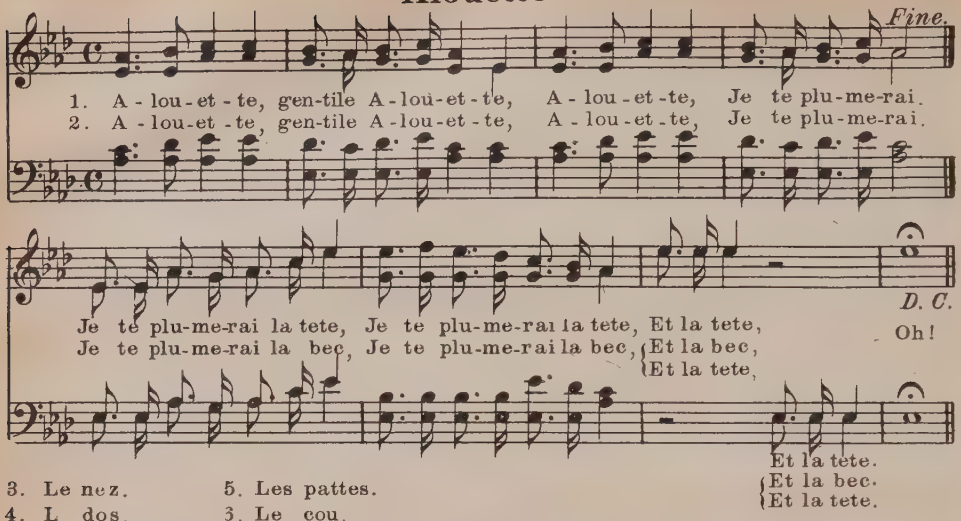
For music see page 12.

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
So smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble
Just to s-m-i-l-e.

SECOND VERSE L-a-u-g-h
THIRD VERSE G-r-i-n, Grin
FOURTH VERSE Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

Alouette

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONG


Fine.
1. A - lou - et - te, gen-tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, Je te plu-me-rai.
2. A - lou - et - te, gen-tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, Je te plu-me-rai.
D. C.
Je te plu-me-rai la tete, Je te plu-me-rai la tete, Et la tete,
Je te plu-me-rai la bec, Je te plu-me-rai la bec, Et la bec,
Et la tete,
Oh!
Et la tete.
Et la bec.
Et la tete.

3. Le nez. 5. Les pattes.
4. L dos. 3. Le cou.

In the measure before the Oh! and the D.C. where the women's voices are echoed by the men's, a word is added as each verse is sung and the words of preceding verses are sung in reverse order. Thus, in the last verse, the duet between women and men would run as follows:
Et le cou, et le cou; et les pattes, et les pattes; et le dos, et le dos; et le nez, et le nez; et la bec, et la bec; et la tete, et la tete; Oh! and then back to the beginning to the Fine.

A Gymnastic Relief

(Key of A flat)

After or during a long speaking program
TUNE—Till We Meet Again

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
(Arms to side)
Reach your hands up toward the sky,
(Hands up)
While you watch them with your eye.
(Heads up)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there sir!
(Jump lively)
Now step forward, backward--as you were.
(Step back and forth)
Then reach right out to someone near,
(Shake hands with neighbor)
Shake his hand and smile.
(All smile)

The Long Trail*

(Key of A flat)

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There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

Smiles*

(Key of A flat)

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There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

Perfect Day*

(Key of A flat)

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When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought;
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

Well this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
In colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

* *Complete words and music may be had from the publishers named.*

PART TWO

The Gray Book of FAVORITE SONGS

Uncle Sam's Favorite Song Book
REVISED

(Selections common to "The Golden Book" and "The Gray Book" omitted)

Invocation

Almighty and everlasting God, in whom we live and move and have our being; we, thy needy creatures, render thee our humble praises, for thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day; we bless and magnify thy glorious name; humbly beseeching thee to accept this our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy name, and finally, by thy mercy, obtain everlasting life.

Have mercy upon this whole land; and so rule the hearts of thy servants THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, The Governor of this State, and all others in authority, that they, knowing whose ministers they are, may above all things seek thy honour and glory; and that we and all the people, duly considering whose authority they bear, may faithfully and obediently honour them, in thee, and for thee, according to thy blessed word.

O Thou, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

Book of Common Prayer

Psalm 96

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations, his marvelous works among all the peoples.

For great is the Lord, and highly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; tremble before him, all the earth.

Say among the nations, The Lord reigneth: the world also is established that it cannot be moved:

He shall judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the field exult, and all that is therein:

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord, for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth.

He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with his truth.

Our National Banner

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the Amrican heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

Edward Everett

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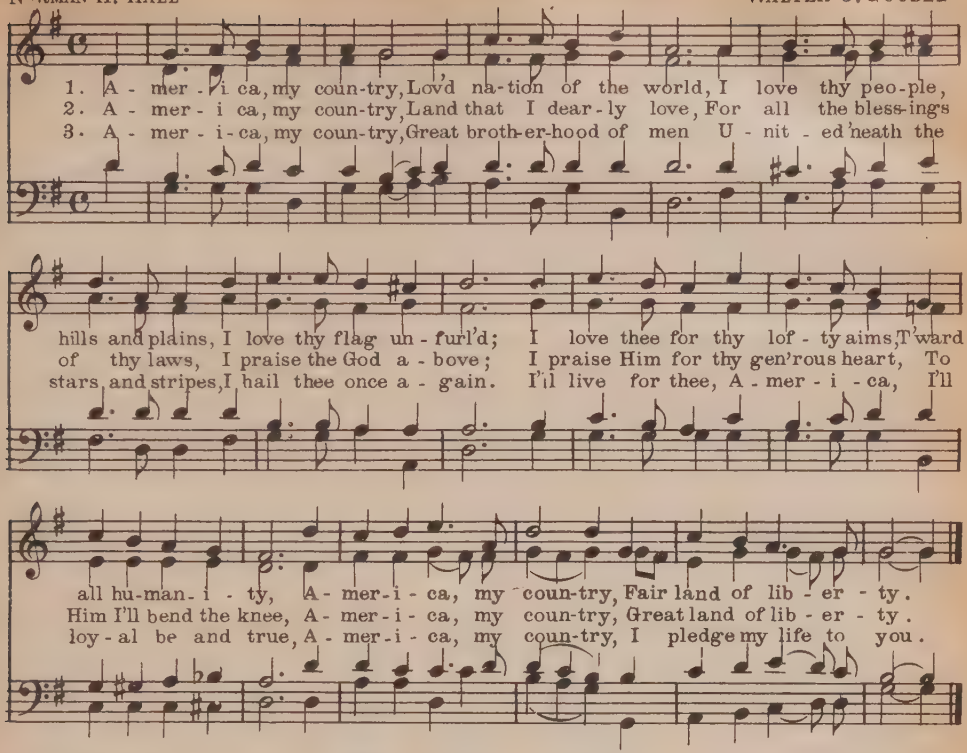
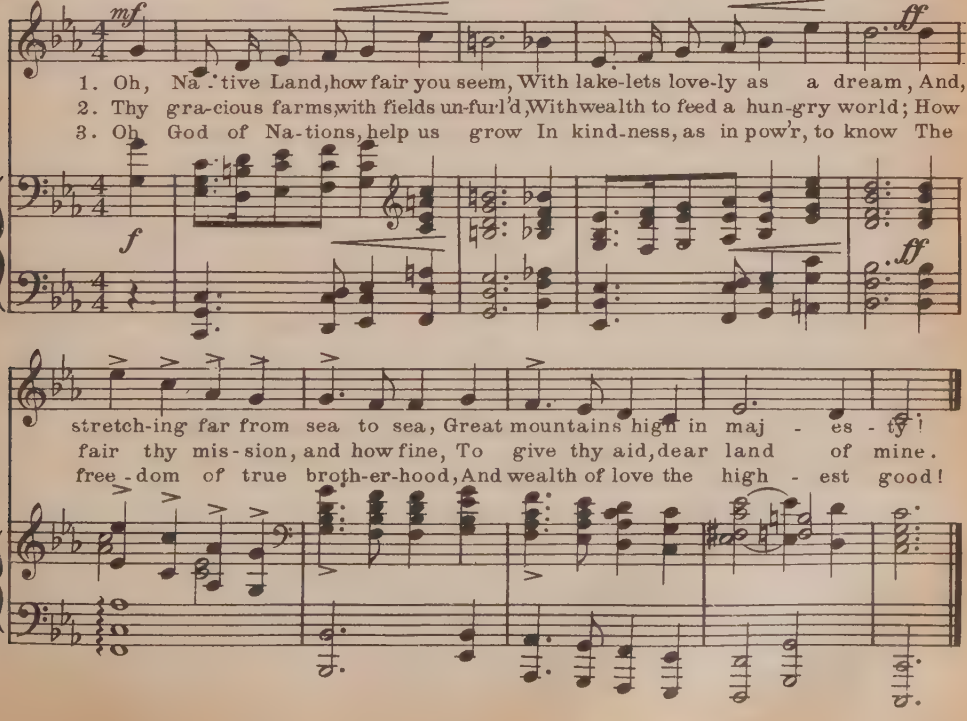
America, My Country

NORMAN H. HALL — WALTER J. GOODEL


1. A - mer - i ca, my coun-try, Lov'd na-tion of the world, I love thy peo-ple,
2. A - mer - i ca, my coun-try, Land that I dear-ly love, For all the bless-ings
3. A - mer - i-ca, my coun-try, Great broth-er-hood of men U - nit - ed 'neath the
hills and plains, I love thy flag un - furl'd; I love thee for thy lof - ty aims, T'ward
of thy laws, I praise the God a - bove; I praise Him for thy gen'rous heart, To
stars and stripes, I hail thee once a - gain. I'll live for thee, A - mer - i - ca, I'll
all hu-man-i - ty, A - mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Fair land of lib - er - ty.
Him I'll bend the knee, A - mer-i - ca, my coun-try, Great land of lib - er - ty.
loy-al be and true, A - mer-i - ca, my coun-try, I pledge my life to you.

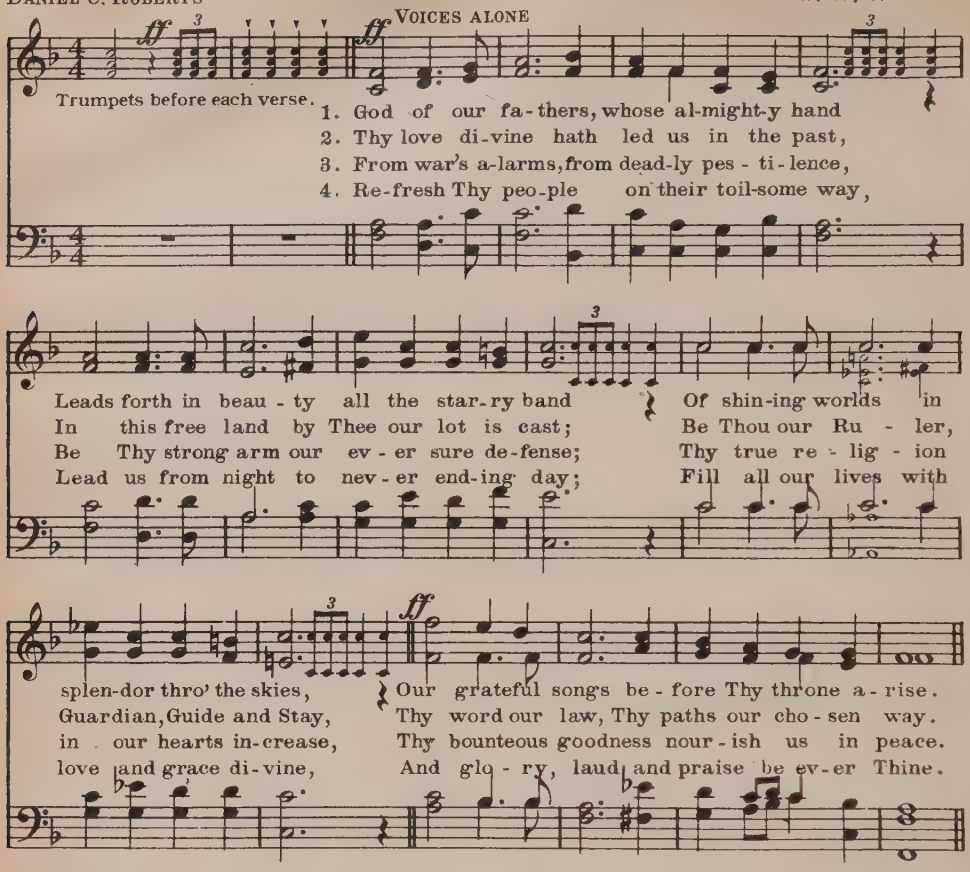
My Native Land

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN — EDVARD GRIEG


mf
ff
1. Oh, Na - tive Land, how fair you seem, With lake-lets love-ly as a dream, And,
2. Thy gra-cious farms, with fields un-furl'd, With wealth to feed a hun-gry world; How
3. Oh God of Na-tions, help us grow In kind-ness, as in pow'r, to know The
f
ff
stretch-ing far from sea to sea, Great mountains high in maj - es - ty!
fair thy mis-sion, and how fine, To give thy aid, dear land of mine.
free-dom of true broth-er-hood, And wealth of love the high - est good!

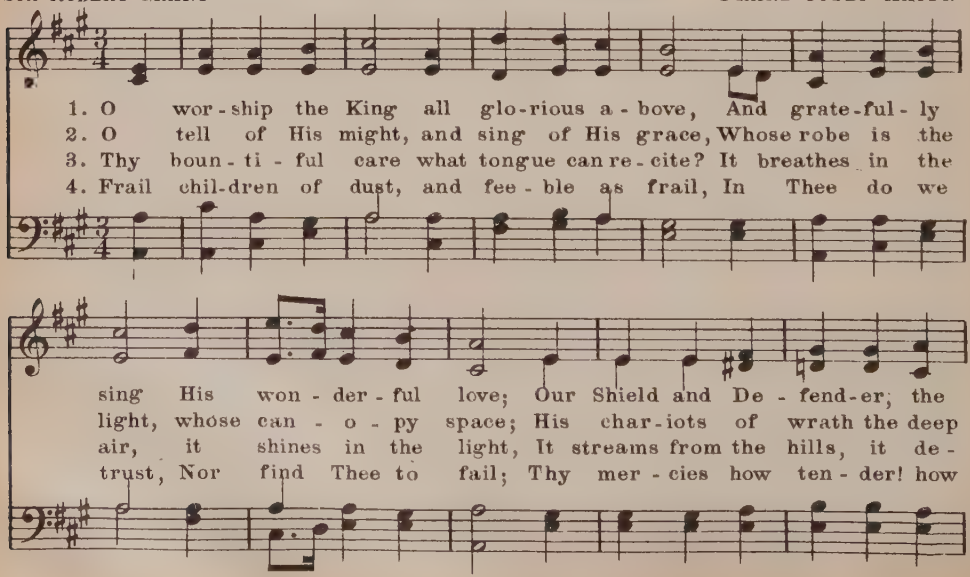
God Of Our Fathers

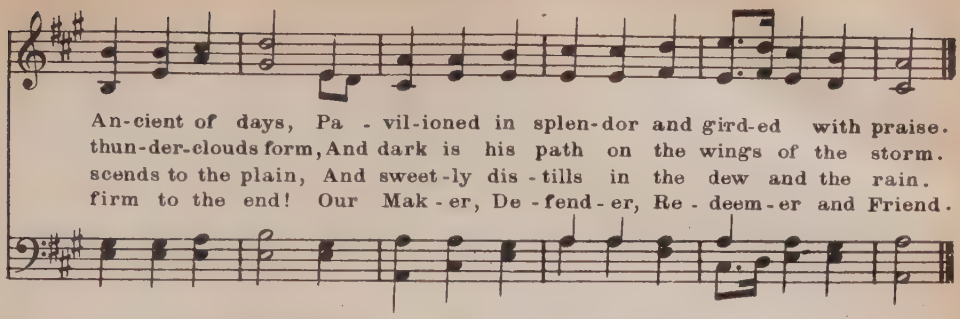
DANIEL C. ROBERTS — G. W. WARREN


VOICES ALONE
Trumpets before each verse.
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way,
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru-ler,
Thy true re-lig-ion
Fill all our lives with
splen-dor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine,
Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev-er Thine.

O Worship The King

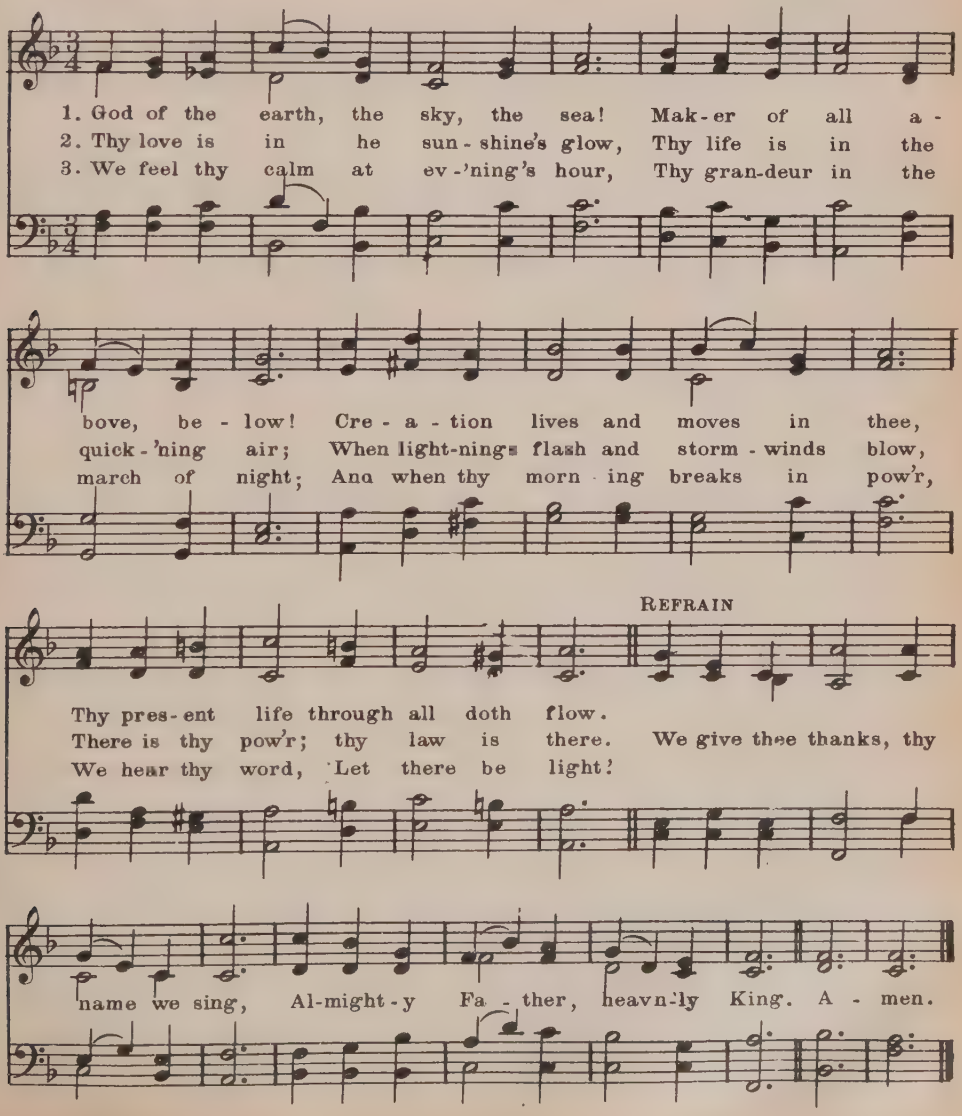
SIR ROBERT GRANT — FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN


1. O wor-ship the King all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, Nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how


An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

God Of The Earth, The Sky, The Sea

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW HENRY J. E. HOLMES

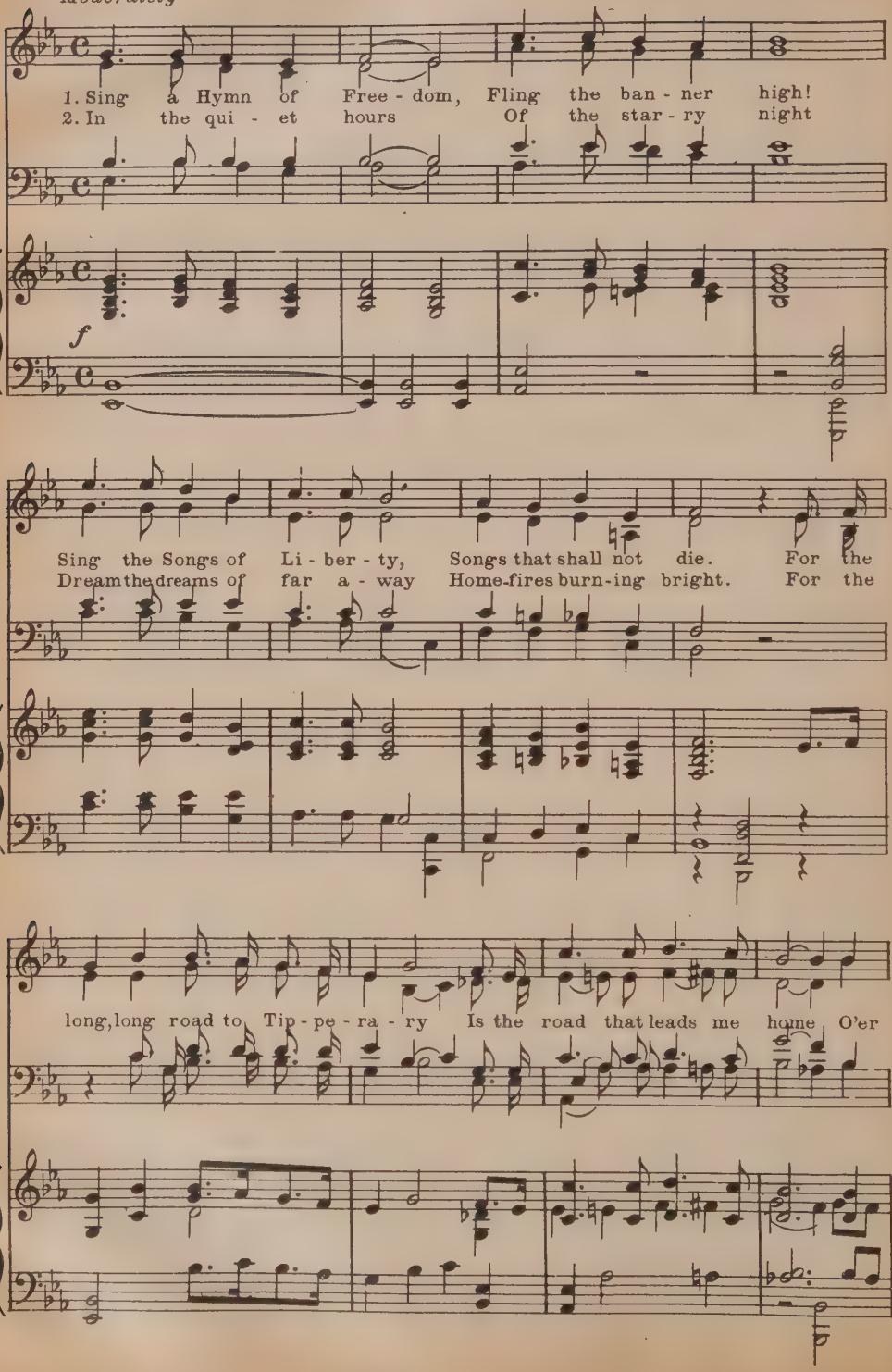

1. God of the earth, the sky, the sea! Mak - er of all a -
2. Thy love is in he sun - shine's glow, Thy life is in the
3. We feel thy calm at ev -'ning's hour, Thy gran-deur in the
bove, be - low! Cre - a - tion lives and moves in thee,
quick - 'ning air; When light-nings flash and storm - winds blow,
march of night; And when thy morn - ing breaks in pow'r,
REFRAIN
Thy pres - ent life through all doth flow.
There is thy pow'r; thy law is there. We give thee thanks, thy
We hear thy word, Let there be light!
name we sing, Al-might - y Fa - ther, heavn-ly King. A - men.

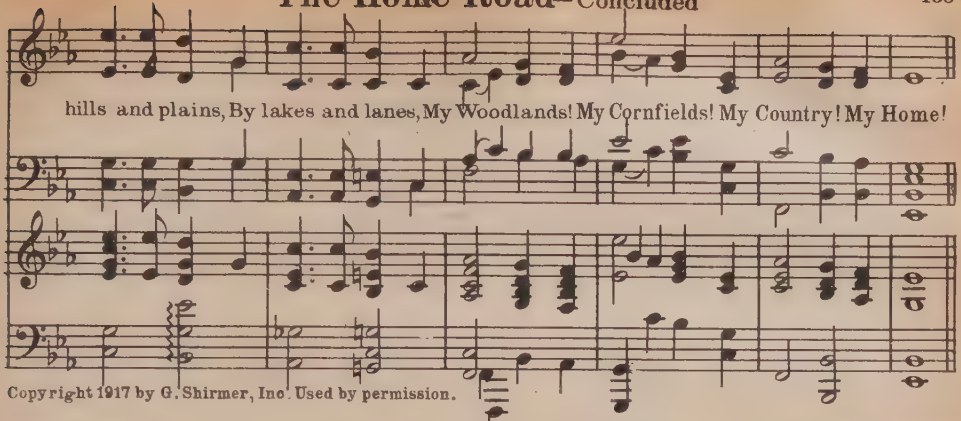
The Home Road

J. A. C.

JOHN A. CARPENTER

Moderately


1. Sing a Hymn of Free - dom, Fling the ban - ner high!
2. In the qui - et hours Of the star - ry night
f
Sing the Songs of Li - ber - ty, Songs that shall not die. For the
Dream the dreams of far a - way Home-fires burn-ing bright. For the
long, long road to Tip - pe - ra - ry Is the road that leads me home O'er



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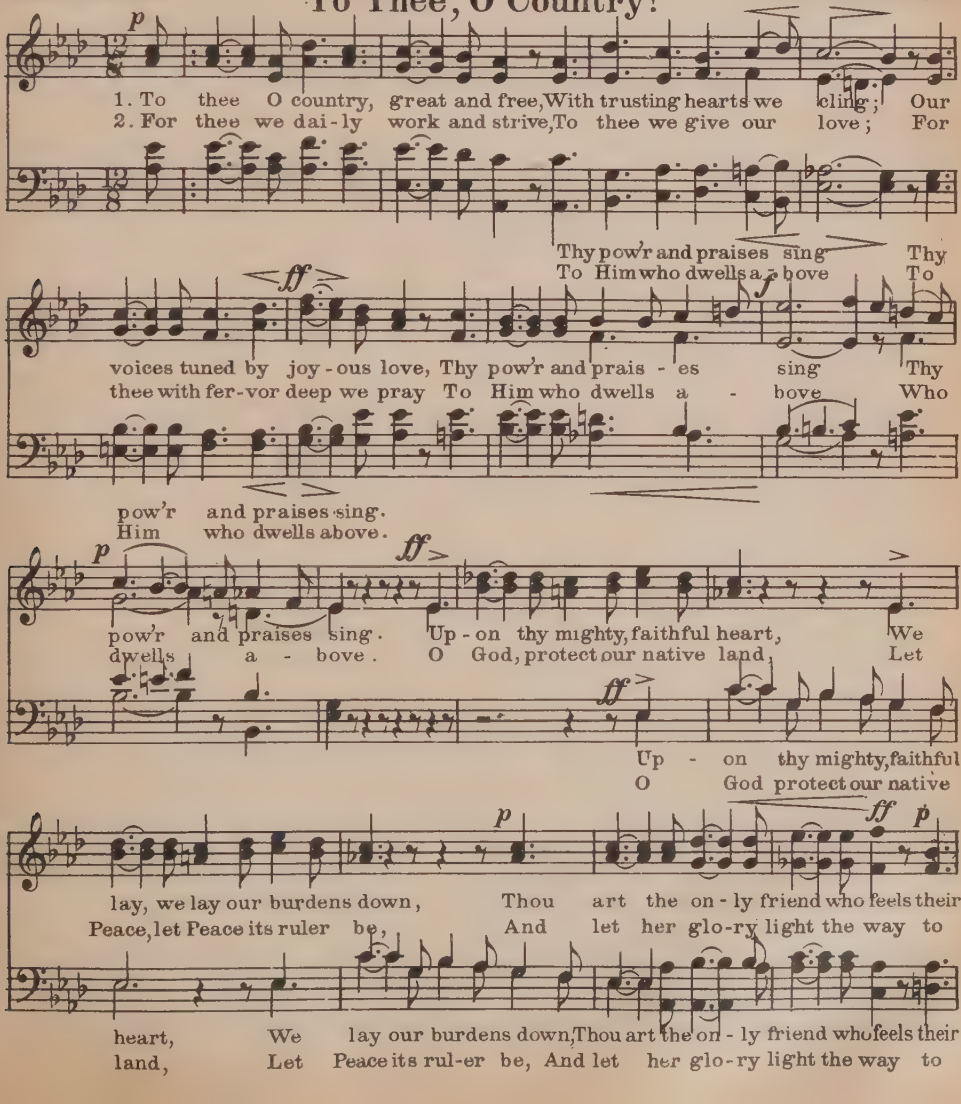
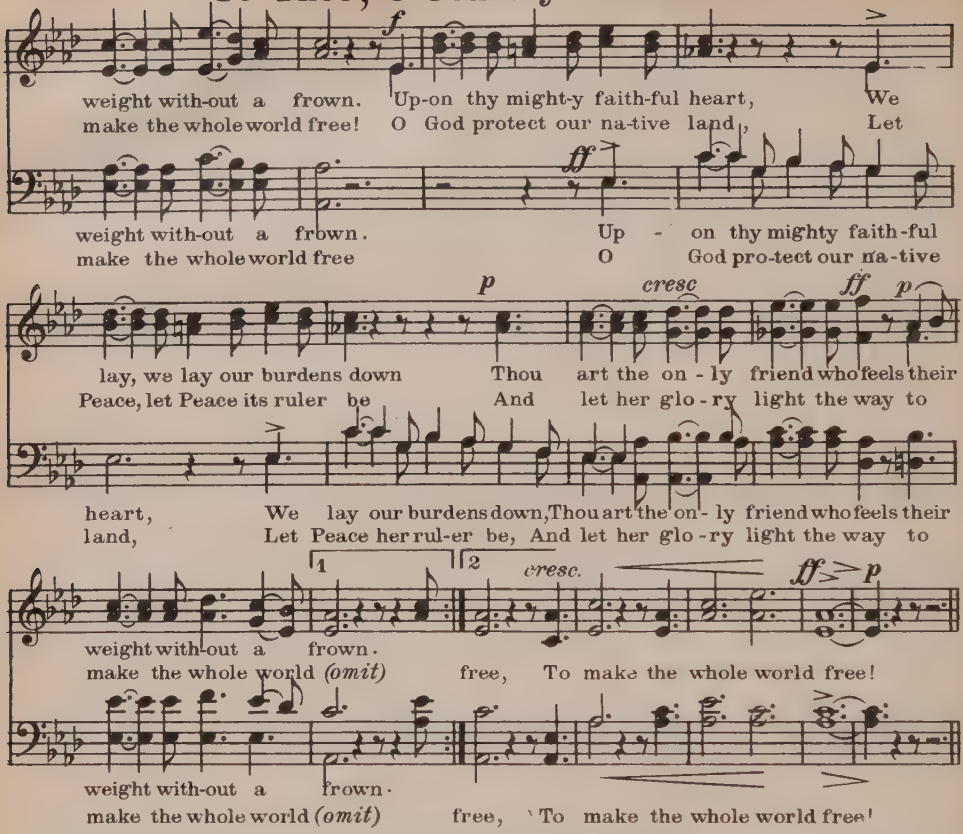
MRS. JOHN LANE

To Thee, O Country!

JULIUS EICHBERG


p
1. To thee O country, great and free, With trusting hearts we cling; Our
2. For thee we dai-ly work and strive, To thee we give our love; For
Thy pow'r and praises sing
To Him who dwells a - bove
ff
f
voices tuned by joy-ous love, Thy pow'r and prais - es sing Thy
thee with fer-vor deep we pray To Him who dwells a - bove Who
pow'r and praises sing.
Him who dwells above.
p
ff
pow'r and praises sing. Up - on thy mighty, faithful heart, We
dwells a - bove. O God, protect our native land, Let
ff
Up - on thy mighty, faithful
O God protect our native
p
ff
p
lay, we lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
Peace, let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo-ry light the way to
heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
land, Let Peace its rul-er be, And let her glo-ry light the way to

To Thee, O Country— Concluded


weight with-out a frown. Up-on thy might-y faith-ful heart, We
make the whole world free! O God protect our na-tive land, Let
weight with-out a frown. Up - on thy mighty faith-ful
make the whole world free O God pro-tect our na-tive
lay, we lay our burdens down Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
Peace, let Peace its ruler be And let her glo - ry light the way to
heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
land, Let Peace her rul-er be, And let her glo - ry light the way to
weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!
weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

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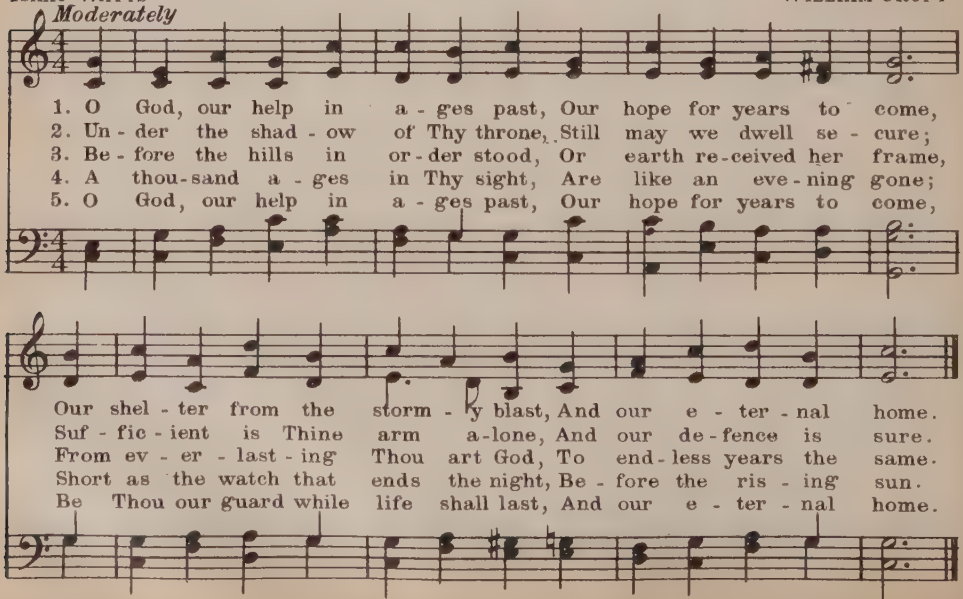
O God, Our Help In Ages Past

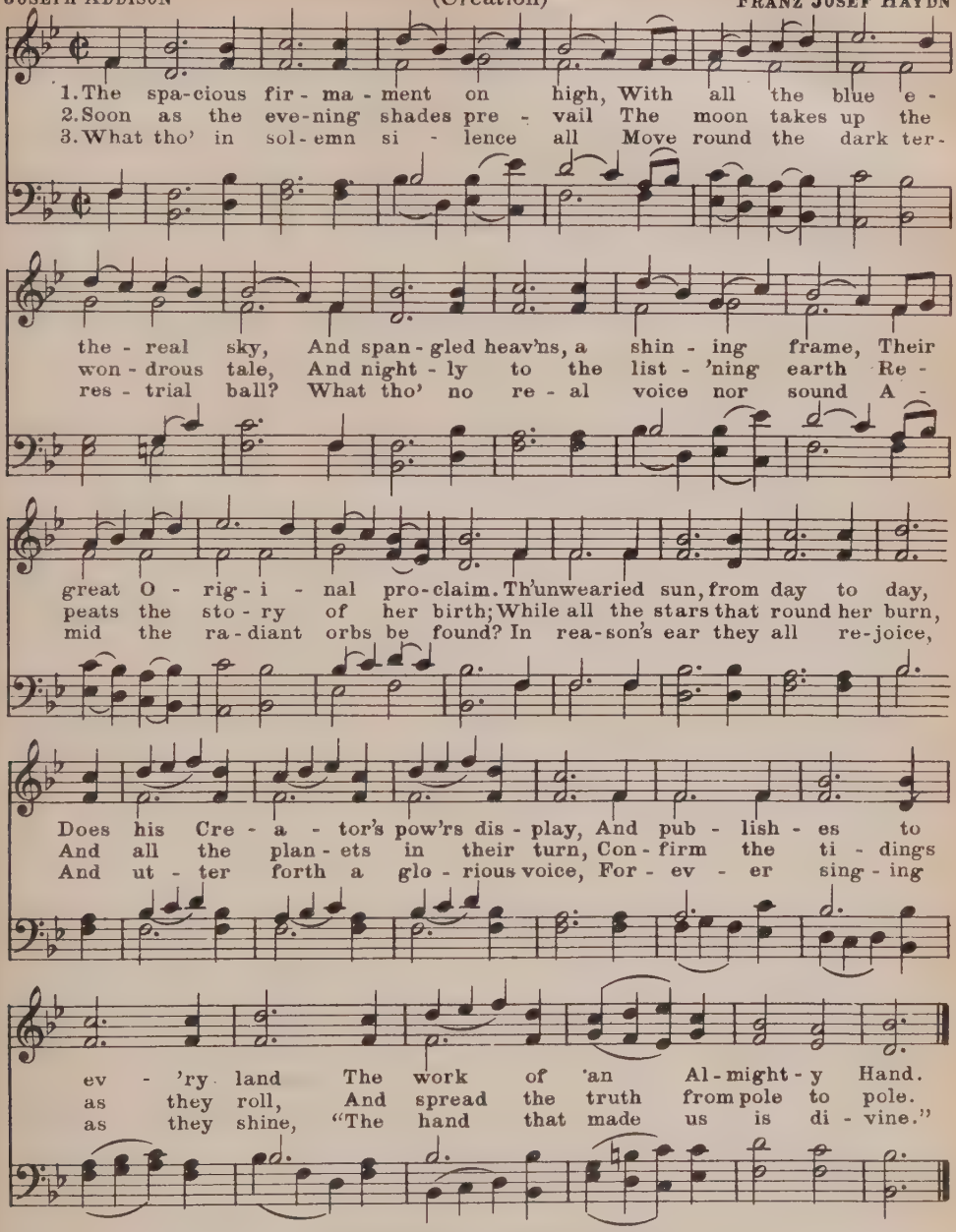
ISAAC WATTS — WILLIAM CROFT

Moderately


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re-ceived her frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fic - ient is Thine arm a-lone, And our de-fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

The Spacious Firmament On High

JOSEPH ADDISON (Creation) FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN


1. The spa-cious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-
2. Soon as the eve-ning shades pre-vail The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all Move round the dark ter-
the-real sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their
won-drous tale, And night-ly to the list-'ning earth Re-
res-trial ball? What tho' no re-al voice nor sound A-
great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
peats the sto-ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
mid the ra-diant orbs be found? In rea-son's ear they all re-joice,
Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'rs dis-play, And pub-lish-es to
And all the plan-ets in their turn, Con-firm the ti-dings
And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice, For-ev-er sing-ing
ev-'ry land The work of 'an Al-might-y Hand.
as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine."

Oh Realm Of Light

(Creation)

1. Oh realm of light! whose morning s
To Bethl'hem's manger led the way,
Not yet upon our longing eyes
Shines the full splendor of thy day:
Yet still across the centuries fall,
Both strong and sweet, our Lord's command;
And still with steadfast faith we cry,
"Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

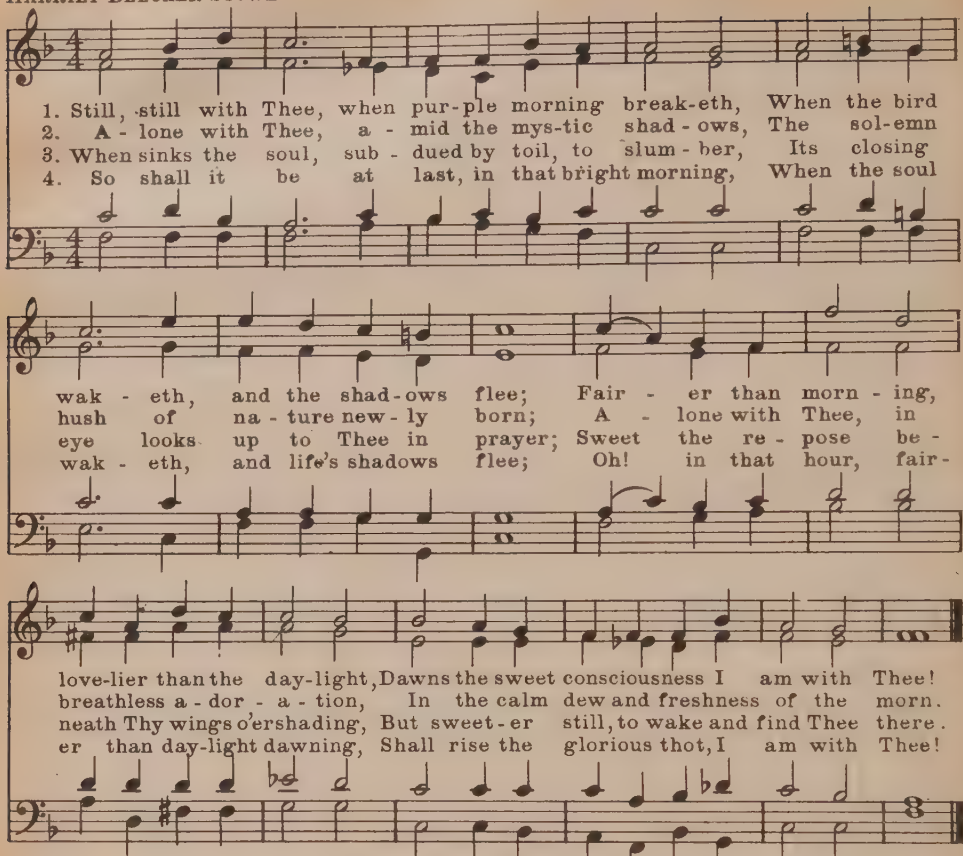
2. Oh realm of peace! whose music clear
Swept through Judea's starlit skies,
Still the harsh sounds of human strife
Break on thy heavenly harmonies:
Yet shall thy song of triumph ring
In full accord, from land to land,
And men with angels learn to sing,
"Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

EMILY H. MILLER

Still, Still With Thee

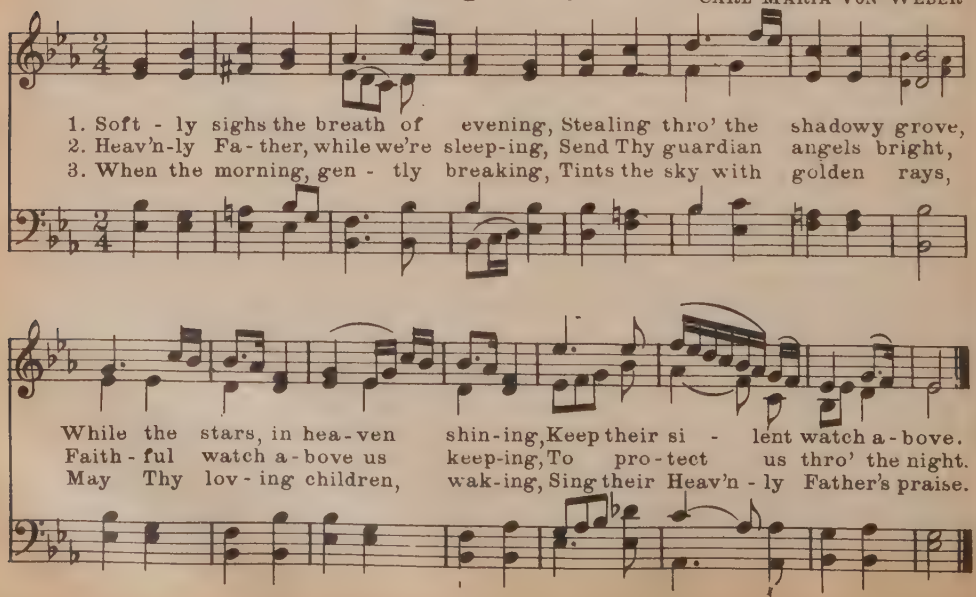
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

E. MOSS


1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad - ows, The sol-emn
3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its closing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul
wak - eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee, in
eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be -
wak - eth, and life's shadows flee; Oh! in that hour, fair -
love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!
breathless a - dor - a - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
neath Thy wings o'ershading, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
er than day-light dawning, Shall rise the glorious thot, I am with Thee!

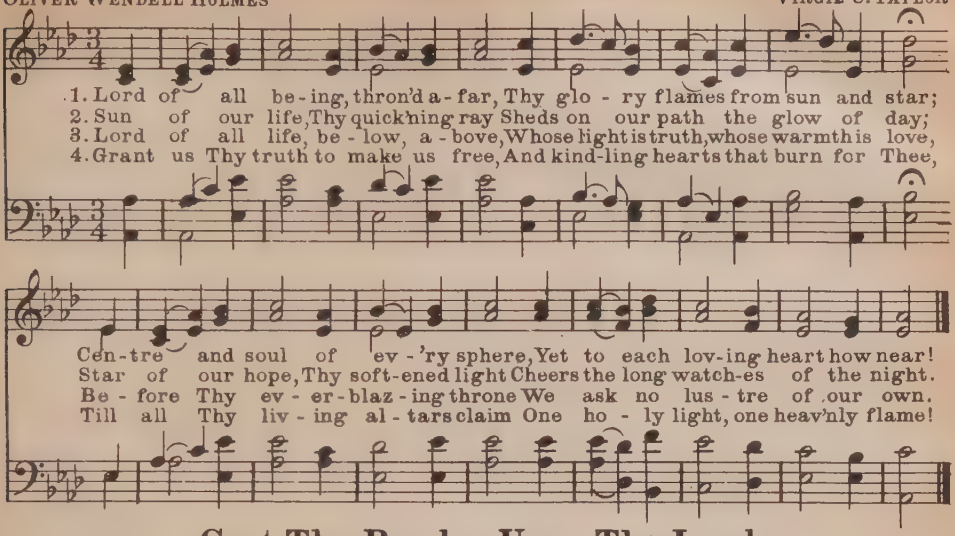
Evening Prayer

CARL MARIA VON WEBER


1. Soft - ly sighs the breath of evening, Stealing thro' the shadowy grove,
2. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, while we're sleep-ing, Send Thy guardian angels bright,
3. When the morning, gen - tly breaking, Tints the sky with golden rays,
While the stars, in hea-ven shin-ing, Keep their si - lent watch a-bove.
Faith - ful watch a-bove us keep-ing, To pro-tect us thro' the night.
May Thy lov - ing children, wak-ing, Sing their Heav'n - ly Father's praise.

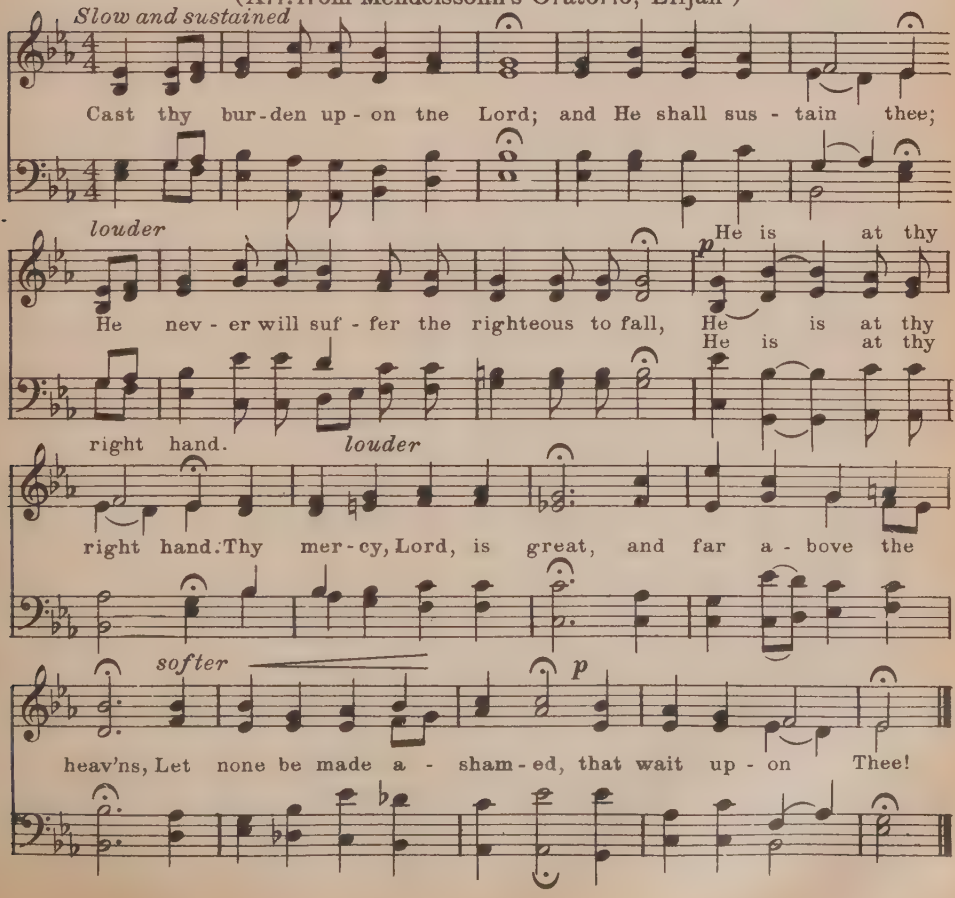
Lord Of All Being, Throned Afar

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — VIRGIL C. TAYLOR


1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, be-low, a-bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind-ling hearts that burn for Thee,
Cen-tre and soul of ev-'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, Thy soft-ened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
Be-fore Thy ev-er-blaz-ing throne We ask no lus-tre of our own.
Till all Thy liv-ing al-tars claim One ho-ly light, one heav'nly flame!

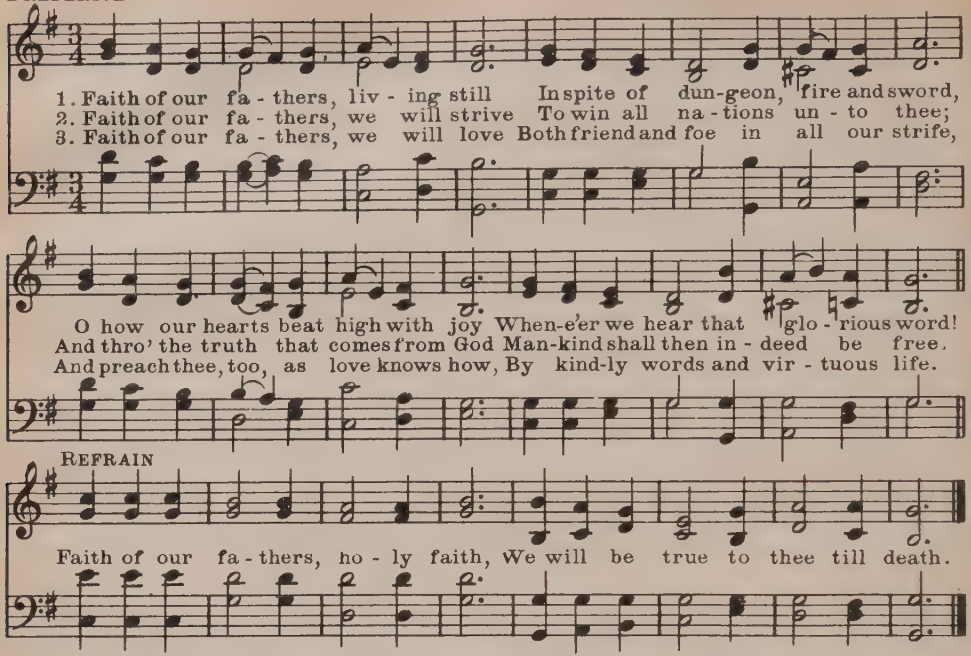
Cast Thy Burden Upon The Lord

(Arr. from Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah")


Slow and sustained
Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord; and He shall sus-tain thee;
louder
p
He is at thy
He nev-er will suf-fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy
He is at thy
right hand.
louder
right hand. Thy mer-cy, Lord, is great, and far a-bove the
softer
p
heav'ns, Let none be made a-sham-ed, that wait up-on Thee!

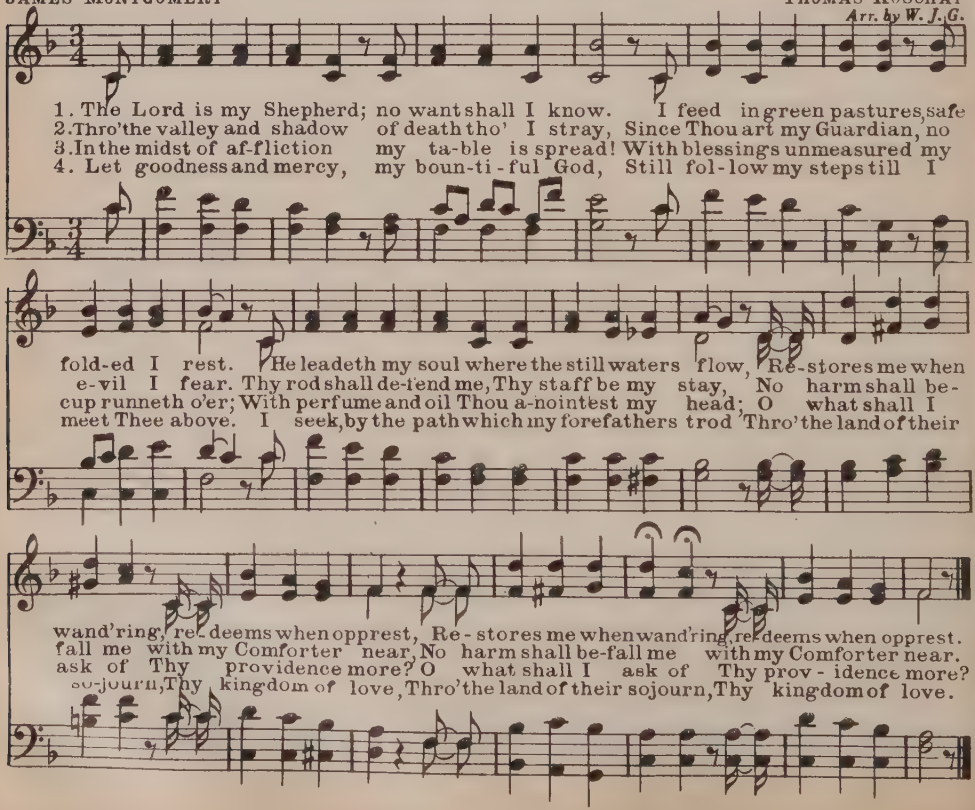
Faith Of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — HENRY F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON


1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life.
REFRAIN
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

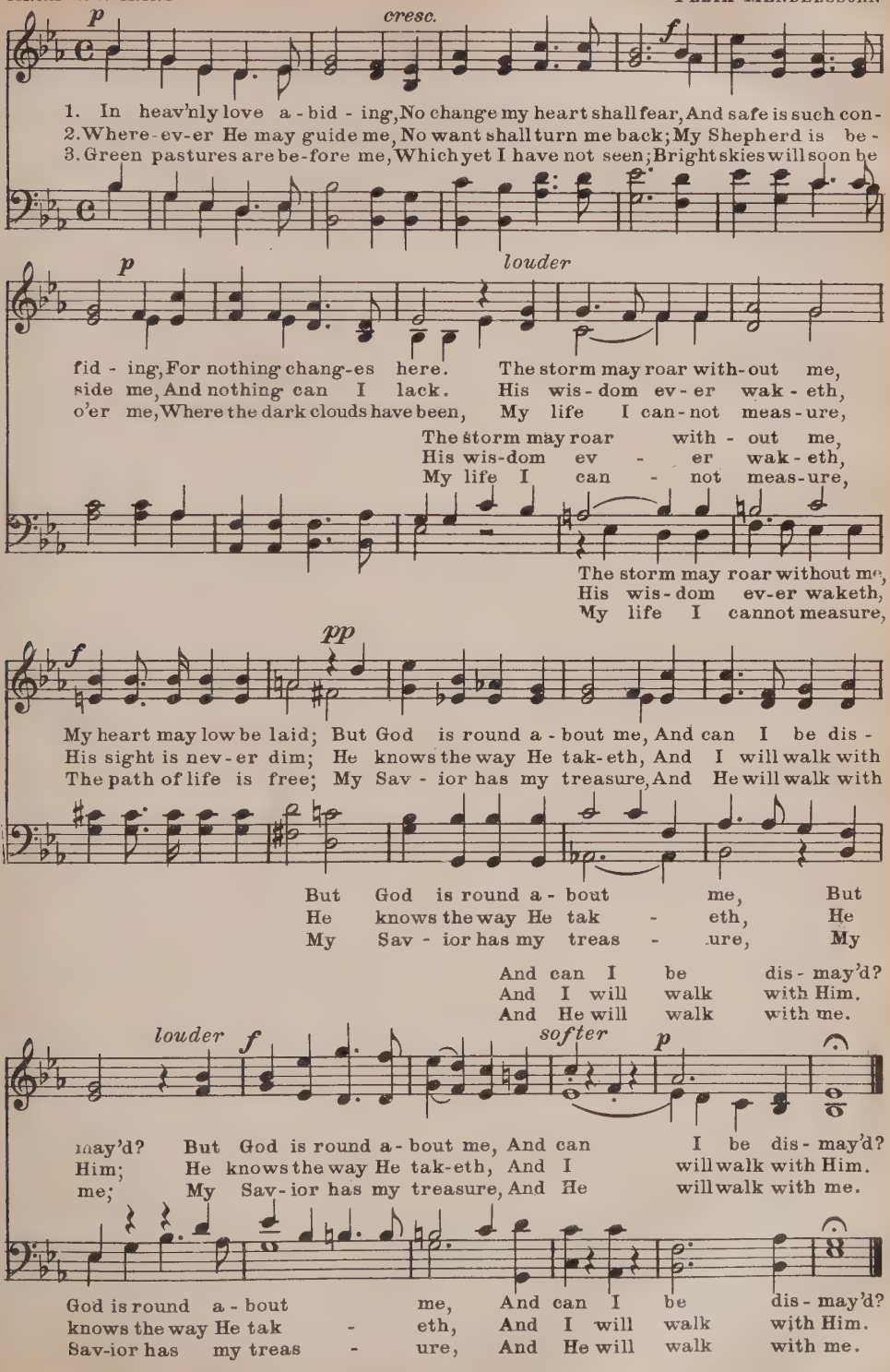
The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY — THOMAS KOSCHAT
Arr. by W. J. G.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe
2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
3. In the midst of af-fliction my ta-ble is spread! With blessings unmeasured my
4. Let goodness and mercy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I
fold-ed I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when
e-vil I fear. Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm shall be-
cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I
meet Thee above. I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod 'Thro' the land of their
wand'ring, re-deems when oppress't, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when oppress't.
fall me with my Comforter near, No harm shall be-fall me with my Comforter near.
ask of Thy providence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-idence more?
so-journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

In Heavenly Love Abiding

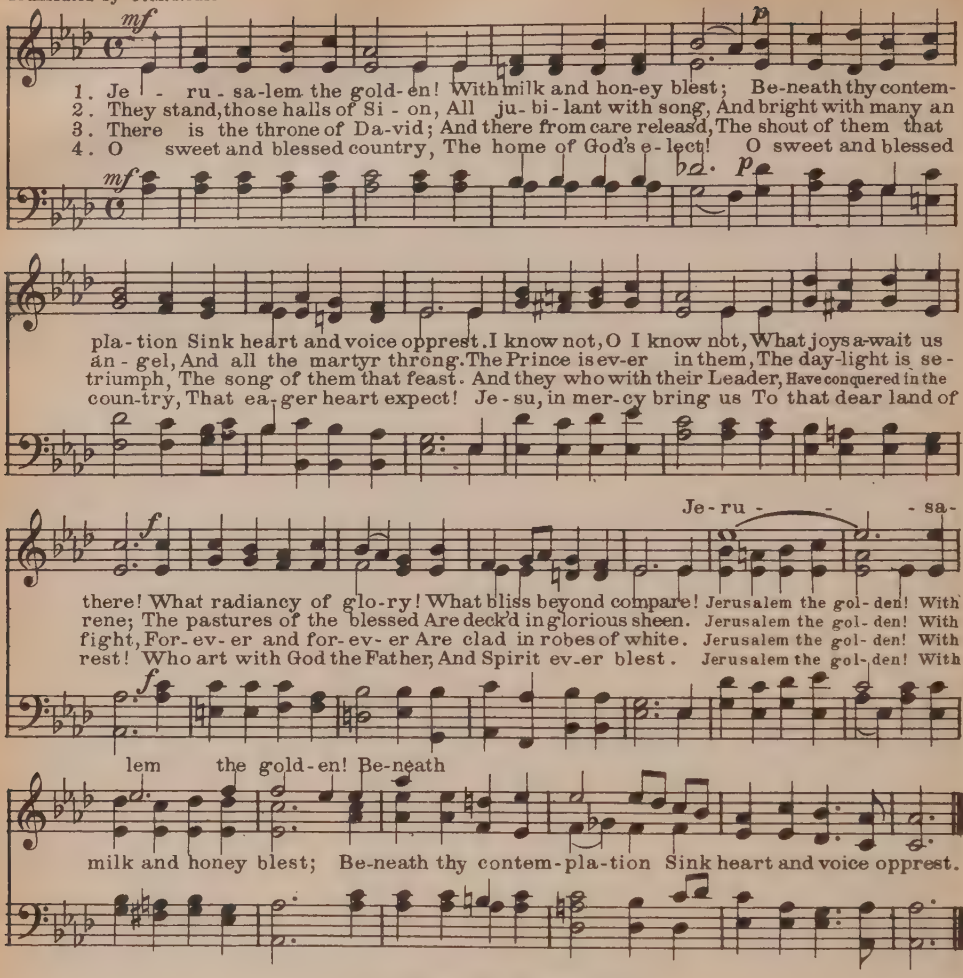
ANNA L. WARING — FELIX MENDELSSOHN


p
cresc.
f
1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
2. Where-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be
p
louder
fid - ing, For nothing chang-es here. The storm may roar with-out me,
side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,
o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been, My life I can-not meas-ure,
The storm may roar with - out me,
His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
My life I can - not meas-ure,
The storm may roar without me,
His wis - dom ev-er waketh,
My life I cannot measure,
f
pp
My heart may low be laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis -
His sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with
The path of life is free; My Sav - ior has my treasure, And He will walk with
But God is round a - bout me, But
He knows the way He tak - eth, He
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, My
And can I be dis - may'd?
And I will walk with Him.
And He will walk with me.
louder
f
softer
p
may'd? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?
Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
me; My Sav-ior has my treasure, And He will walk with me.
God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?
knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
Sav-ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

Jerusalem The Golden

BERNARD OF CLUNY
Translated by J. M. Neale

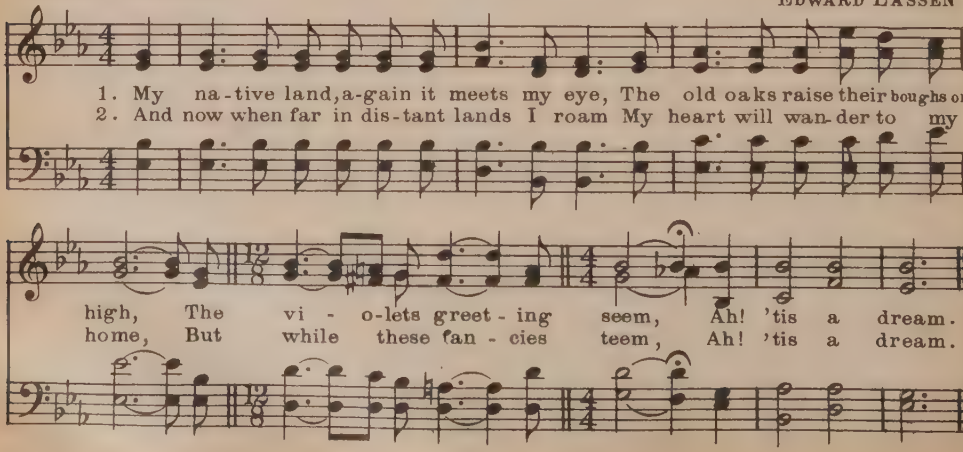
G. F. LE JEUNE


mf
1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold-en! With milk and hon-ey blest; Be-neath thy contem-
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju-bi-lant with song, And bright with many an
3. There is the throne of Da-vid; And there from care releas'd, The shout of them that
4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e-lect! O sweet and blessed
p
pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppress. I know not, O I know not, What joys a-wait us
an-gel, And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ev-er in them, The day-light is se-
triumph, The song of them that feast. And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the
coun-try, That ea-ger heart expect! Je-su, in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of
f
Je-ru - - - sa-
there! What radiancy of glo-ry! What bliss beyond compare! Jerusalem the gol-den! With
rene; The pastures of the blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. Jerusalem the gol-den! With
fight, For-ev-er and for-ev-er Are clad in robes of white. Jerusalem the gol-den! With
rest! Who art with God the Father, And Spirit ev-er blest. Jerusalem the gol-den! With
lem the gold-en! Be-neath
milk and honey blest; Be-neath thy contem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppress.

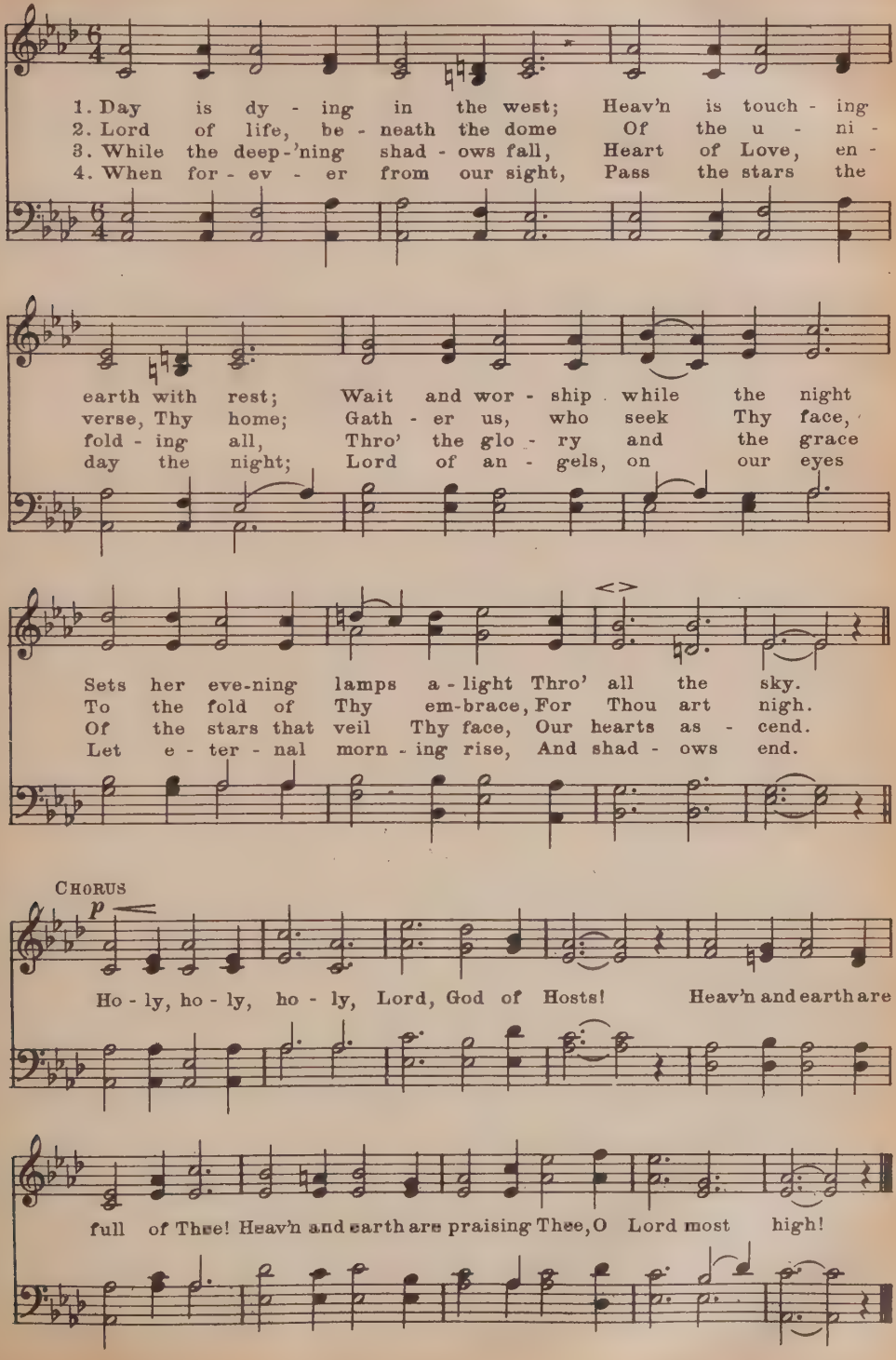
Ah, 'Tis A Dream

Translation from HEINE

EDWARD LASSEN

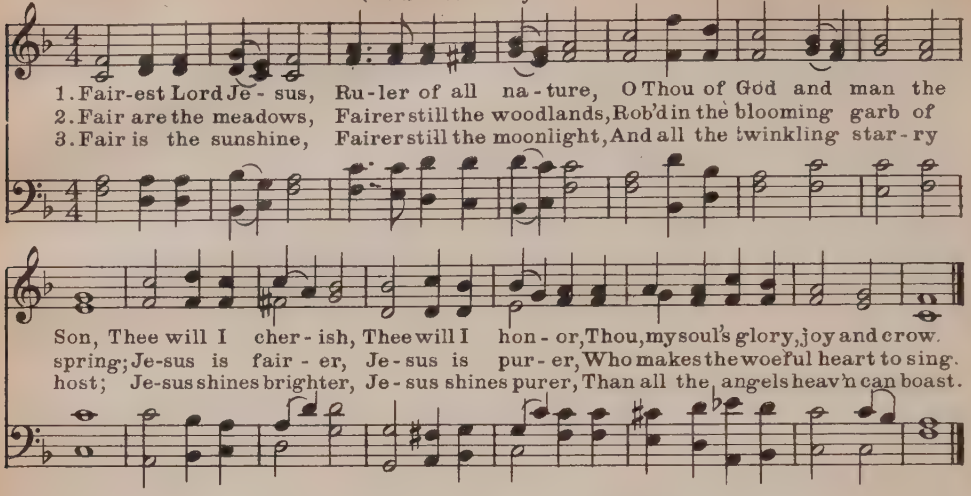

1. My na-tive land, a-gain it meets my eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
2. And now when far in dis-tant lands I roam My heart will wan-der to my
high, The vi - o-lets greet - ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.
home, But while these fan - cies teem, Ah! 'tis a dream.

Day Is Dying In The West

MARY A. LATHBURY — WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -
3. While the deep-'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -
4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars the
earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night
verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,
fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
day the night; Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
CHORUS
p
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler Of All Nature

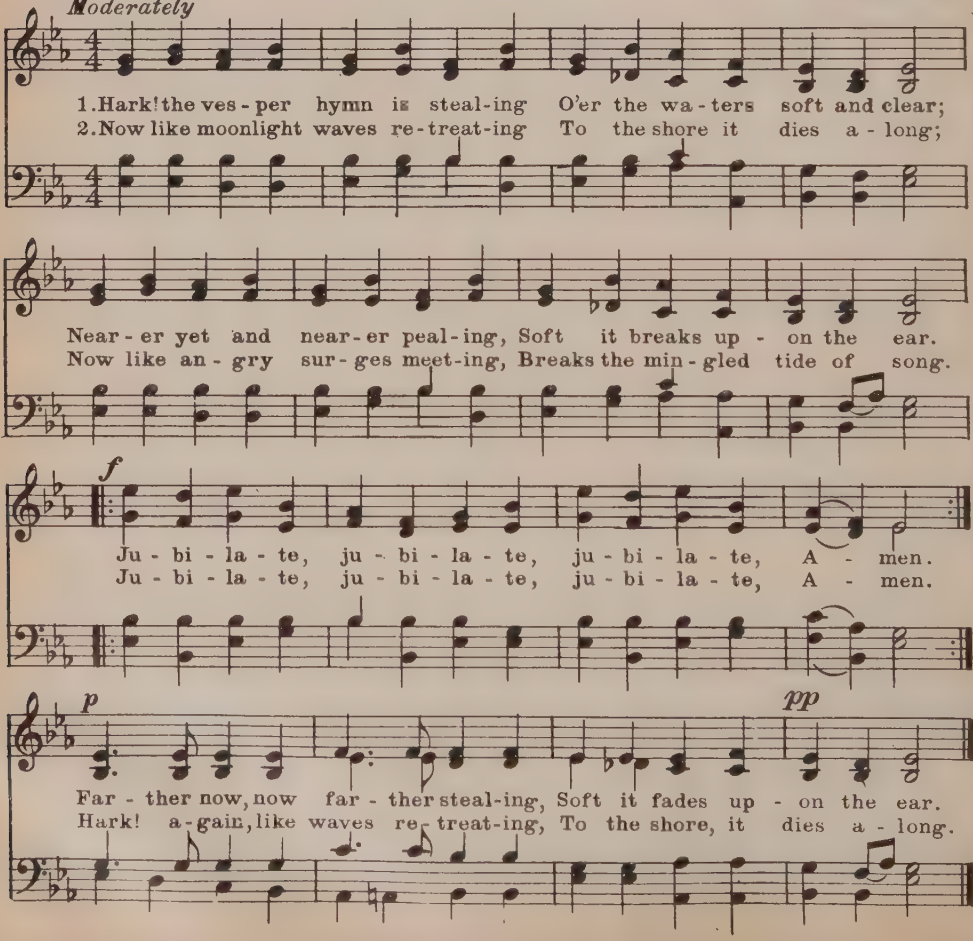
ANONYMOUS. FROM 12TH CENTURY (Crusaders' Hymn) GERMAN AIR


1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Ru-ler of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry
Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crow.
spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
host; Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Hark! The Vesper Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE RUSSIAN AIR

Moderately

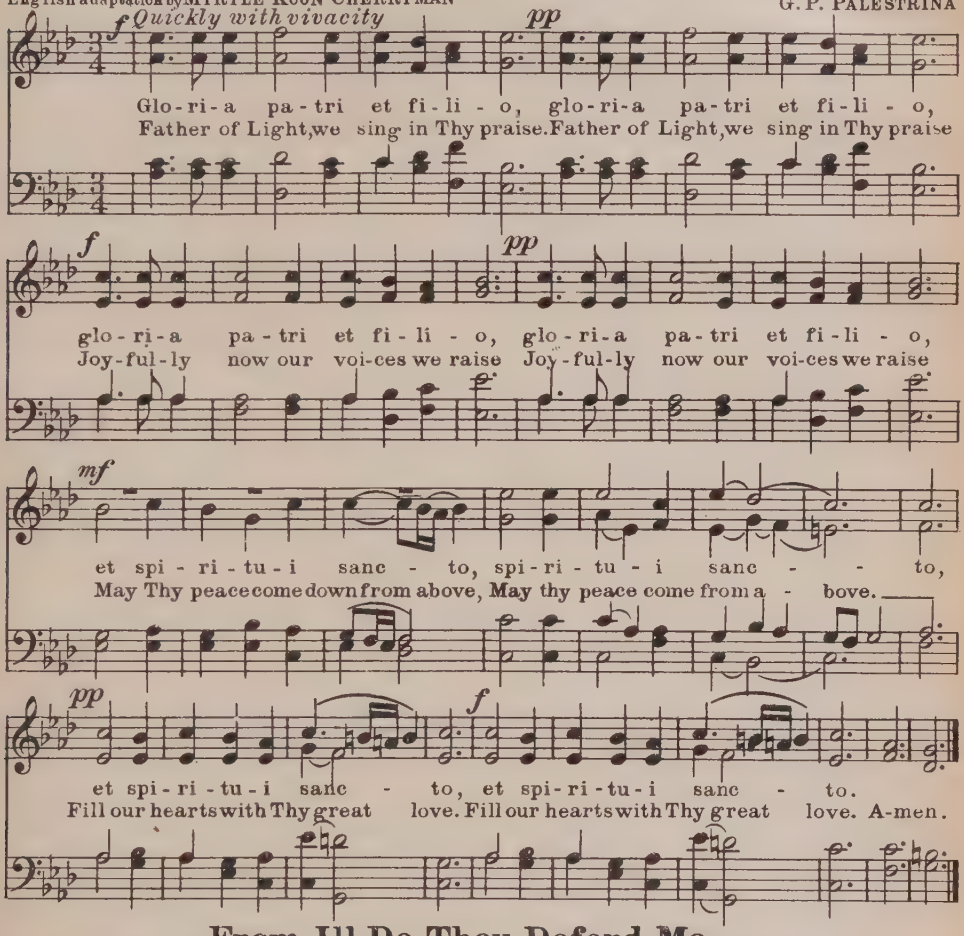

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing To the shore it dies a-long;
Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.
f
Ju-bi-la-te, ju-bi-la-te, ju-bi-la-te, A-men.
Ju-bi-la-te, ju-bi-la-te, ju-bi-la-te, A-men.
p
pp
Far-ther now, now far-ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.
Hark! a-gain, like waves re-treat-ing, To the shore, it dies a-long.

Gloria Patri

Palestrina was born in the ancient town of Palestrina, near Rome in about 1524. In 1571 he was appointed chapelmaster of St. Peter's in Rome, and soon after became composer to the Papal choir. Palestrina's work is among the greatest in choral music. A great many of his choruses are used today, but probably the most frequently used one is "Gloria Patri," one of the forms of which is given below.

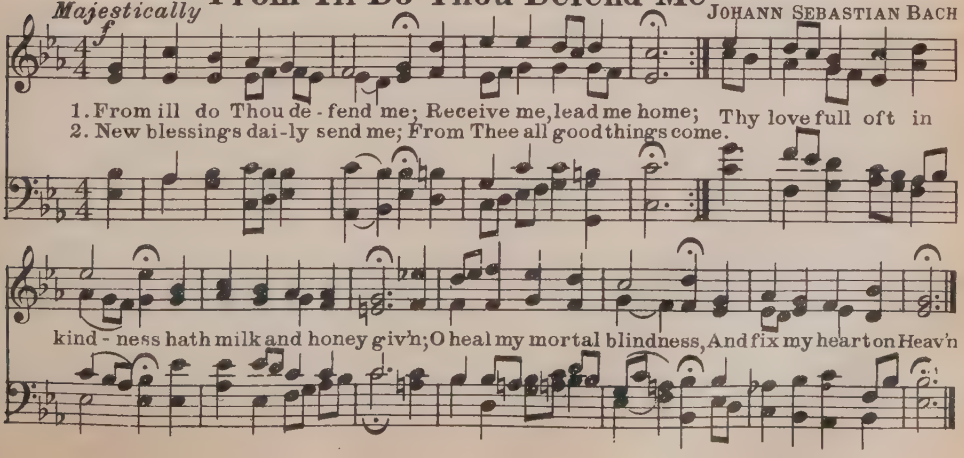
English adaptation by MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

G. P. PALESTRINA


f Quickly with vivacity
pp
Glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise. Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise
f
pp
glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise
mf
et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to,
May Thy peace come down from above, May thy peace come from a-bove.
pp
f
et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to, et spi-ri-tu-i sanc-to.
Fill our hearts with Thy great love. Fill our hearts with Thy great love. A-men.

From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

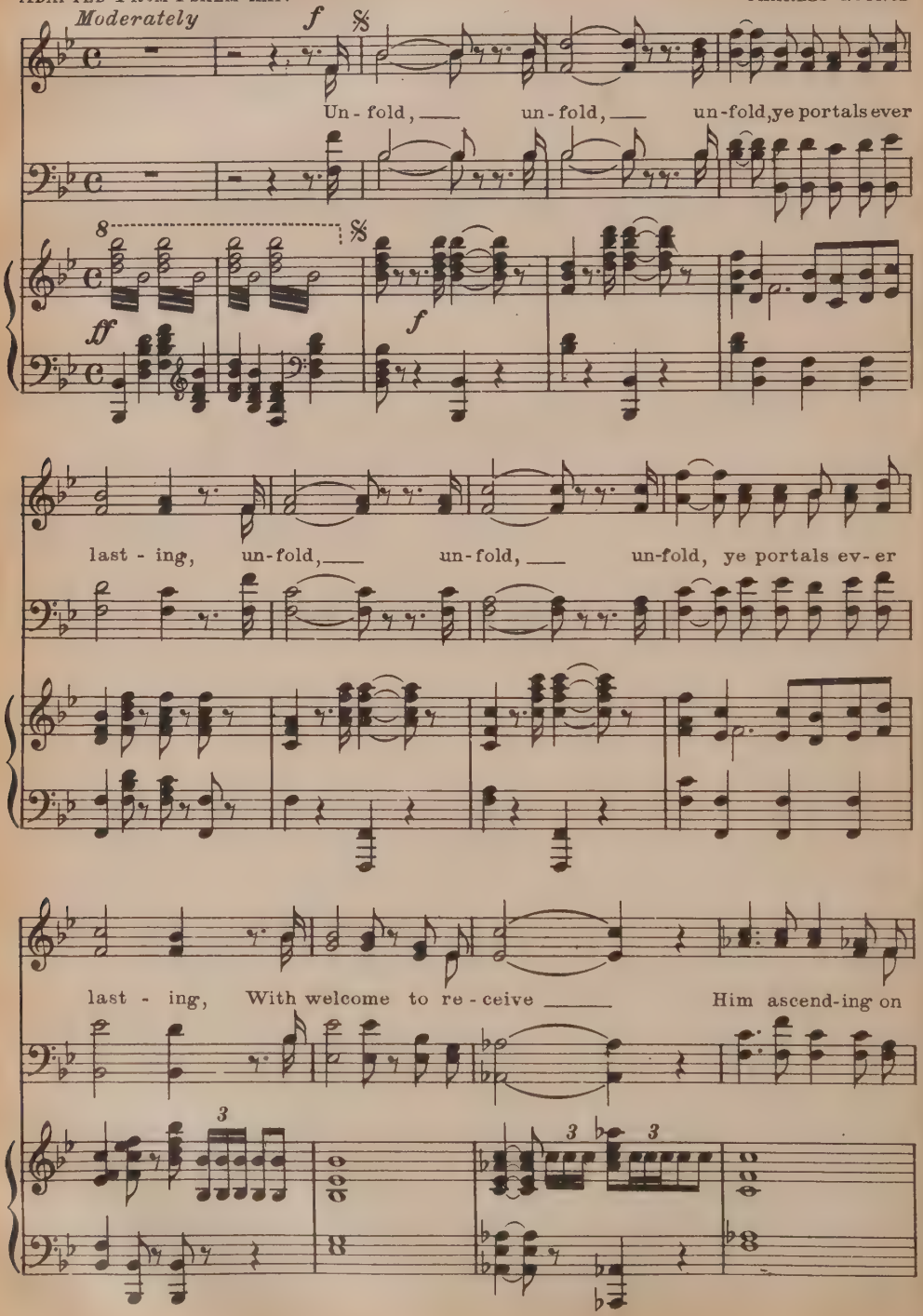
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH


Majestically
f
1. From ill do Thou de-fend me; Receive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in
2. New blessings dai-ly send me; From Thee all good things come.
kind-ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mortal blindness, And fix my heart on Heav'n

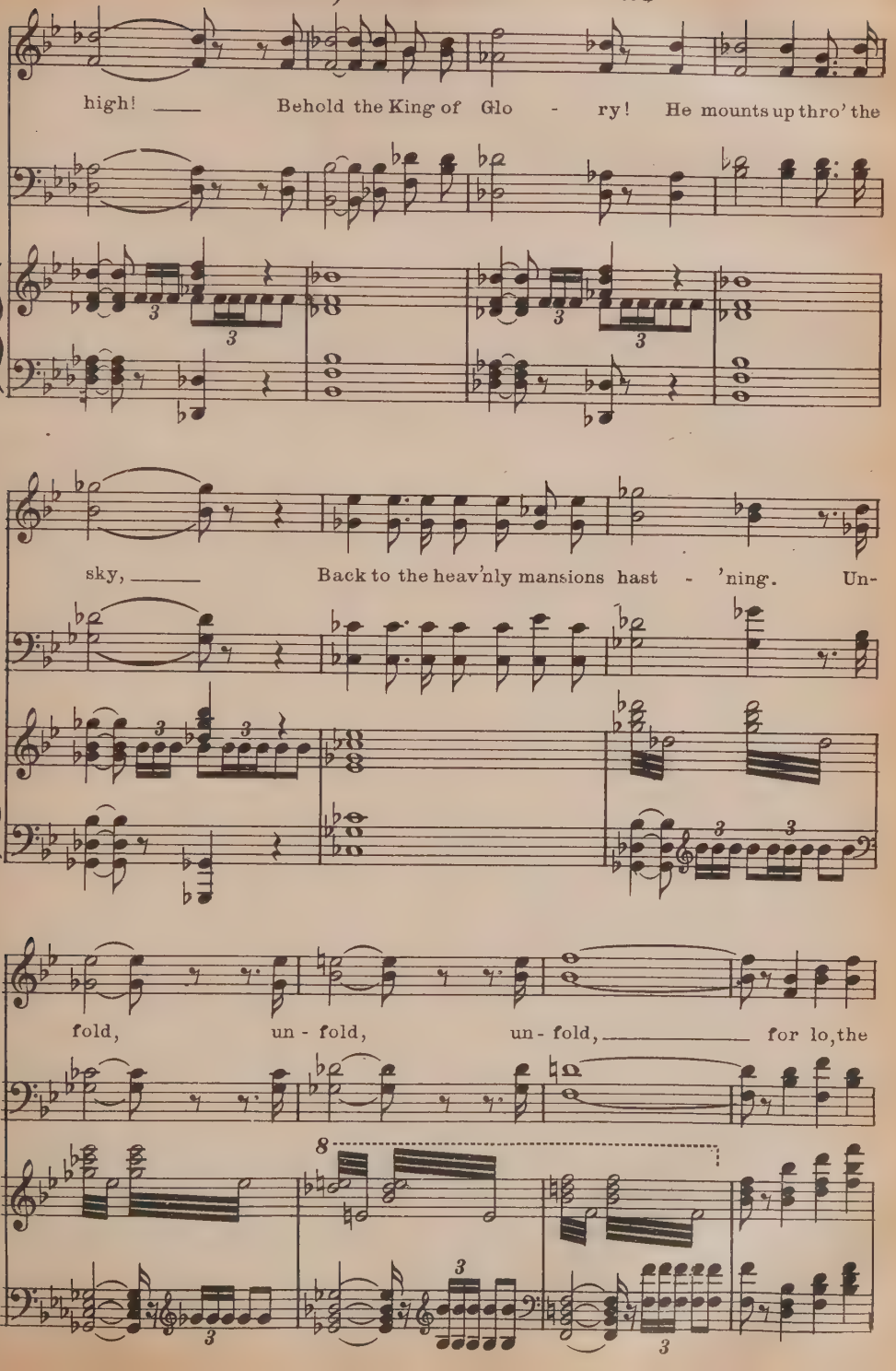
Unfold, Ye Portals

(From the oratorio "The Redemption")

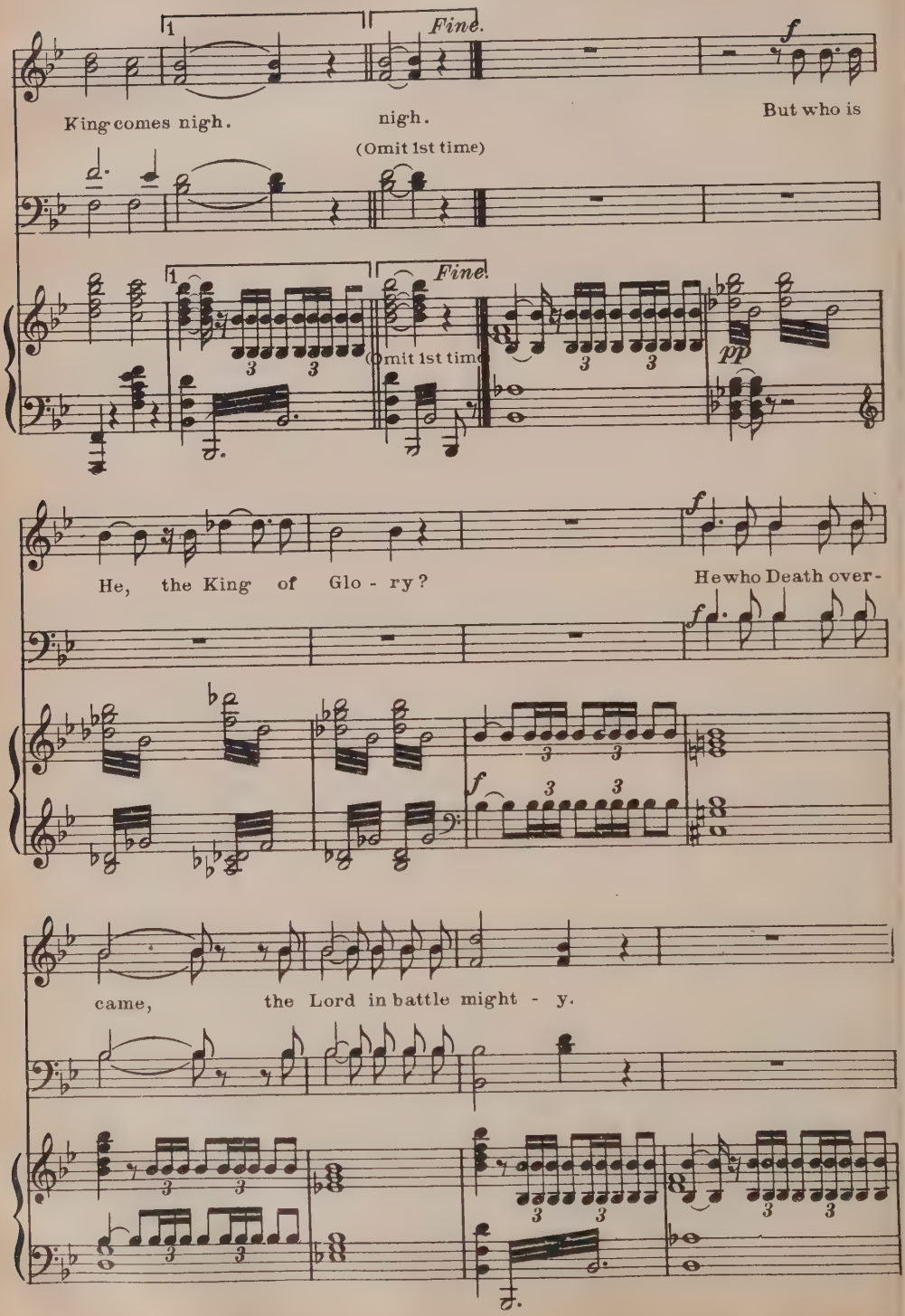
ADAPTED FROM PSALM XXIV — CHARLES GOUNOD


Moderately
f
Un - fold, ___ un - fold, ___ un-fold, ye portals ever
ff
f
last - ing, un-fold, ___ un-fold, ___ un-fold, ye portals ev-er
last - ing, With welcome to re - ceive ___ Him ascend-ing on

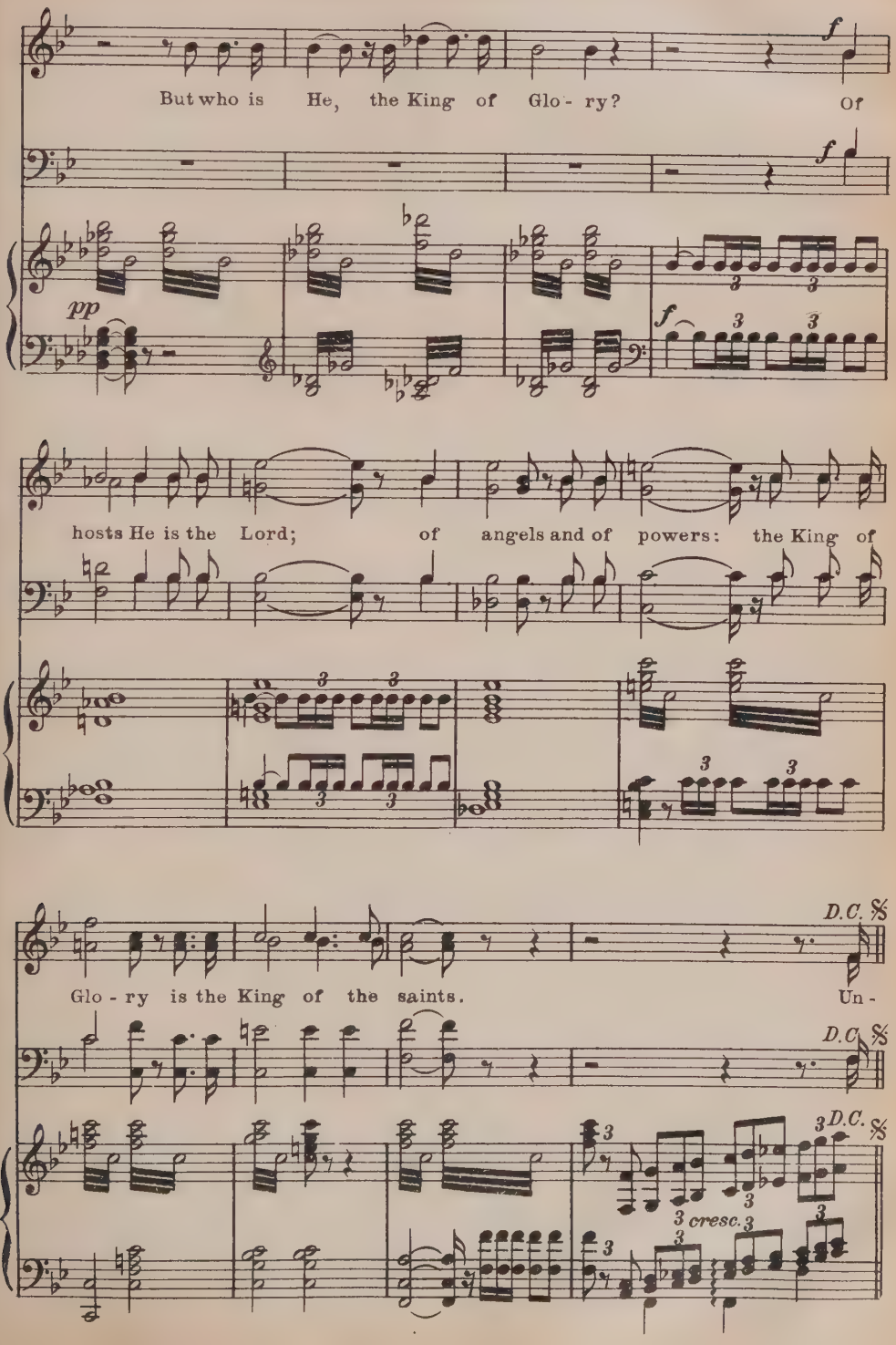
Unfold, Ye Portals—Continued


high! Behold the King of Glo - ry! He mounts up thro' the
sky, Back to the heav'nly mansions hast - 'ning. Un-
fold, un - fold, un - fold, for lo, the

Unfold, Ye Portals–Continued



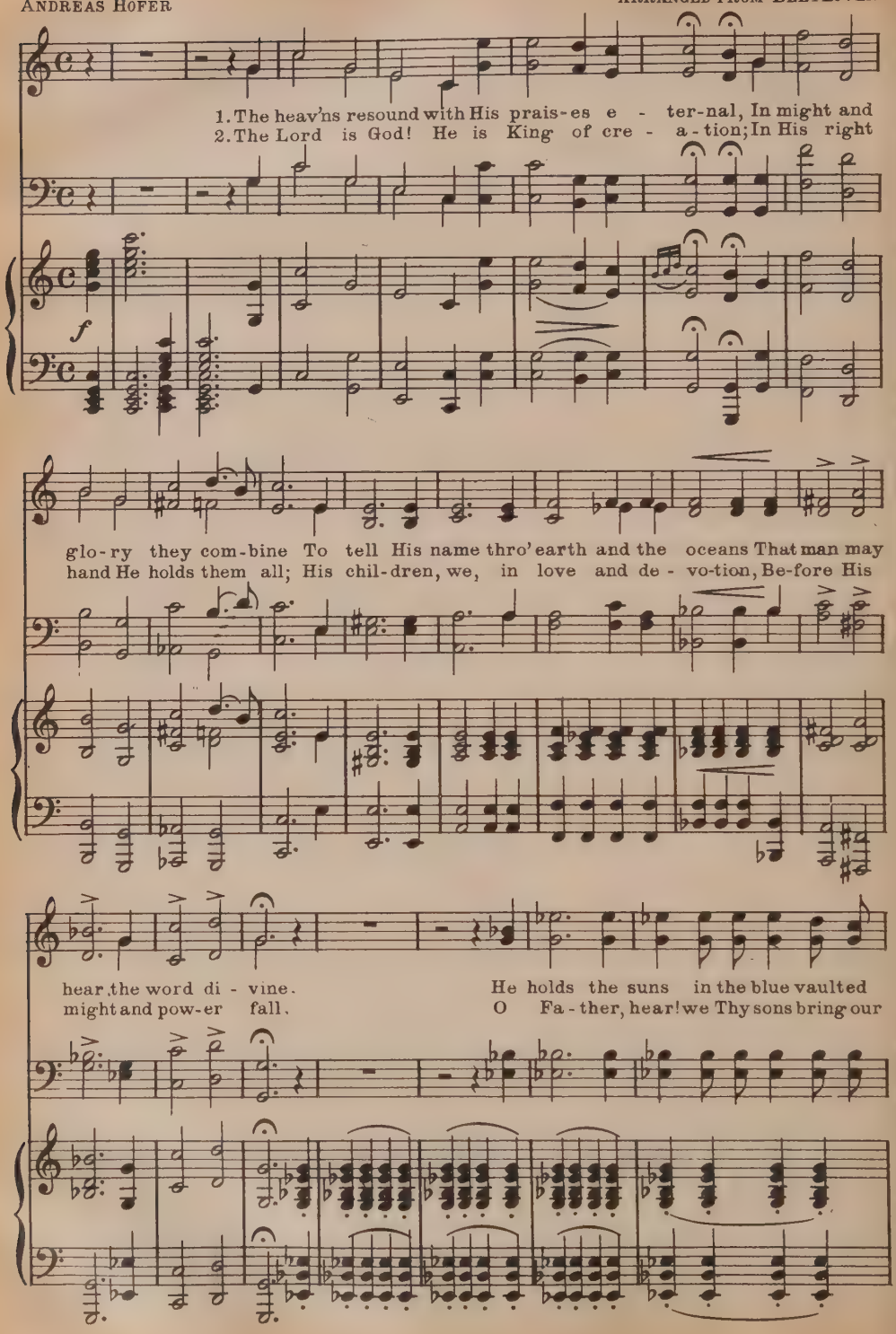
Unfold, Ye Portals–Concluded


But who is He, the King of Glo - ry? Of
hosts He is the Lord; of angels and of powers: the King of
Glo - ry is the King of the saints. Un -
f
pp
D.C. 𝄋
cresc.

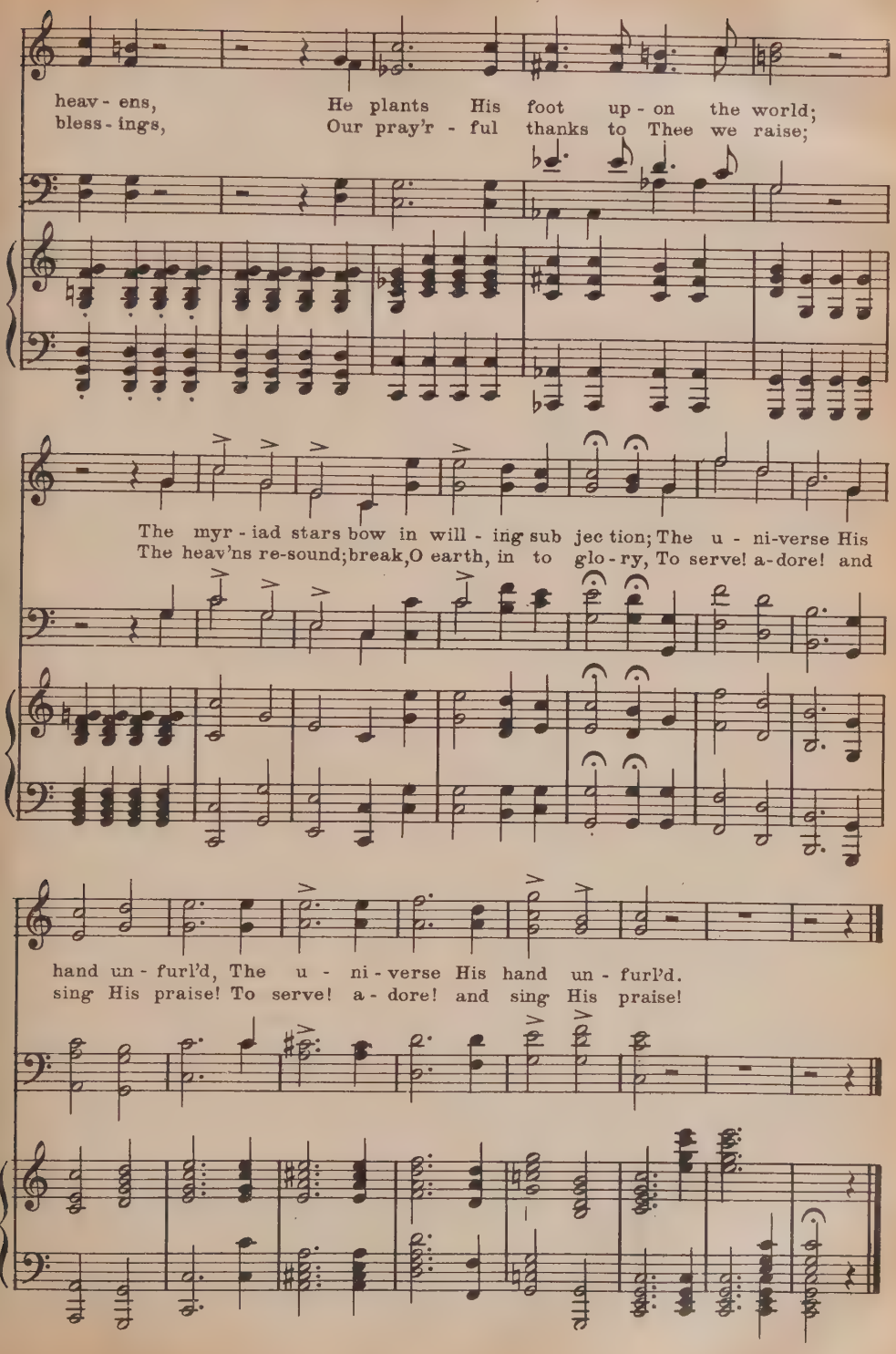
The Heavens Resound

ANDREAS HOFER

ARRANGED FROM BEETHOVEN


1. The heav'ns resound with His prais-es e - ter-nal, In might and
2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a-tion; In His right
f
glo-ry they com-bine To tell His name thro' earth and the oceans That man may
hand He holds them all; His chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo-tion, Be-fore His
hear the word di - vine.
might and pow-er fall.
He holds the suns in the blue vaulted
O Fa-ther, hear! we Thy sons bring our

The Heavens Resound—Concluded


heav - ens, He plants His foot up - on the world;
bless - ings, Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise;
The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub jec tion; The u - ni-verse His
The heav'ns re-sound; break, O earth, in to glo - ry, To serve! a-dore! and
hand un - furl'd, The u - ni-verse His hand un - furl'd.
sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

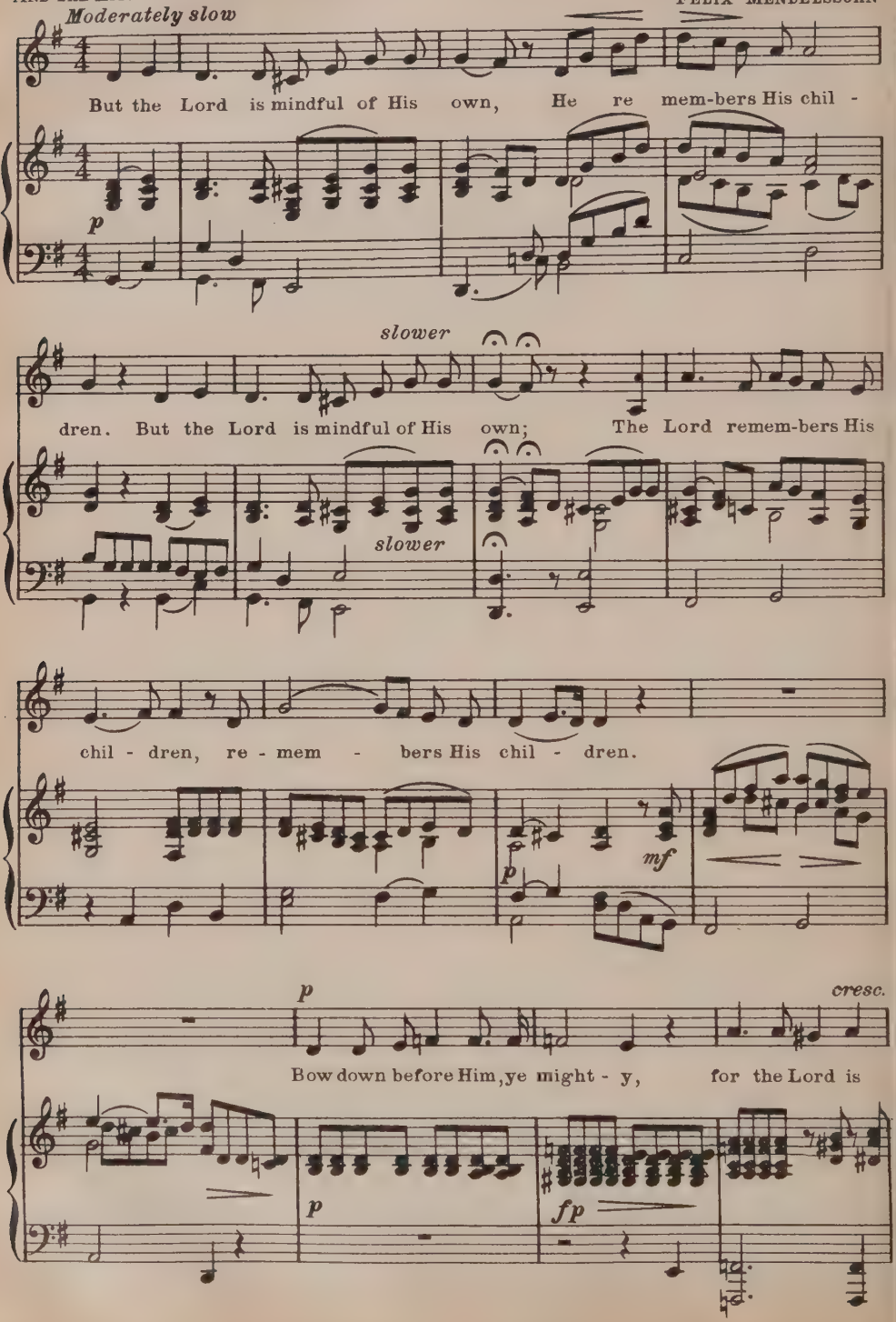
But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own

ADAPTED FROM THE PSALMS AND THE EPISTLES OF PAUL.

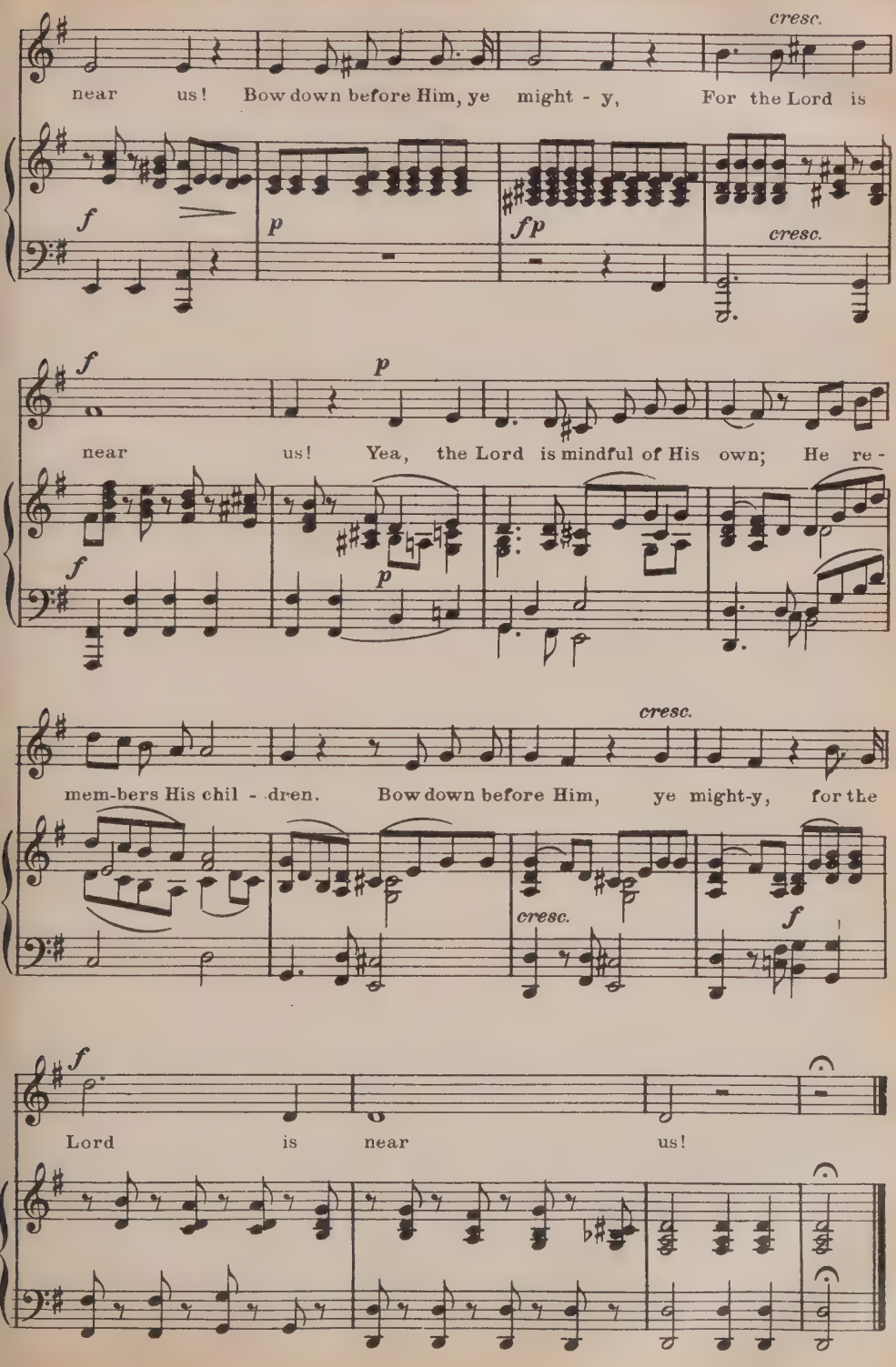
(From the oratorio "St. Paul")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Moderately slow


But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re mem-bers His chil -
p
slower
dren. But the Lord is mindful of His own; The Lord remem-bers His
slower
chil - dren, re - mem - bers His chil - dren.
p
mf
p
cresc.
Bow down before Him, ye might - y, for the Lord is
p
fp

But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own—Concluded



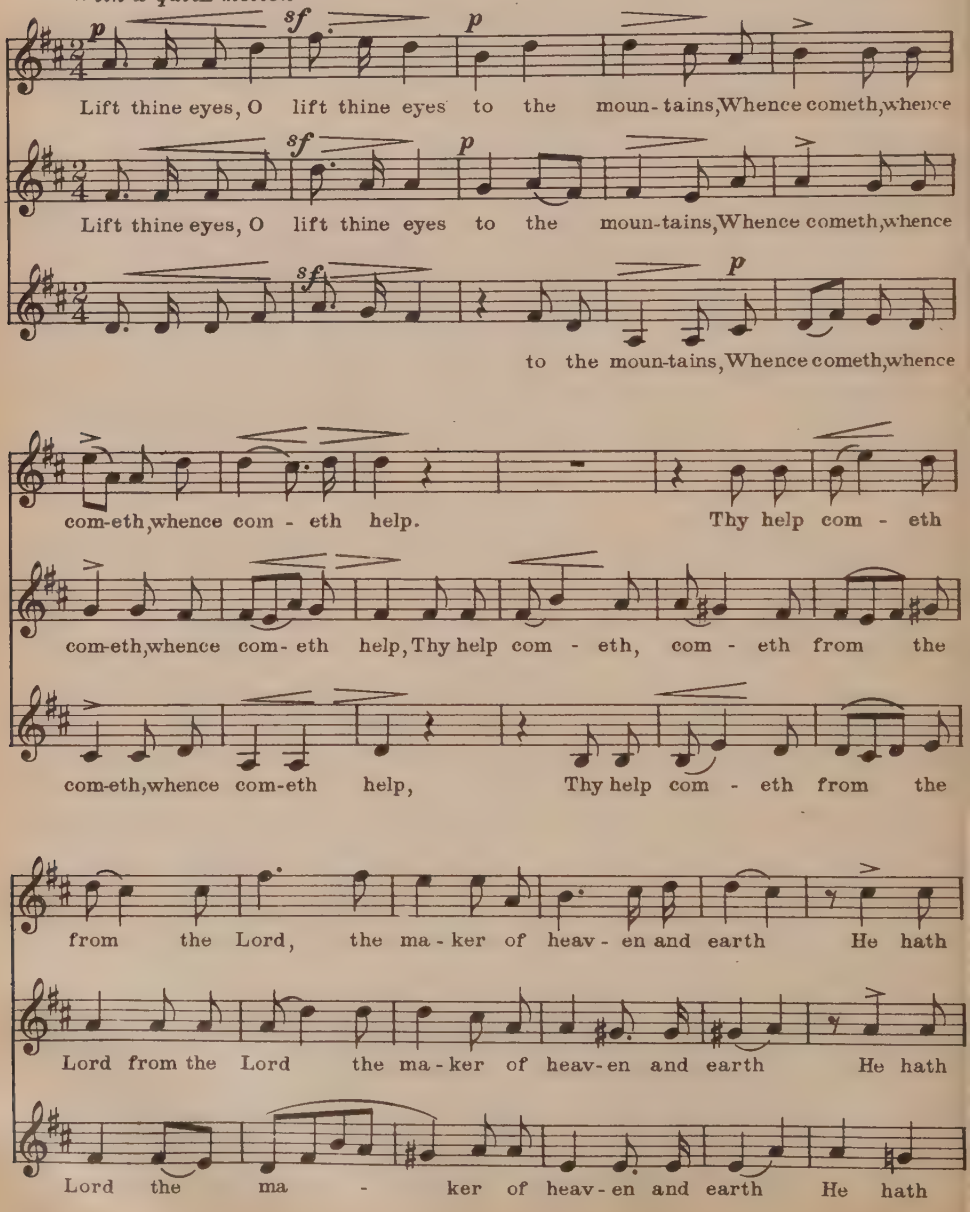
Lift Thine Eyes

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" of which the selection "Lift Thine Eyes" is one of the most popular, was first performed in 1846 at a festival given in Birmingham, England.

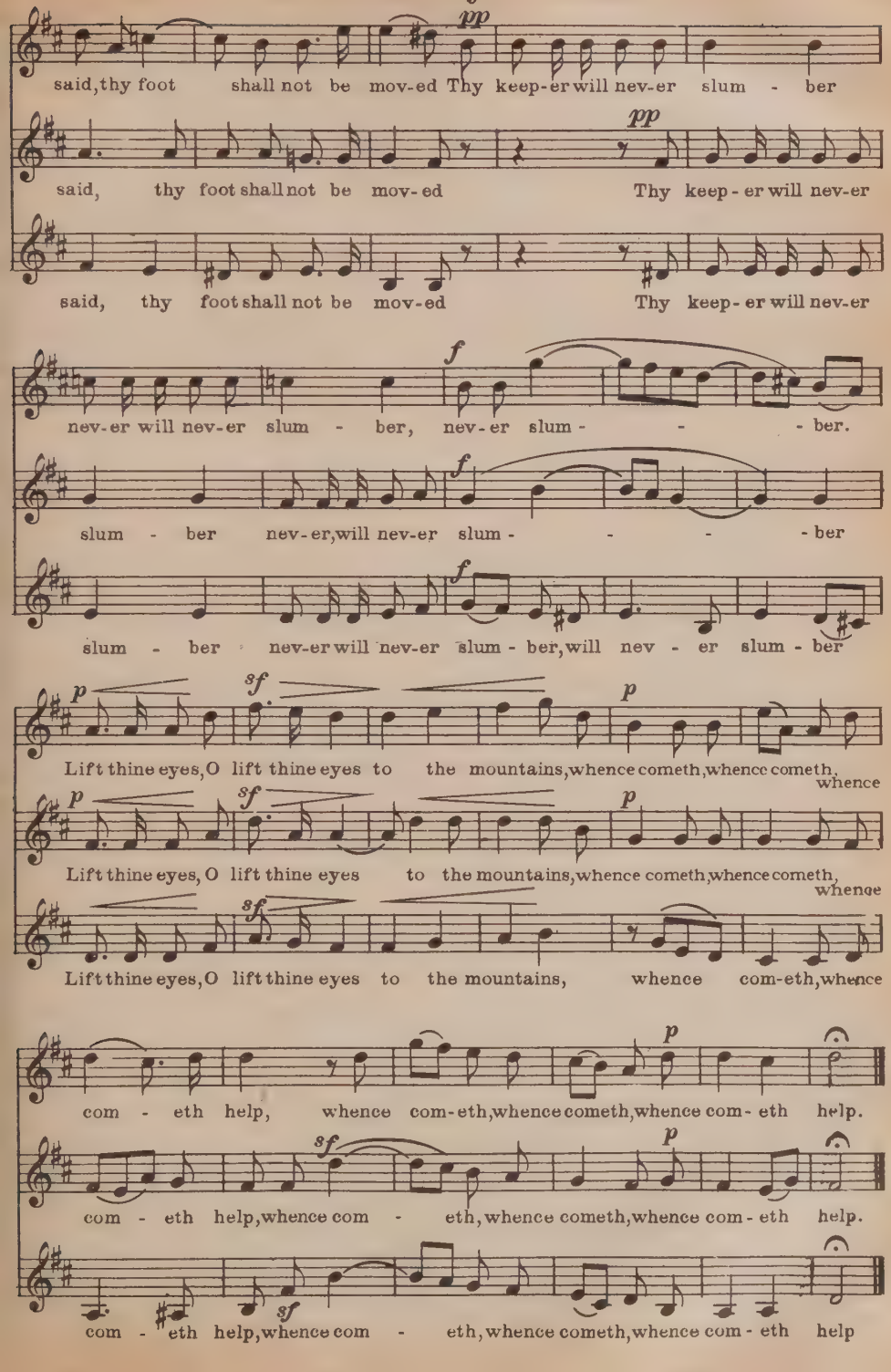
The oratorio is divided into two parts. The first tells of the prophet Elijah's experiences up to the time when his offering on Mount Carmel is consumed by fire sent from heaven and the rain falls upon the drought-stricken land. The second part portrays Elijah's life until he is carried to heaven in a fiery chariot. The entire oratorio is intensely dramatic.

Mendelssohn spent many years in its preparation, for, even as he worked upon it, he realized that it was to be his masterpiece. From the composition of the music, he took the keenest pleasure. It was his last great composition, for at the time of its first performance, Mendelssohn was losing strength which led to his death in 1847.

F. M. *With a quick motion* FELIX MENDELSSOHN


Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
com-eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth
com-eth, whence com- eth help, Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the
com-eth, whence com-eth help, Thy help com - eth from the
from the Lord, the ma - ker of heav - en and earth He hath
Lord from the Lord the ma - ker of heav-en and earth He hath
Lord the ma - ker of heav - en and earth He hath

Lift Thine Eyes—Concluded

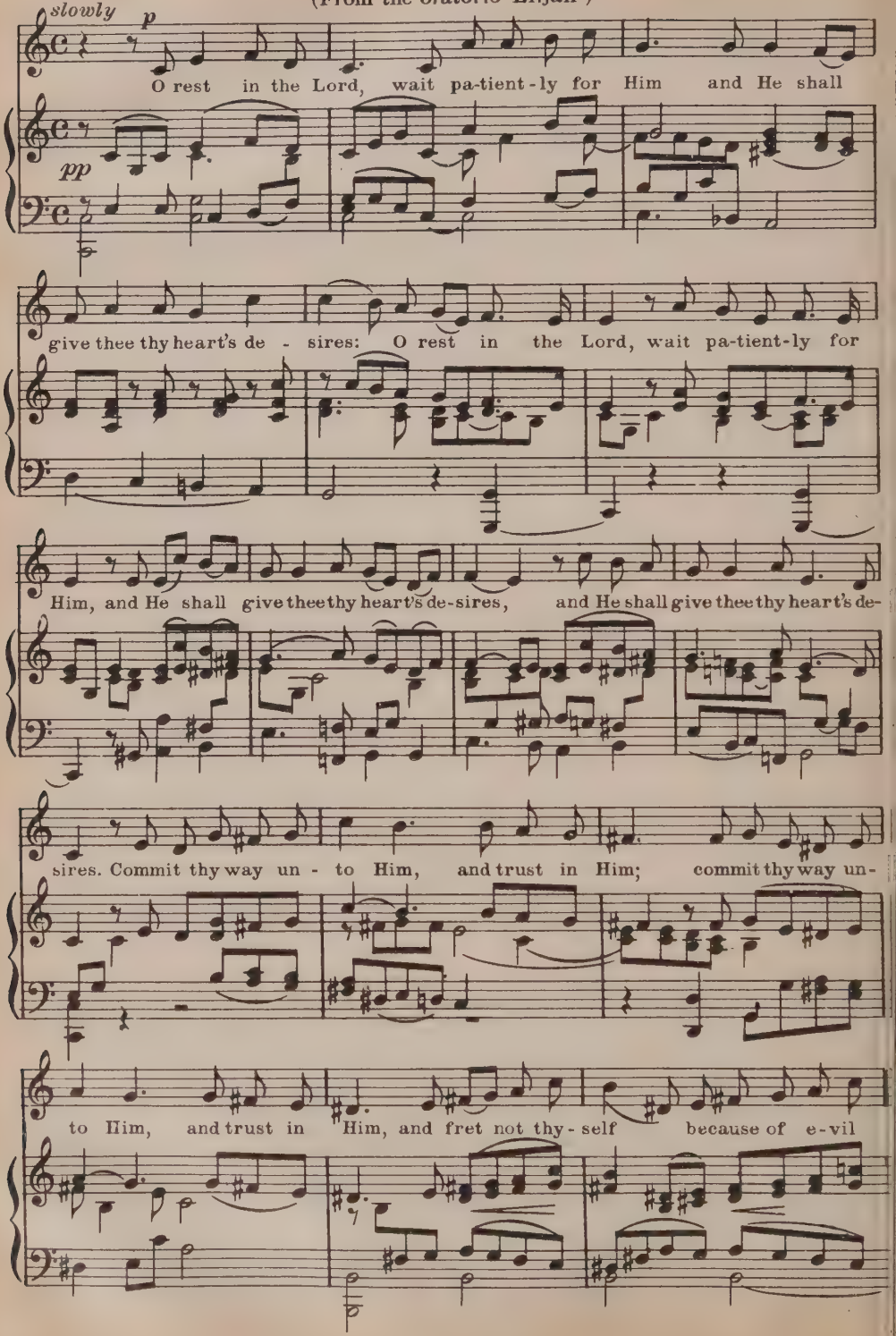

said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber
said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep - er will nev-er
said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep - er will nev-er
nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, nev - er slum - - - ber.
slum - ber nev-er, will nev-er slum - - - - ber
slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com-eth, whence
com - eth help, whence com-eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help

ADAPTED FROM THE 37th PSALM

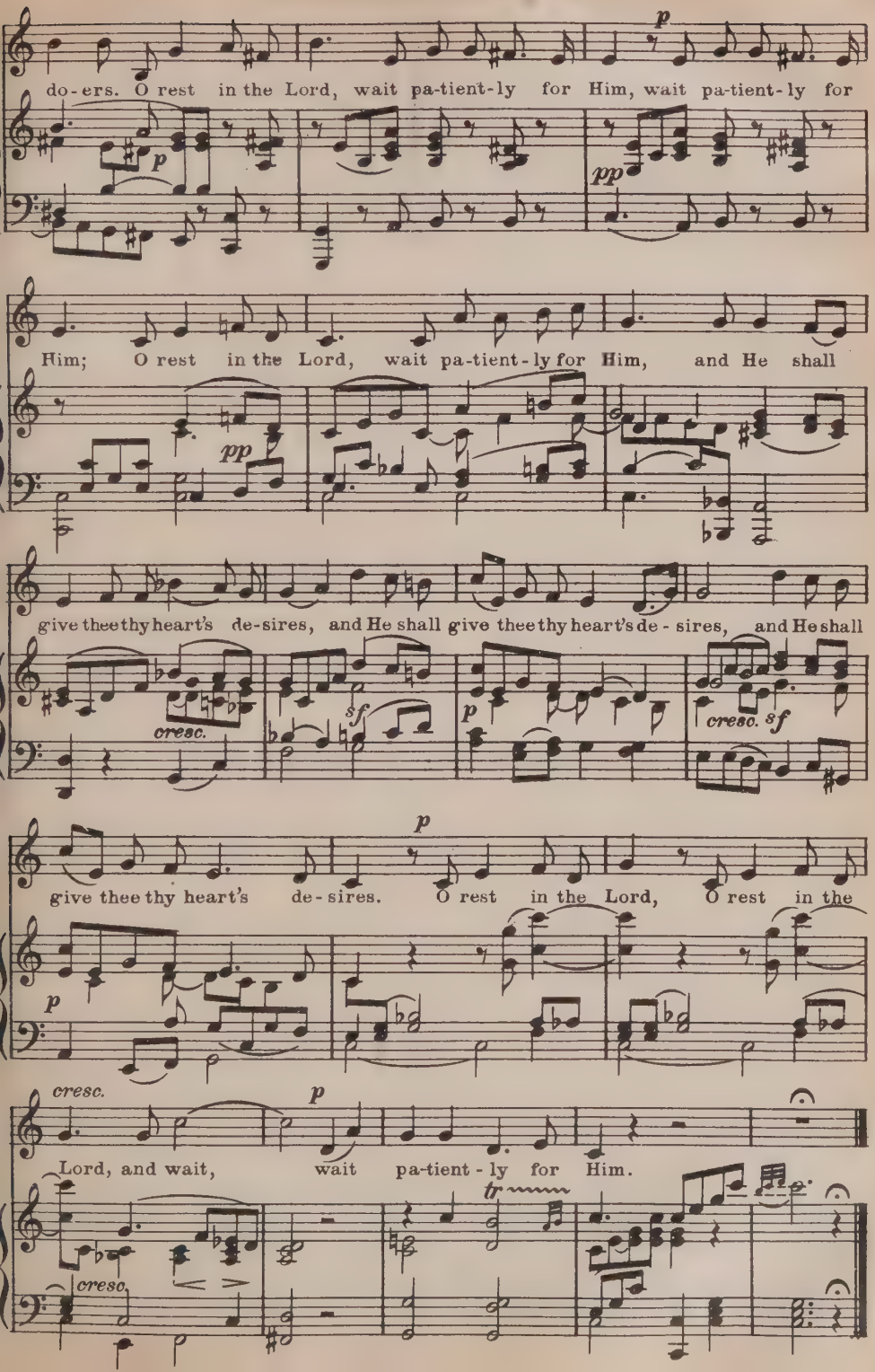
O Rest In The Lord

(From the oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN


slowly
p
O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him and He shall
pp
give thee thy heart's de - sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for
Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-
sires. Commit thy way un - to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-
to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e-vil

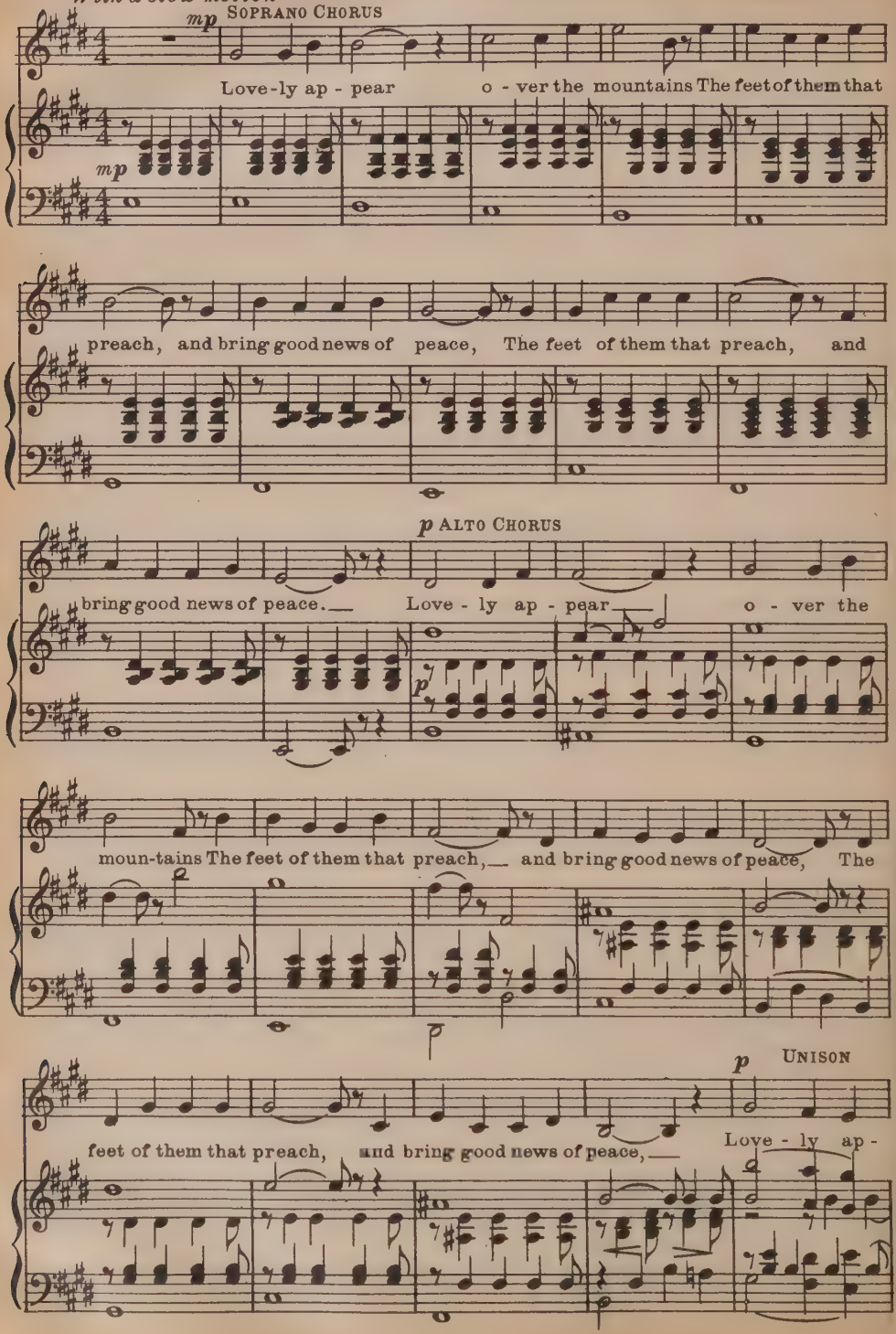
O Rest In The Lord—Concluded


do-ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for
Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall
give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall
give thee thy heart's de-sires. O rest in the Lord, O rest in the
Lord, and wait, wait pa-tient-ly for Him.
cresc.
p
pp
sf
tr

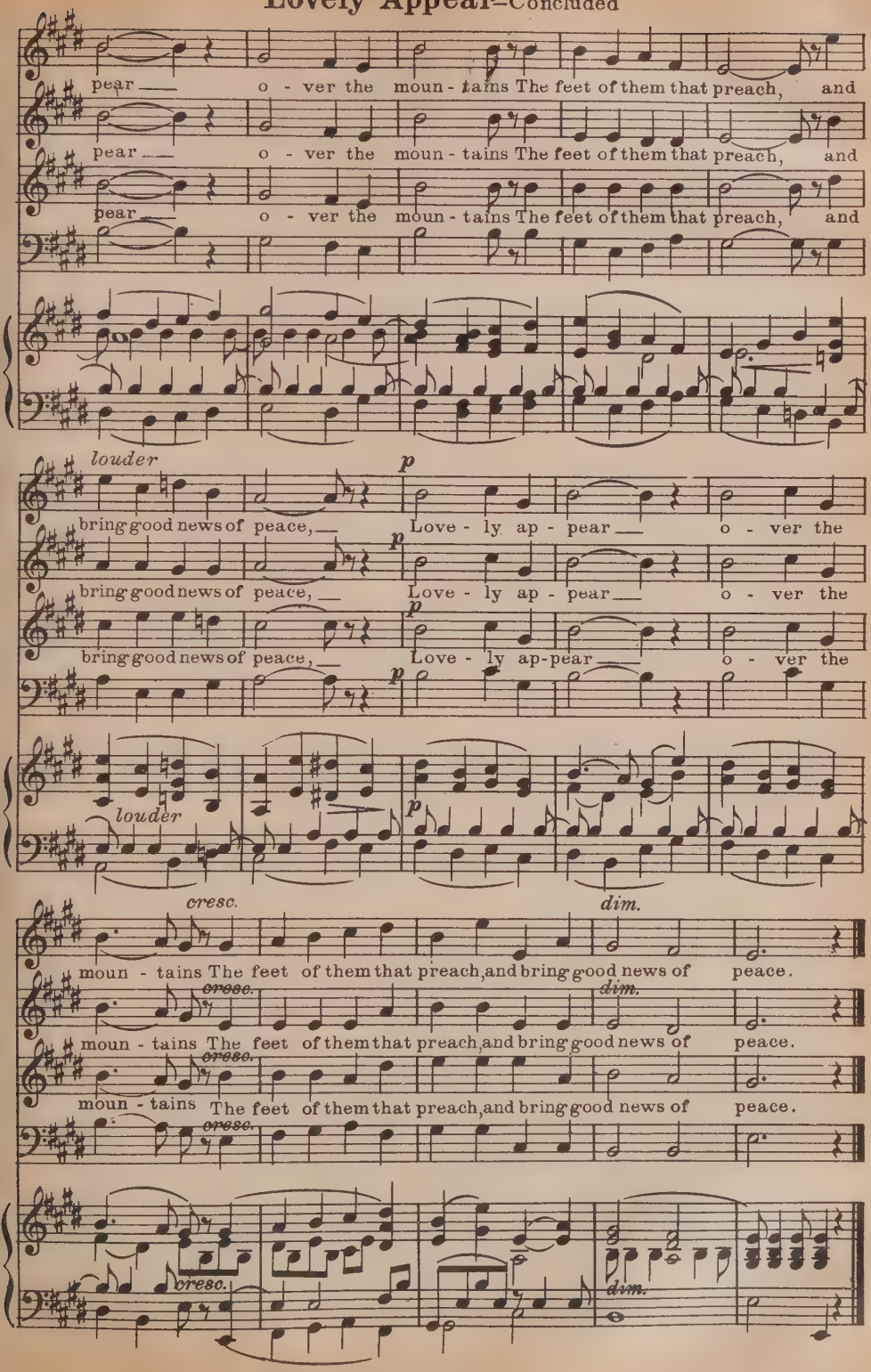
Lovely Appear

ADAPTED FROM ISAIAH LII:7 (From the oratorio "The Redemption") CHARLES GOUNOD

With a slow motion

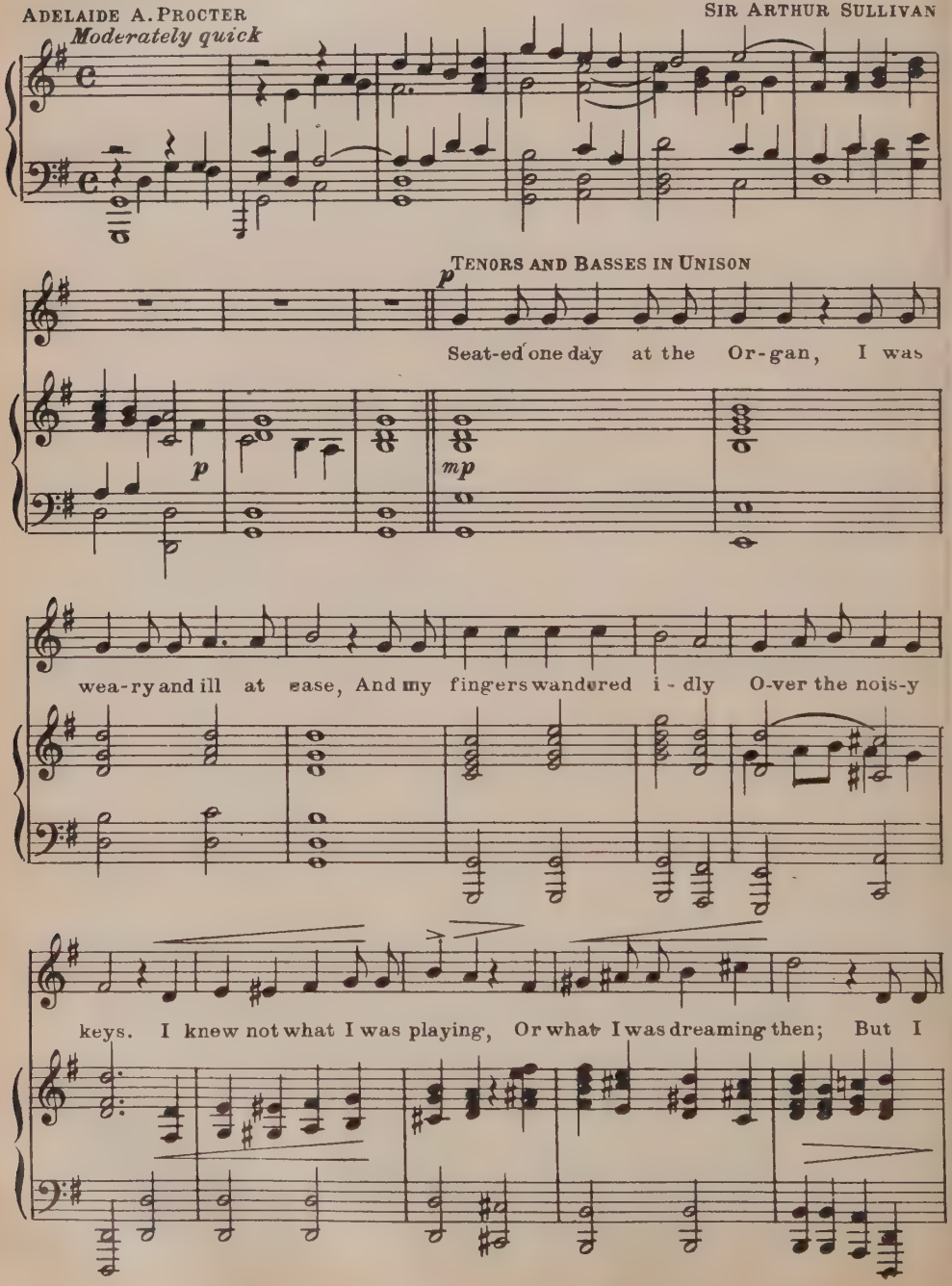

mp
SOPRANO CHORUS
Love-ly ap - pear o - ver the mountains The feet of them that
mp
preach, and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and
p ALTO CHORUS
bring good news of peace. Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the
p
moun-tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace, The
p
UNISON
feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace, Love - ly ap -

Lovely Appear–Concluded

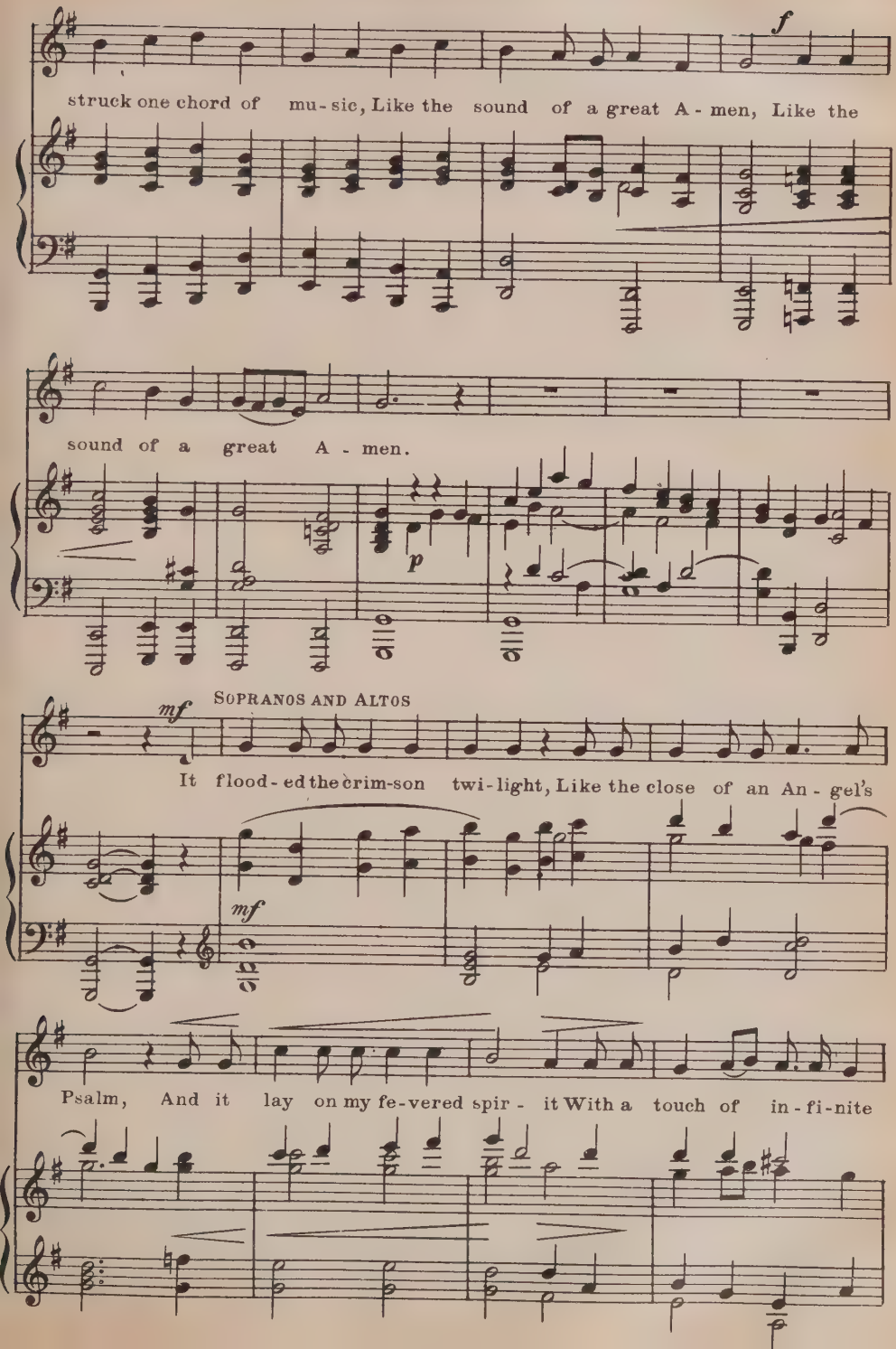

pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
pear o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
louder
p
bring good news of peace, Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the
bring good news of peace, Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the
bring good news of peace, Love - ly ap-pear o - ver the
louder
cresc.
dim.
moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
cresc.
dim.

The Lost Chord

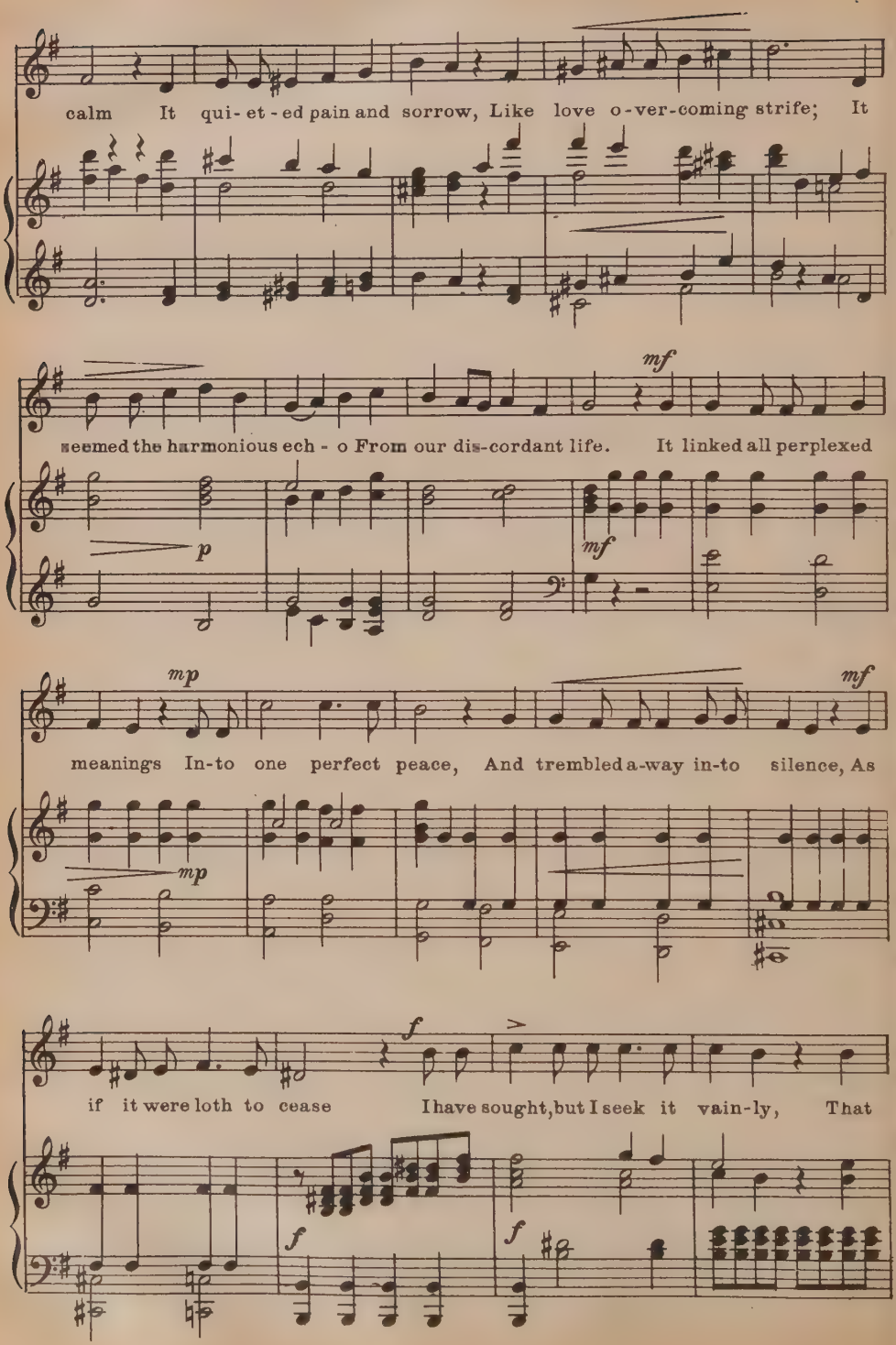
Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, one of the best known of English composers, was born in London in 1842. His songs and hymns, also his light operas written in conjunction with Sir W. S. Gilbert are sung and loved everywhere. "The Lost Chord", "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Mikado" are the most popular of his compositions. Sullivan was knighted in recognition of his musical work. He died in London in 1900.


ADELAIDE A. PROCTER
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Moderately quick
TENORS AND BASSES IN UNISON
Seat-ed one day at the Or-gan, I was
wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i-dly O-ver the nois-y
keys. I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I

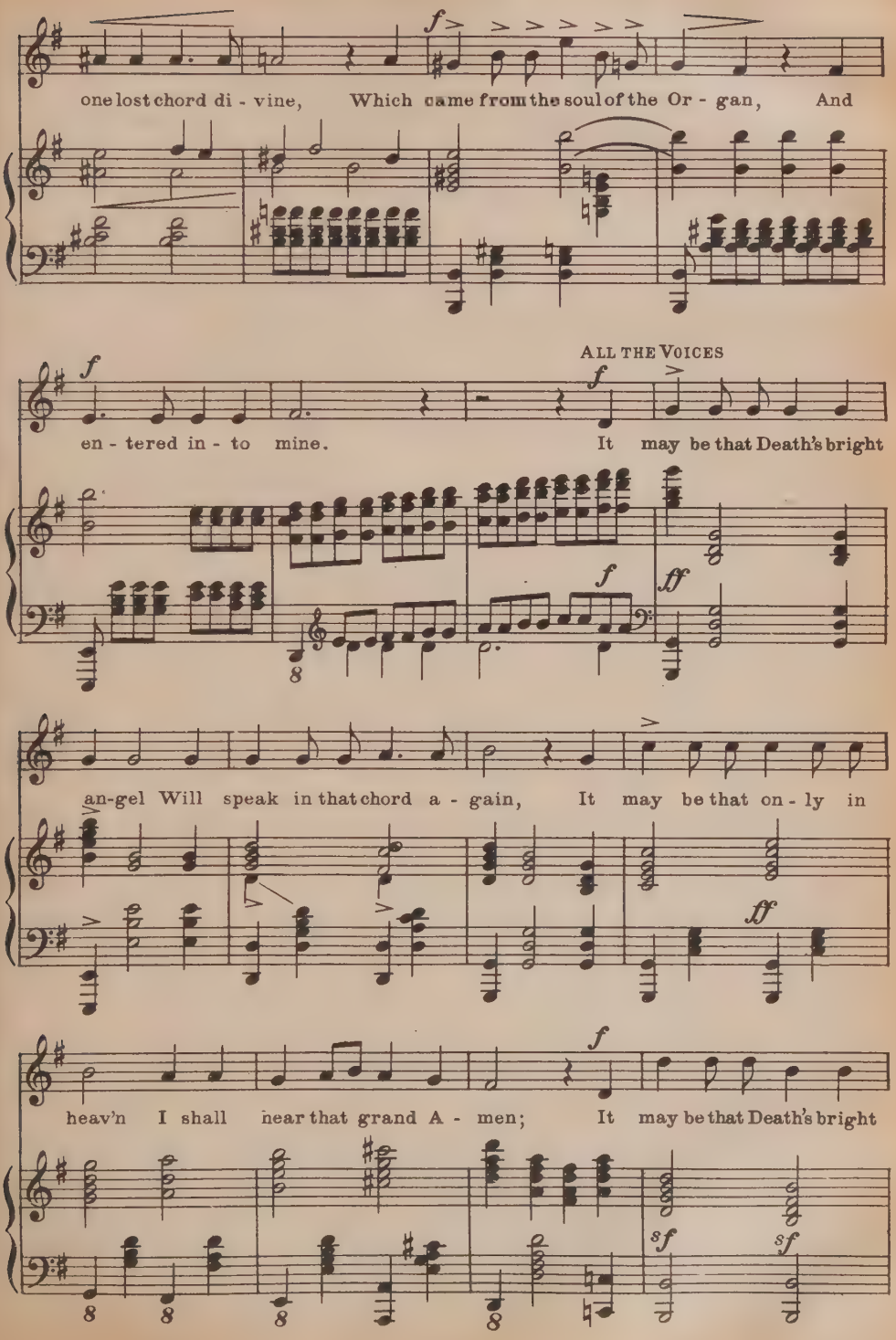
The Lost Chord–Continued


f
struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the
sound of a great A-men.
p
mf
SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's
mf
Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir-it With a touch of in-fi-nite

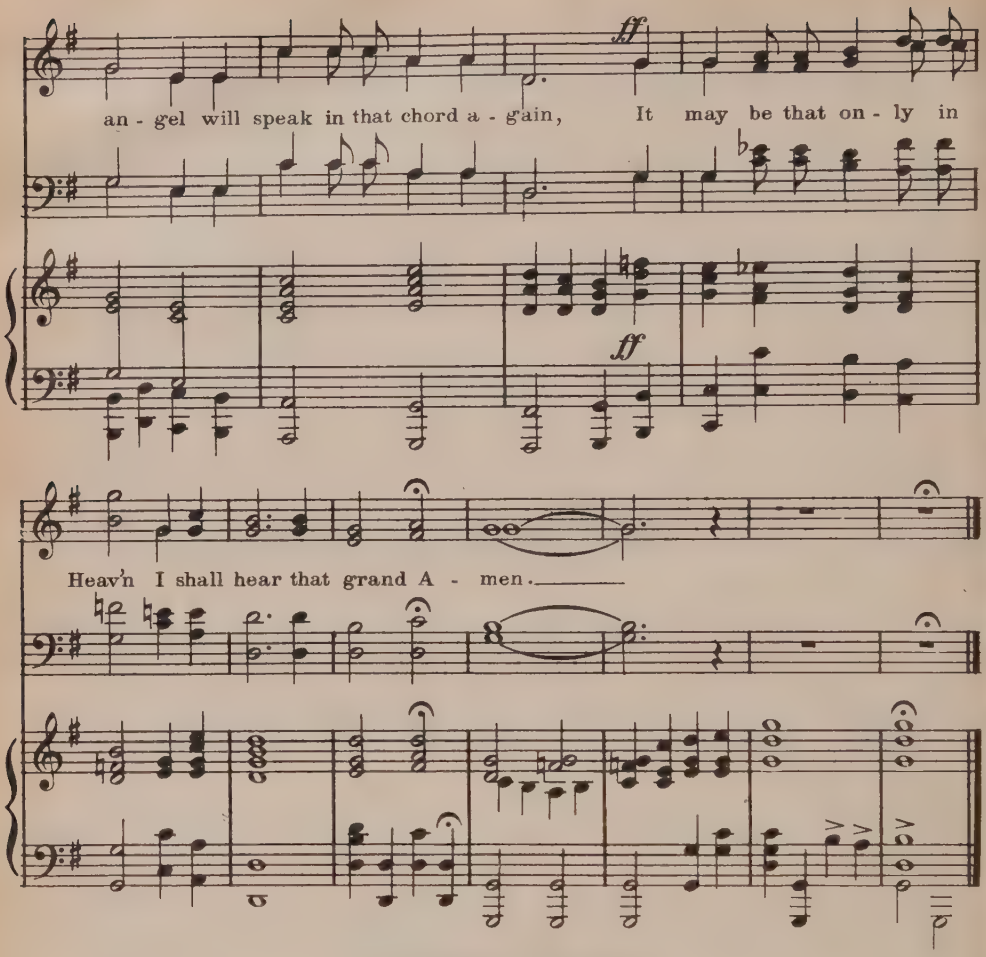
The Lost Chord–Continued


calm It qui-et-ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver-coming strife; It
mf
seemed the harmonious ech-o From our dis-cordant life. It linked all perplexed
p
mf
mp
mf
meanings In-to one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to silence, As
mp
f
if it were loth to cease I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That
f
f

The Lost Chord–Continued


one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And
ALL THE VOICES
en - tered in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright
an-gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in
heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright

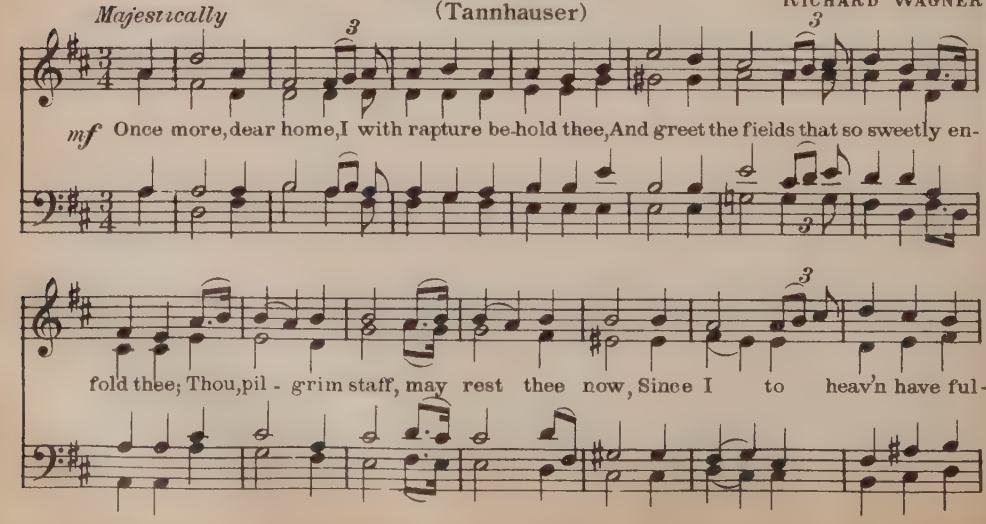
The Lost Chord—Concluded

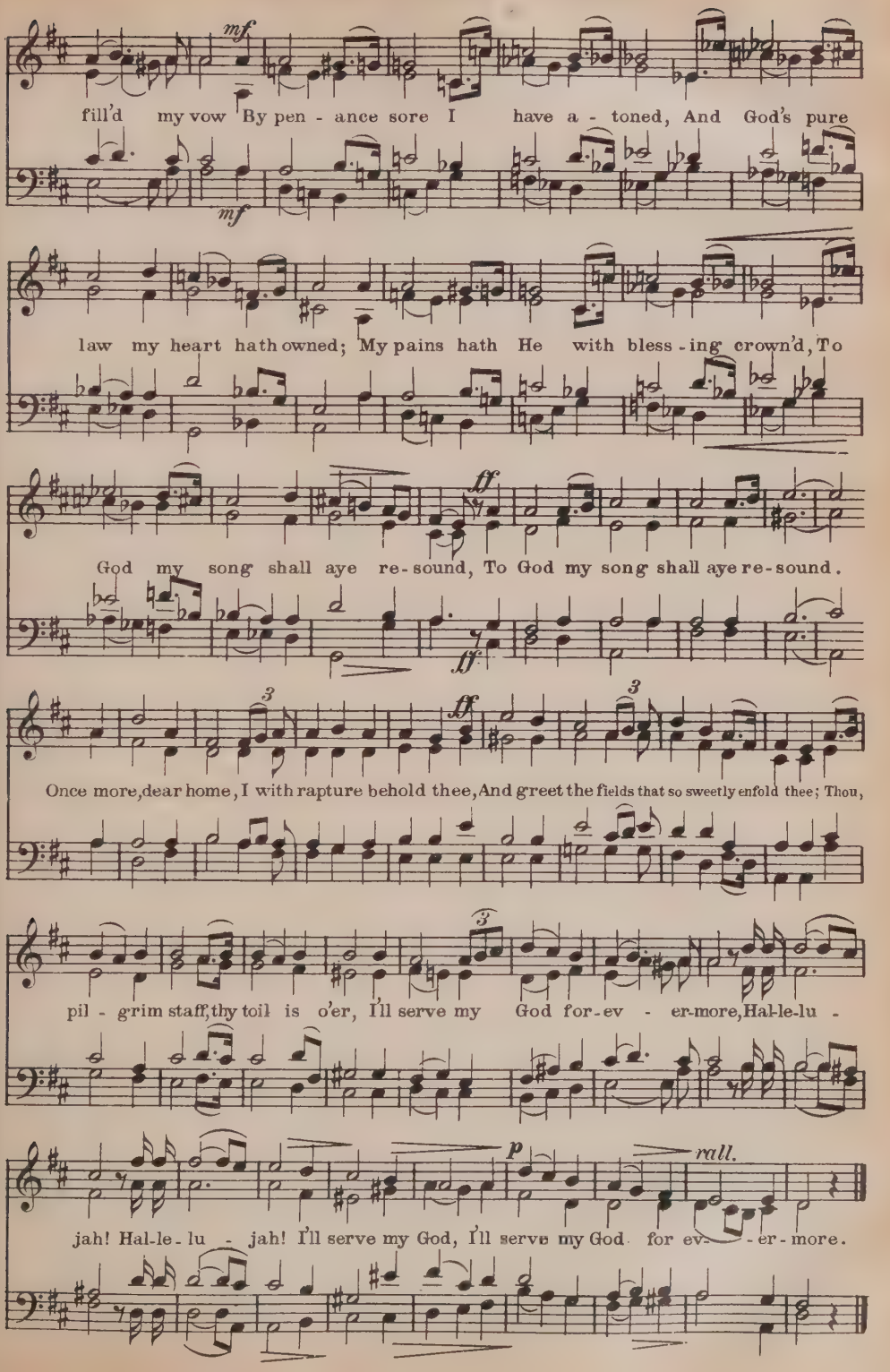


Pilgrims' Chorus

(Tannhauser)

RICHARD WAGNER

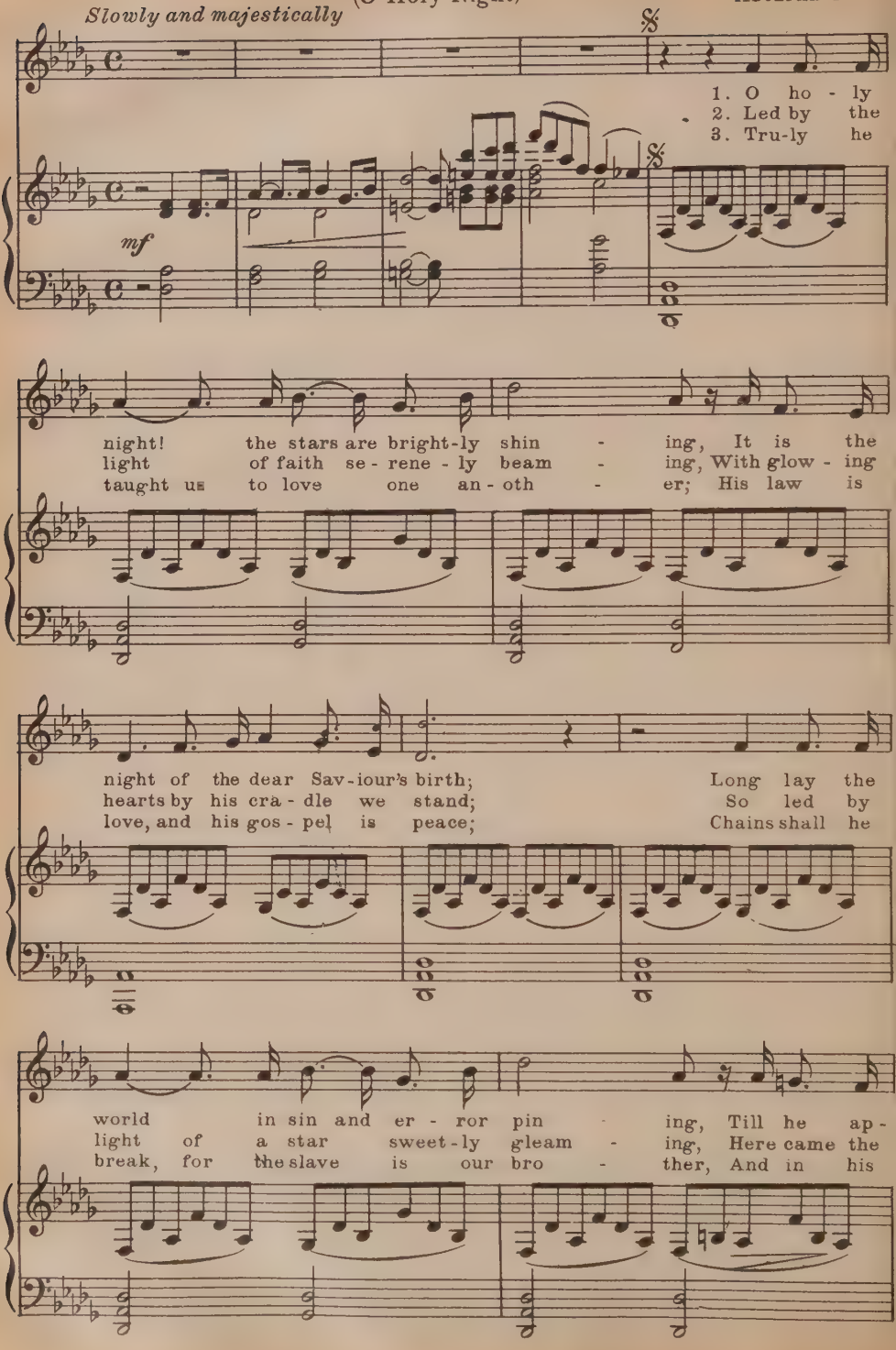

Majestically
mf Once more, dear home, I with rapture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly en-
fold thee; Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee now, Since I to heav'n have ful-


mf
fill'd my vow By pen - ance sore I have a - toned, And God's pure
mf
law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless - ing crown'd, To
ff
God my song shall aye re - sound, To God my song shall aye re - sound.
ff
ff
Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee; Thou,
pil - grim staff, thy toil is o'er, I'll serve my God for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu -
p
rall.
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll serve my God, I'll serve my God for ev - - er - more.

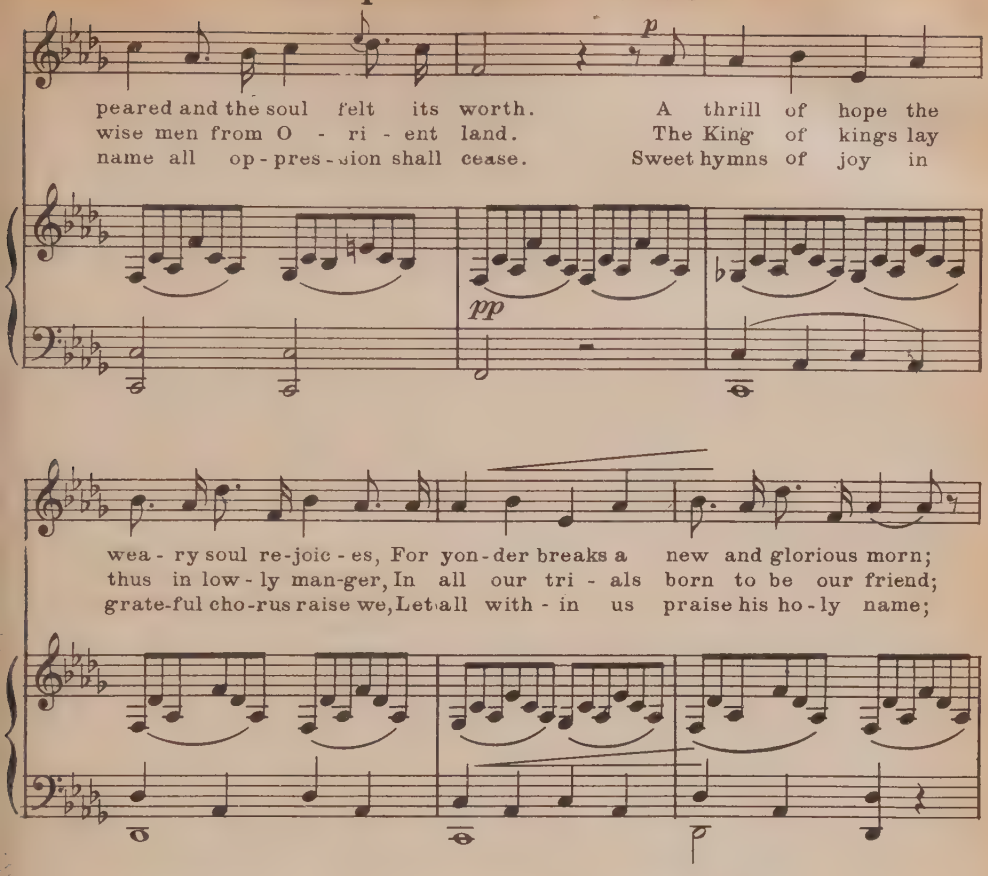
Cantique De Noël

(O Holy Night)

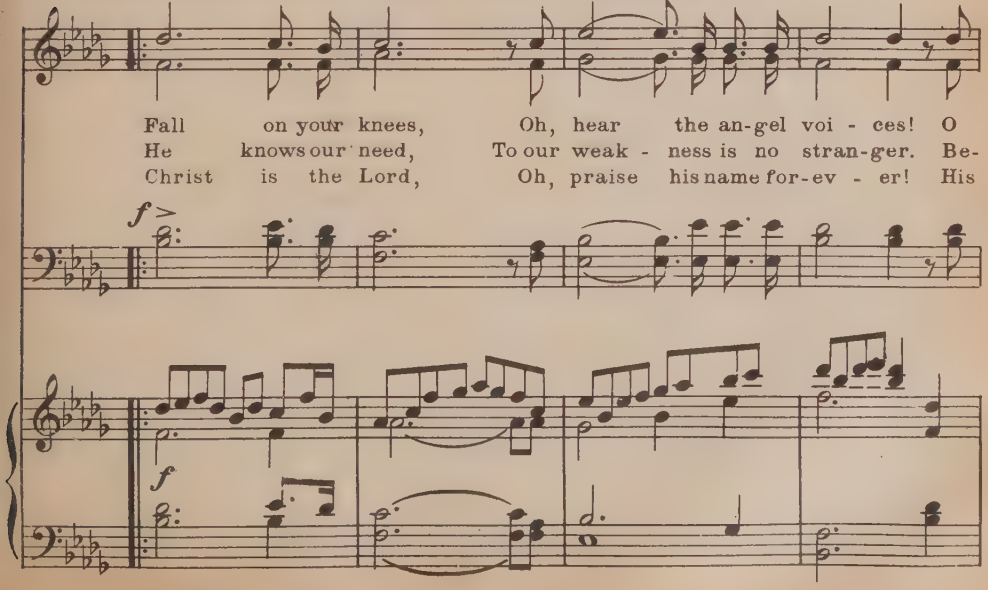
ADOLPHE ADAM

Slowly and majestically

1. O ho - ly night! the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the
2. Led by the light of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing
3. Tru-ly he taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is
night of the dear Sav-iour's birth; Long lay the
hearts by his cra - dle we stand; So led by
love, and his gos - pel is peace; Chains shall he
world in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till he ap -
light of a star sweet-ly gleam - ing, Here came the
break, for the slave is our bro - ther, And in his
mf

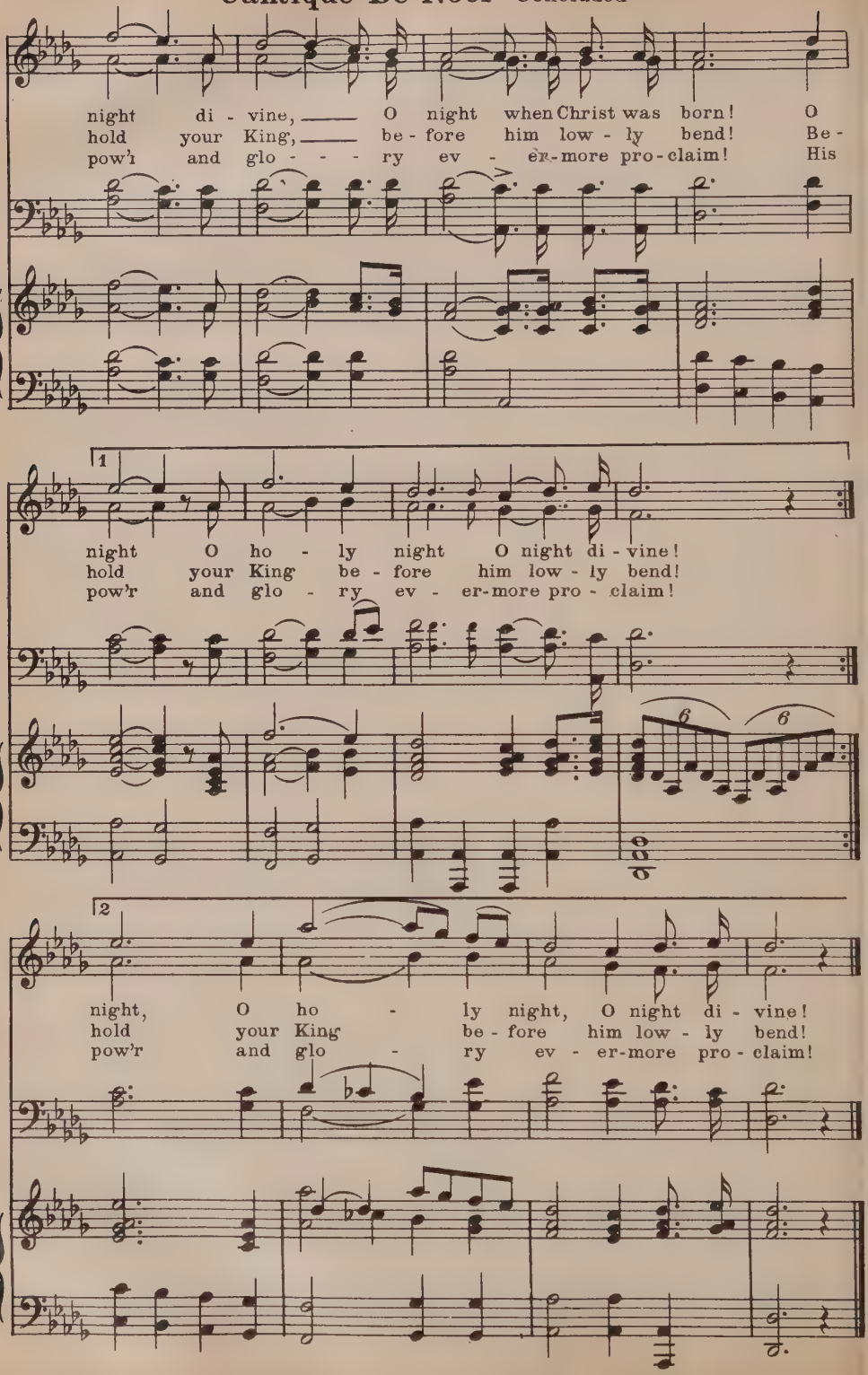
Cantique De Noël—Continued


p
peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
wise men from O - ri - ent land. The King of kings lay
name all op-pres-sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in
pp
wea - ry soul re-joic - es, For yon-der breaks a new and glorious morn;
thus in low - ly man-ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;
grate-ful cho-rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise his ho - ly name;

1st time through refrain is sung by solo voice, 2d time, four part.

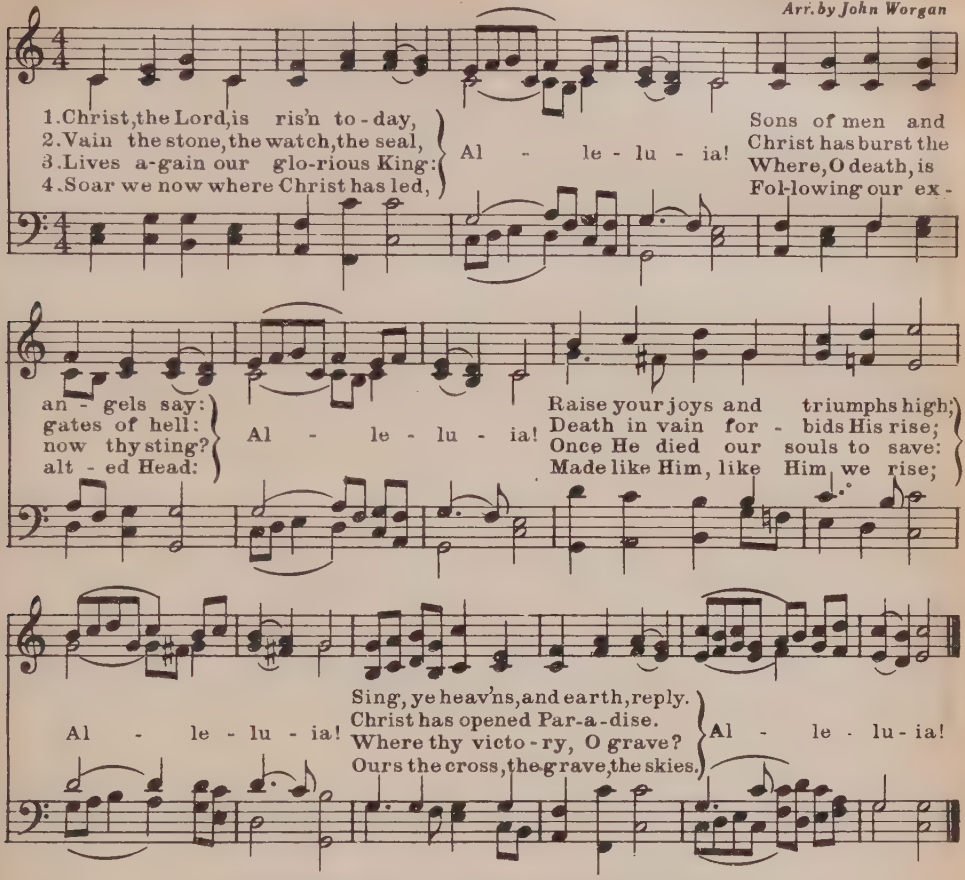

Fall on your knees, Oh, hear the an-gel voi - ces! O
He knows our need, To our weak - ness is no stran-ger. Be-
Christ is the Lord, Oh, praise his name for-ev - er! His
f
f

Cantique De Nöel– Concluded


night di - vine, O night when Christ was born! O
hold your King, be - fore him low - ly bend! Be -
pow'r and glo - - - ry ev - er-more pro - claim! His
1
night O ho - ly night O night di - vine!
hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!
pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro - claim!
2
night, O ho - ly night, O night di - vine!
hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!
pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro - claim!

Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today

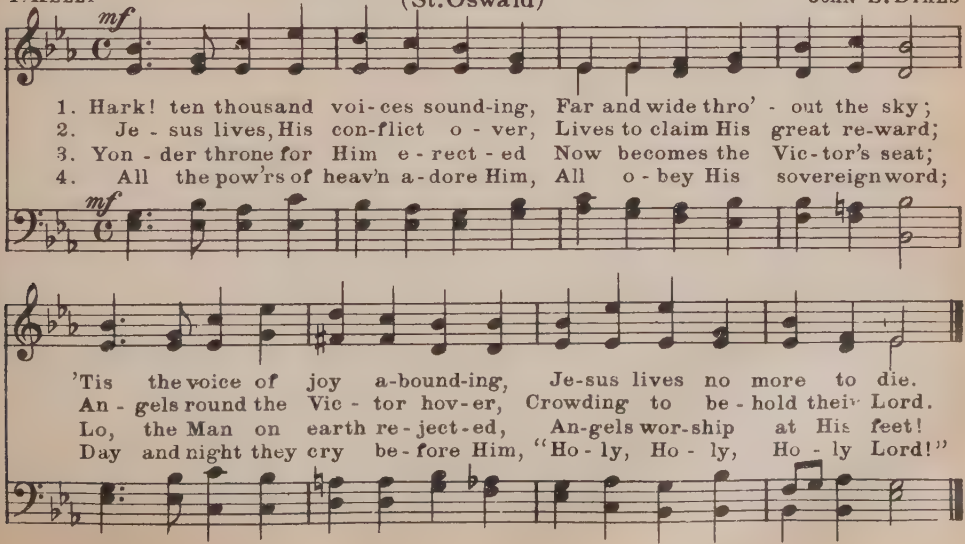
CHARLES WESLEY — HENRY CAREY, *Arr. by John Worgan*


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
3. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King:
4. Soar we now where Christ has led,
Al - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and
Christ has burst the
Where, O death, is
Fol-lowing our ex-
an - gels say:
gates of hell:
now thy sting?
alt - ed Head:
Al - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Death in vain for - bids His rise;
Once He died our souls to save:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Al - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.
Christ has opened Par-a-dise.
Where thy victo - ry, O grave?
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Al - le - lu - ia!

Hark! Ten Thousand Voices

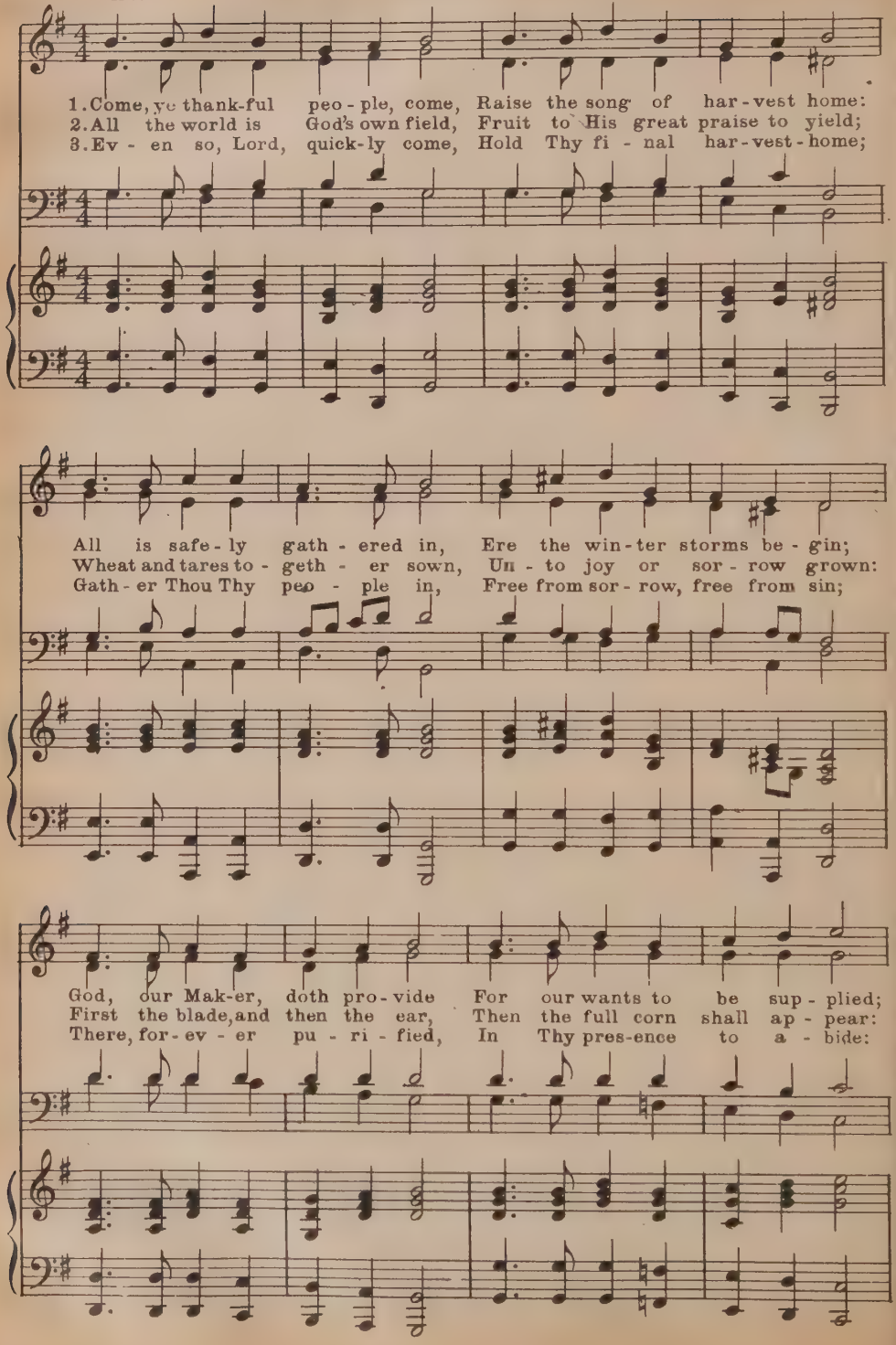
(St. Oswald)

T. KELLY — JOHN B. DYKES

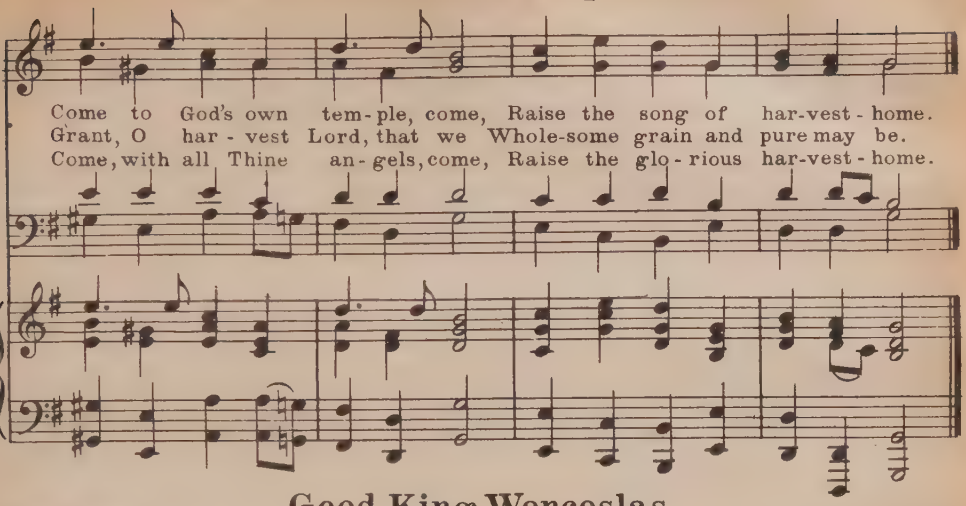

mf
1. Hark! ten thousand voi-ces sound-ing, Far and wide thro' - out the sky;
2. Je - sus lives, His con-flict o - ver, Lives to claim His great re-ward;
3. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed Now becomes the Vic-tor's seat;
4. All the pow'rs of heav'n a-dore Him, All o - bey His sovereign word;
mf
'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je-sus lives no more to die.
An - gels round the Vic - tor hov-er, Crowding to be - hold their Lord.
Lo, the Man on earth re-ject-ed, An-gels wor-ship at His feet!
Day and night they cry be-fore Him, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

Come Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD — GEORGE J. ELVEY


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit to His great praise to yield;
3. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come, Hold Thy fi-nal har-vest-home;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
There, for-ev-er pu-ri-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:

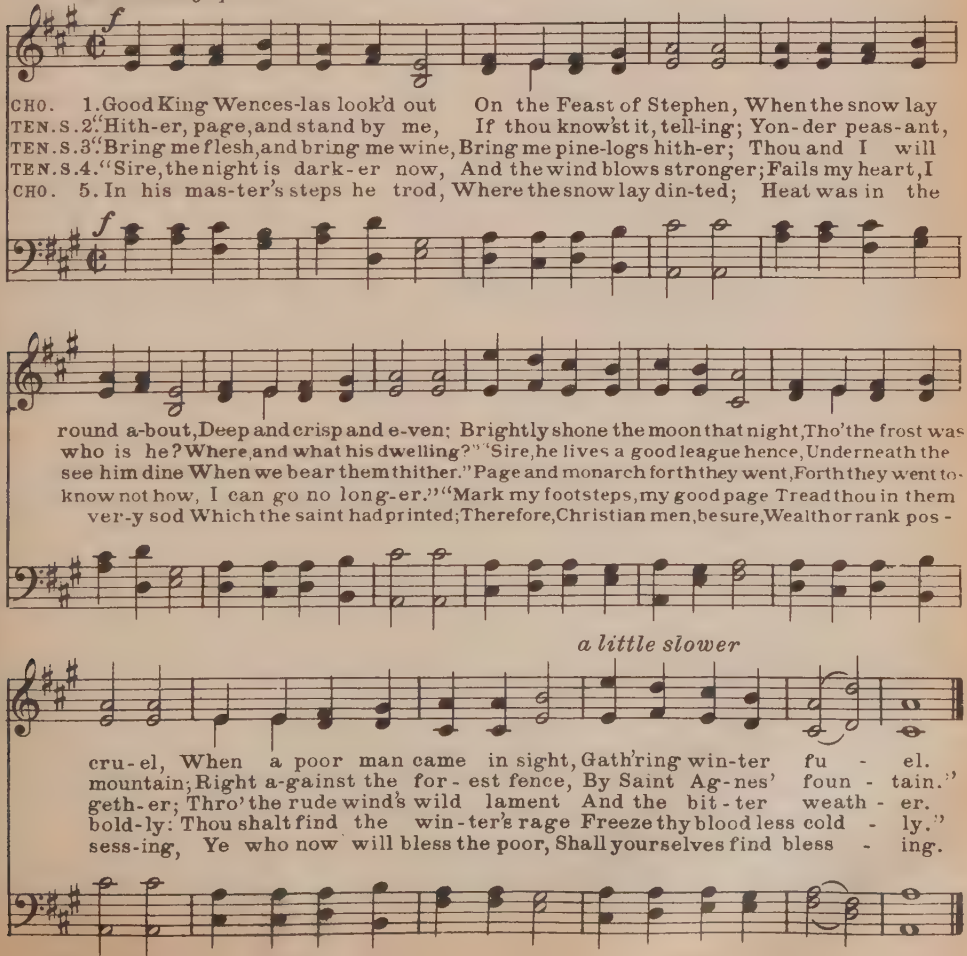
Come Ye Thankful People–Concluded


Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

Good King Wenceslas

JOHN NEAL — TRADITIONAL

Moderately quick

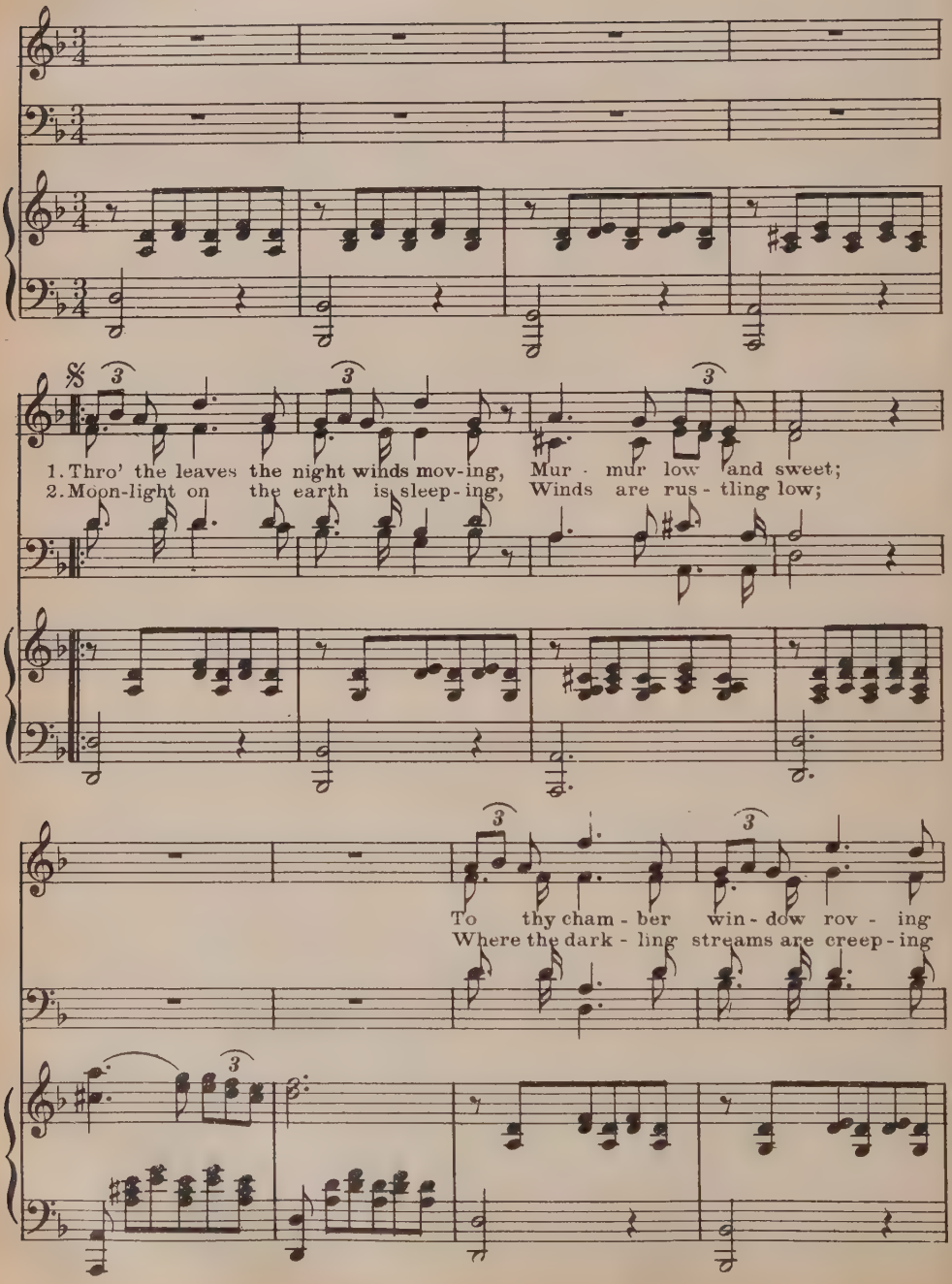

CHO. 1. Good King Wences-las look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
TEN. S. 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell-ing; Yon-der peas-ant,
TEN. S. 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er; Thou and I will
TEN. S. 4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I
CHO. 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ted; Heat was in the
round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was
who is he? Where, and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the
see him dine When we bear them thither." Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to-
know not how, I can go no long-er." "Mark my footsteps, my good page Tread thou in them
ver-y sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-
a little slower
cru-el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu - el.
mountain; Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain."
geth-er; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament And the bit-ter weath-er.
bold-ly: Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
sess-ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

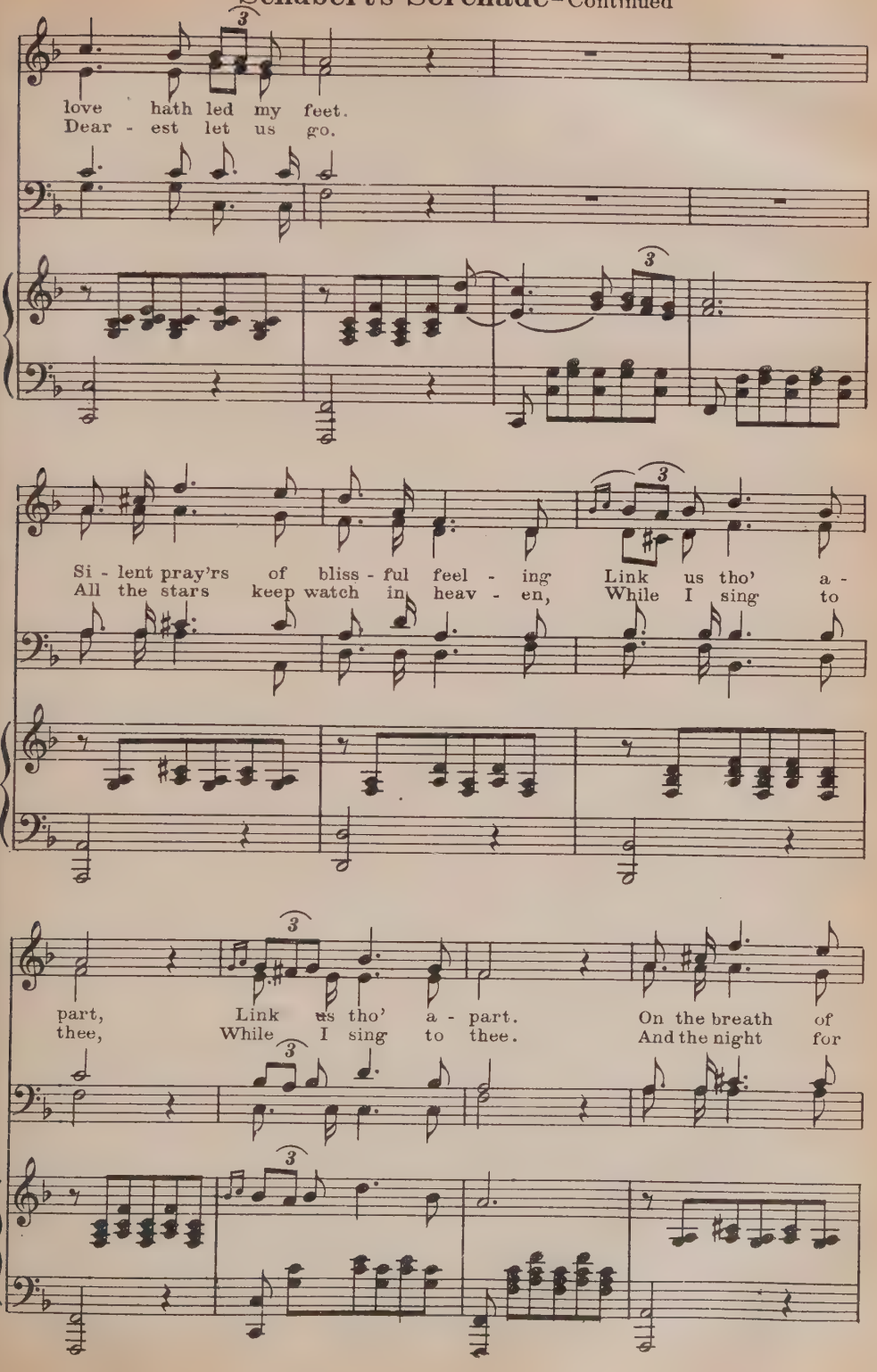
Schubert's Serenade

The name of Franz Peter Schubert, the great Vienna composer, is always associated with song. Other composers of his time gave their thoughts to the composition of operas, oratorios, symphonies, etc., and while Schubert also composed a few of these, he chose the song as the means for expression of his choicest musical thought. During his short lifetime of but thirty-one years (1797-1828), he composed over six hundred songs. His "Serenade" has always been popular. Another of his songs, "The Linden Tree" is given on another page.

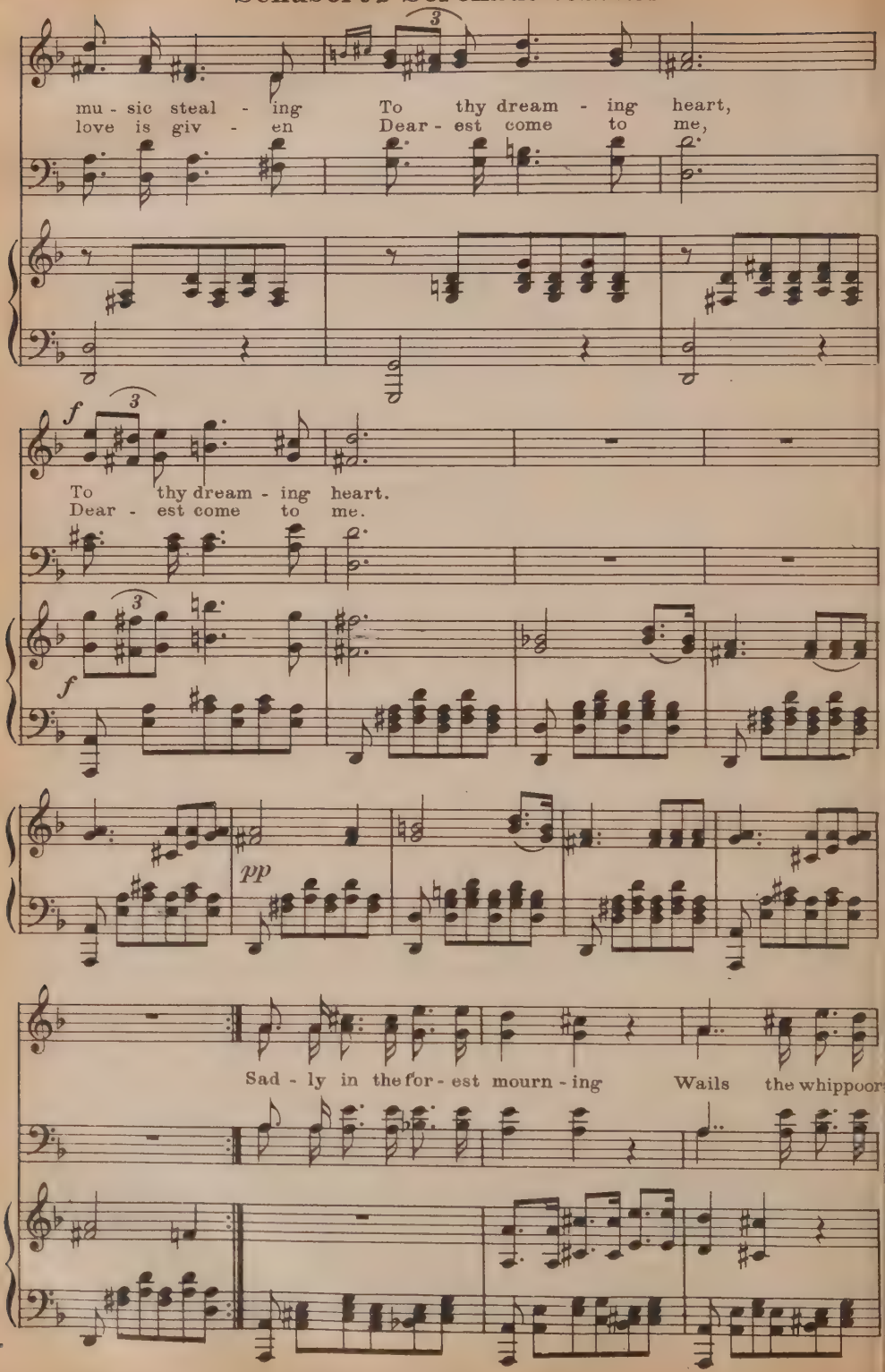
TRANSLATION

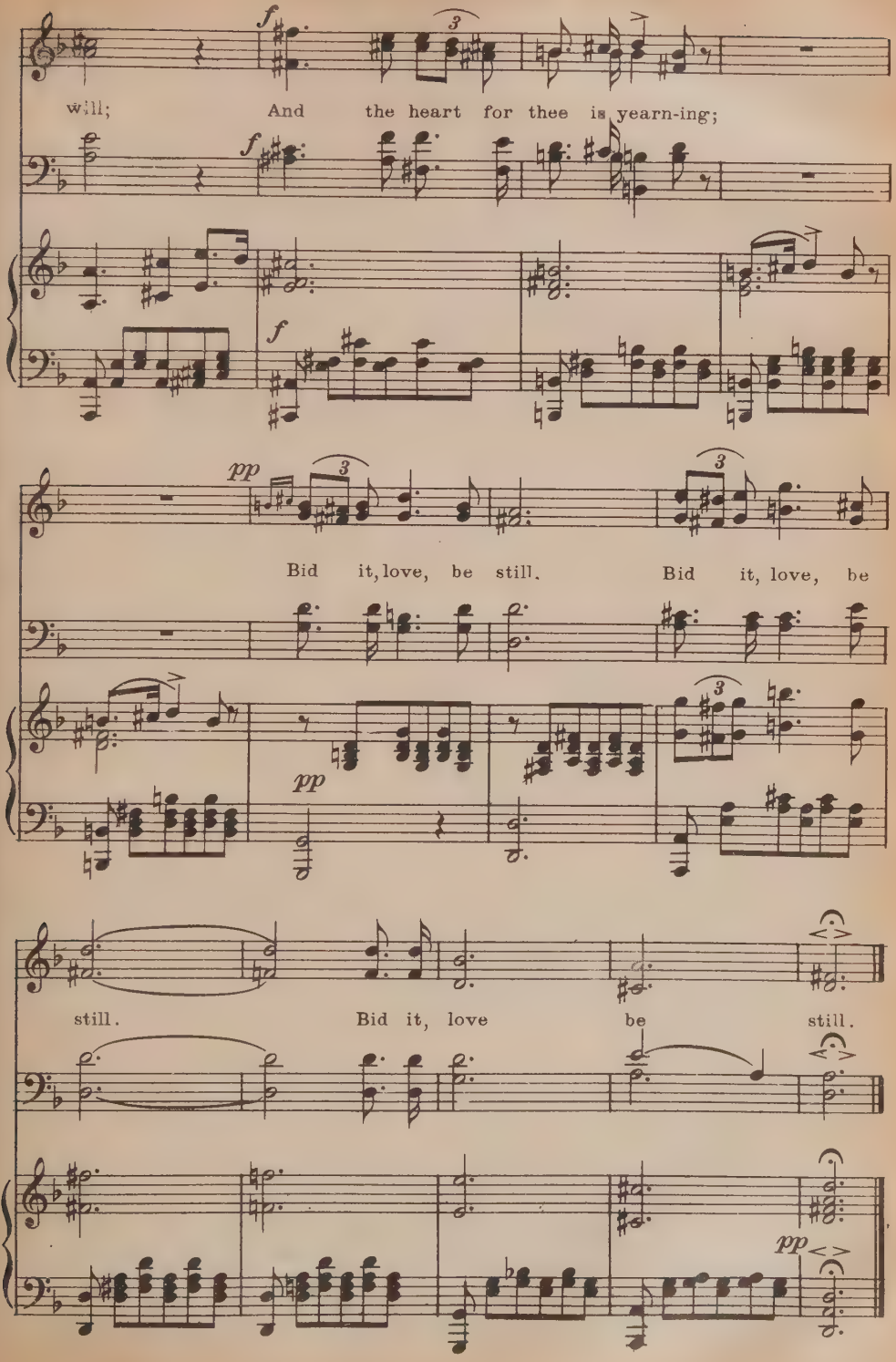
FRANZ SCHUBERT


1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus - tling low;
To thy cham - ber win - dow rov - ing
Where the dark - ling streams are creep-ing


love hath led my feet.
Dear - est let us go.
Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us tho' a -
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to
part, Link us tho' a - part. On the breath of
thee, While I sing to thee. And the night for

Schubert's Serenade-Continued


mu - sic steal - ing To thy dream - ing heart,
love is giv - en Dear - est come to me,
f
To thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est come to me.
f
pp
Sad - ly in the for - est mourn - ing Wails the whippoor

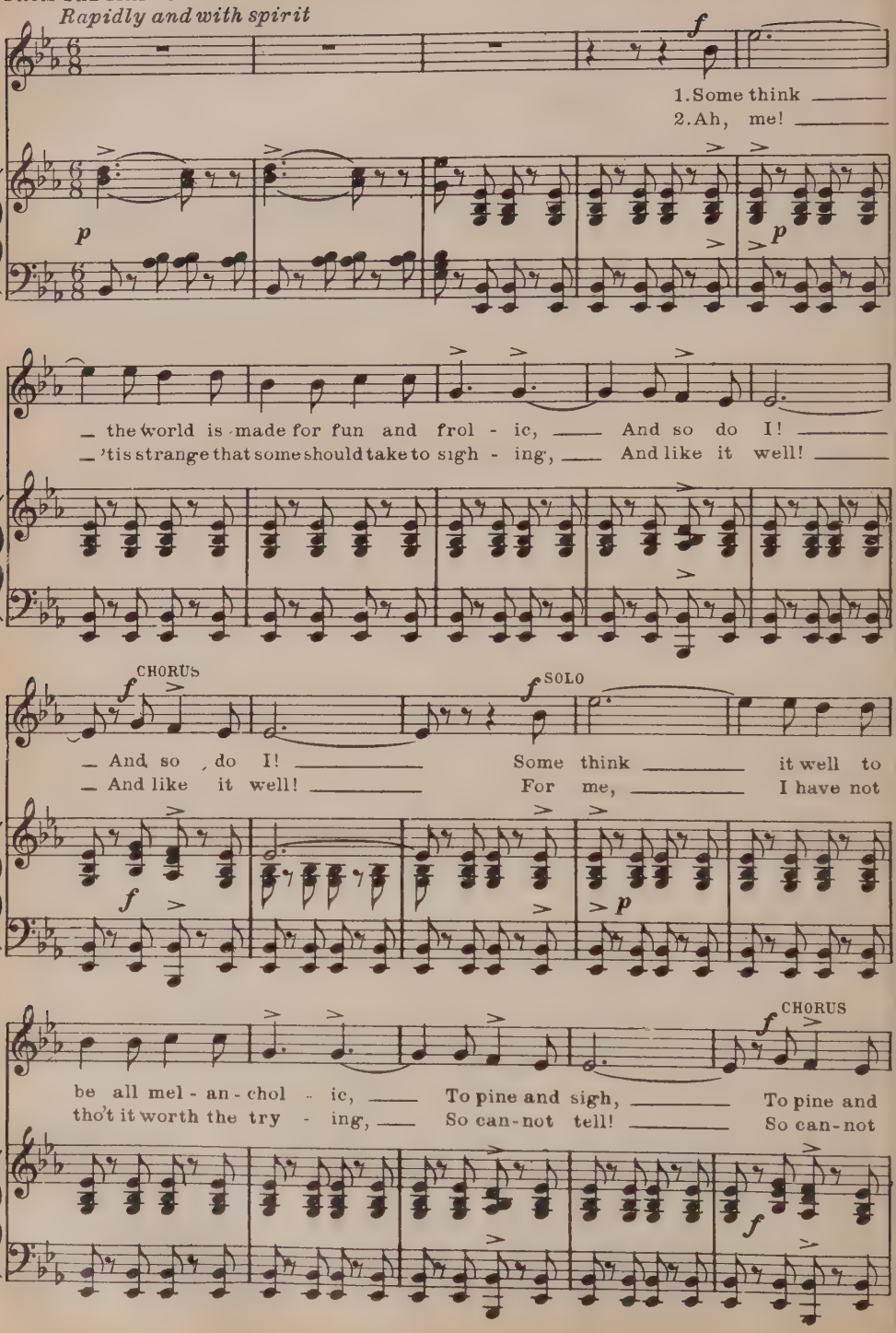

will; And the heart for thee is yearn-ing;
Bid it, love, be still. Bid it, love, be
still. Bid it, love be still.

A Merry Life

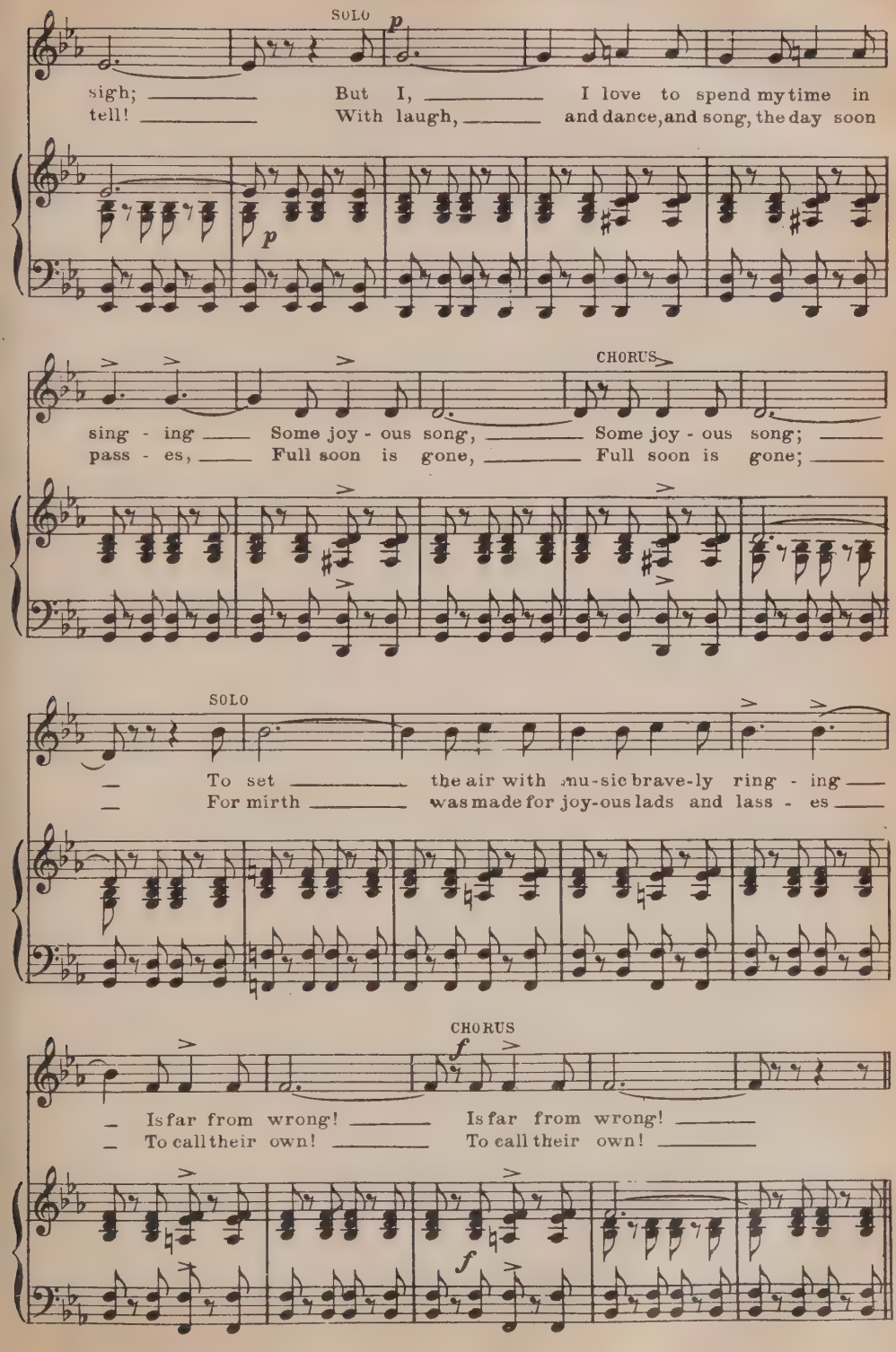
(Funiculi Funicula)

FROM THE ITALIAN — LUIGI DENZA

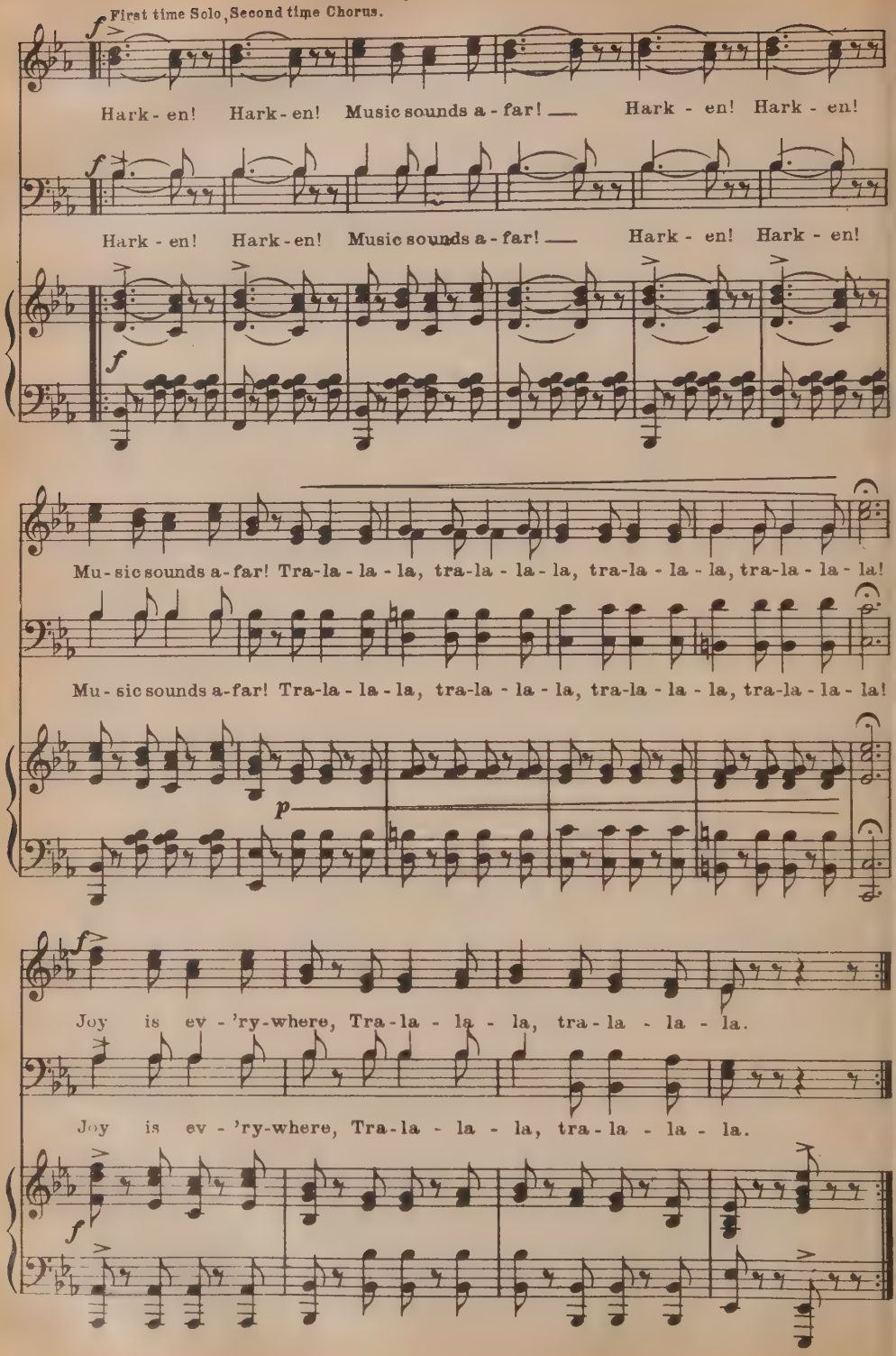
Rapidly and with spirit


f
1. Some think
2. Ah, me!
p
p
the world is made for fun and frol - ic, And so do I!
'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, And like it well!
CHORUS
f
SOLO
f
And so do I! Some think it well to
And like it well! For me, I have not
f
p
CHORUS
f
be all mel - an - chol - ic, To pine and sigh, To pine and
tho't it worth the try - ing, So can-not tell! So can-not
f

A Merry Life–Continued


SOLO
p
sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
tell! With laugh, and dance, and song, the day soon
p
CHORUS
sing - ing Some joy - ous song, Some joy - ous song;
pass - es, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone;
SOLO
To set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing
For mirth was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es
CHORUS
f
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
To call their own! To call their own!
f

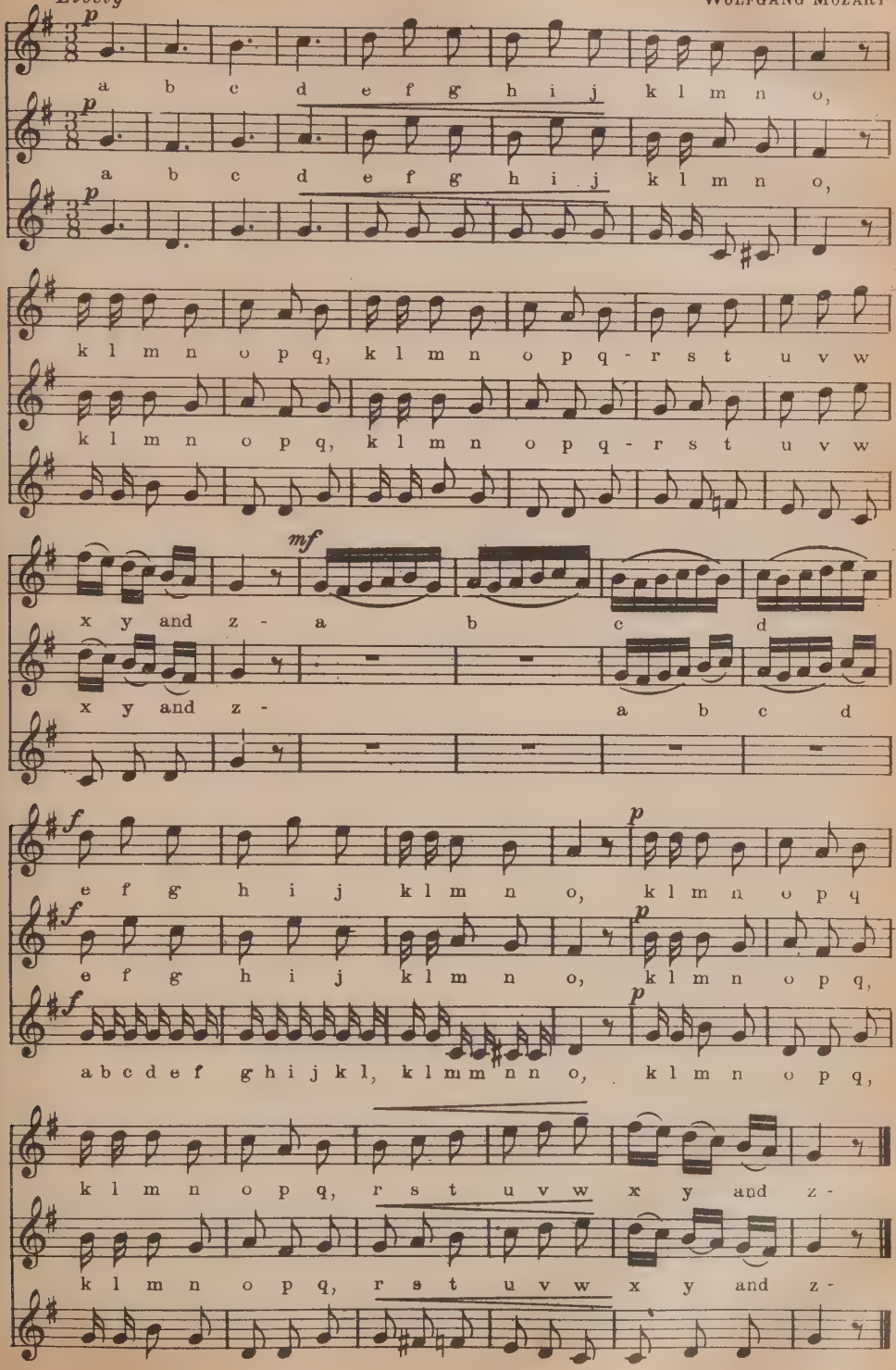
A Merry Life—Concluded


First time Solo, Second time Chorus.
f
Hark - en! Hark - en! Music sounds a - far! Hark - en! Hark - en!
Hark - en! Hark - en! Music sounds a - far! Hark - en! Hark - en!
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
p
Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
Joy is ev - 'ry - where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.

The Alphabet

Lively

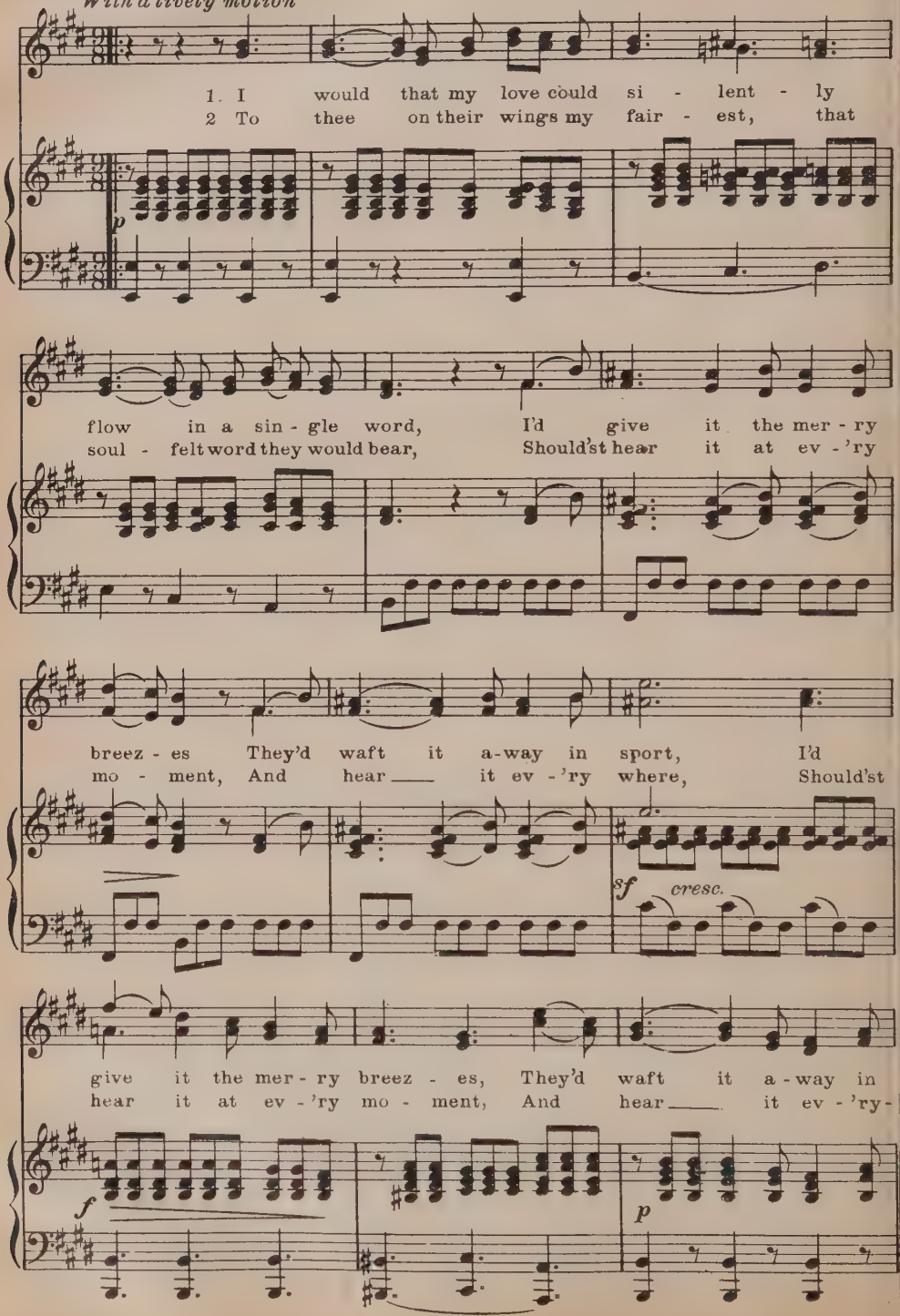
WOLFGANG MOZART


p
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w
mf
x y and z - a b c d
x y and z - a b c d
f
e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q
e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q,
a b c d e f g h i j k l, k l m m n n o, k l m n o p q,
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z -
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z -

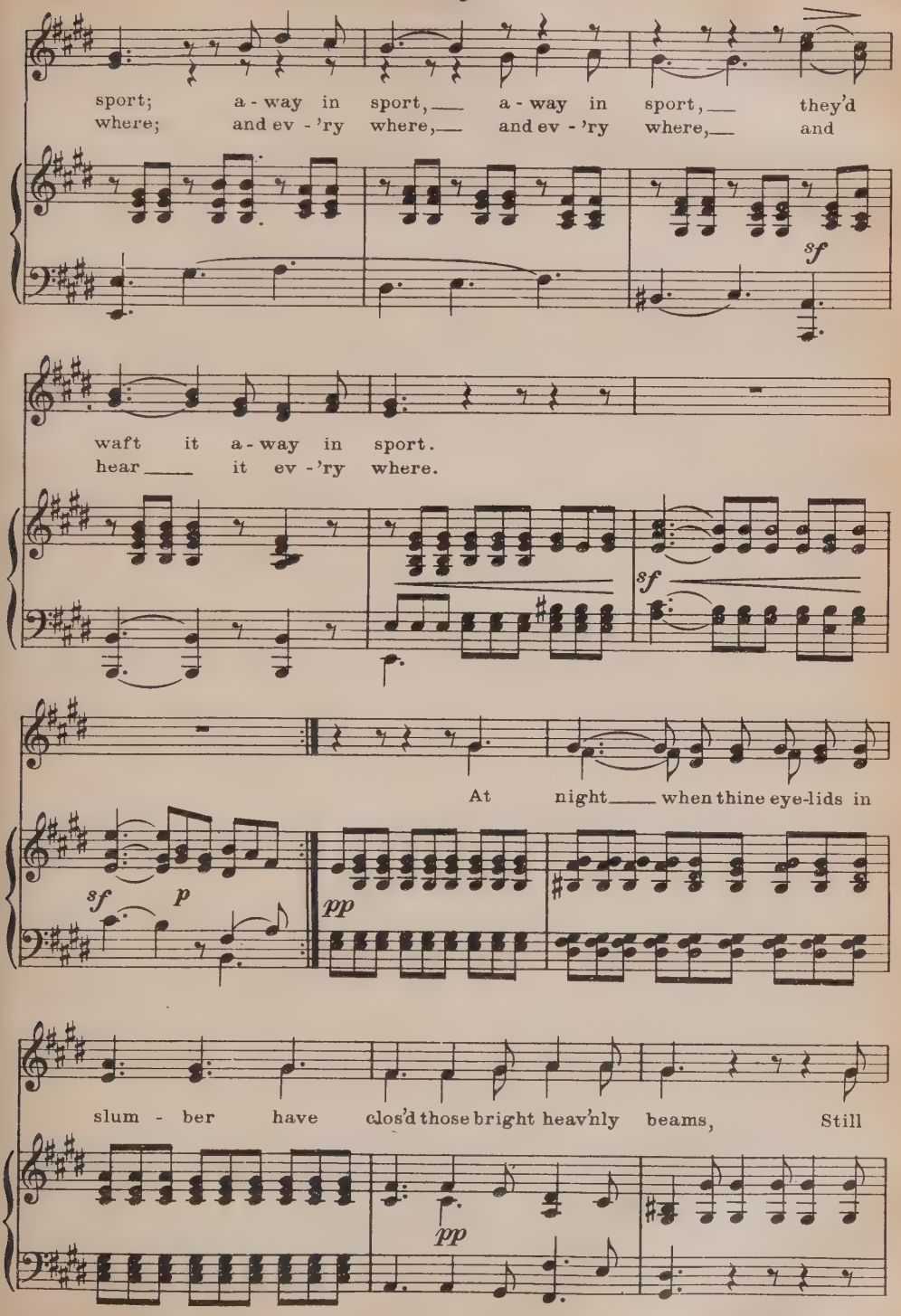
I Would That My Love

HEINRICH HEINE — FELIX MENDELSSOHN

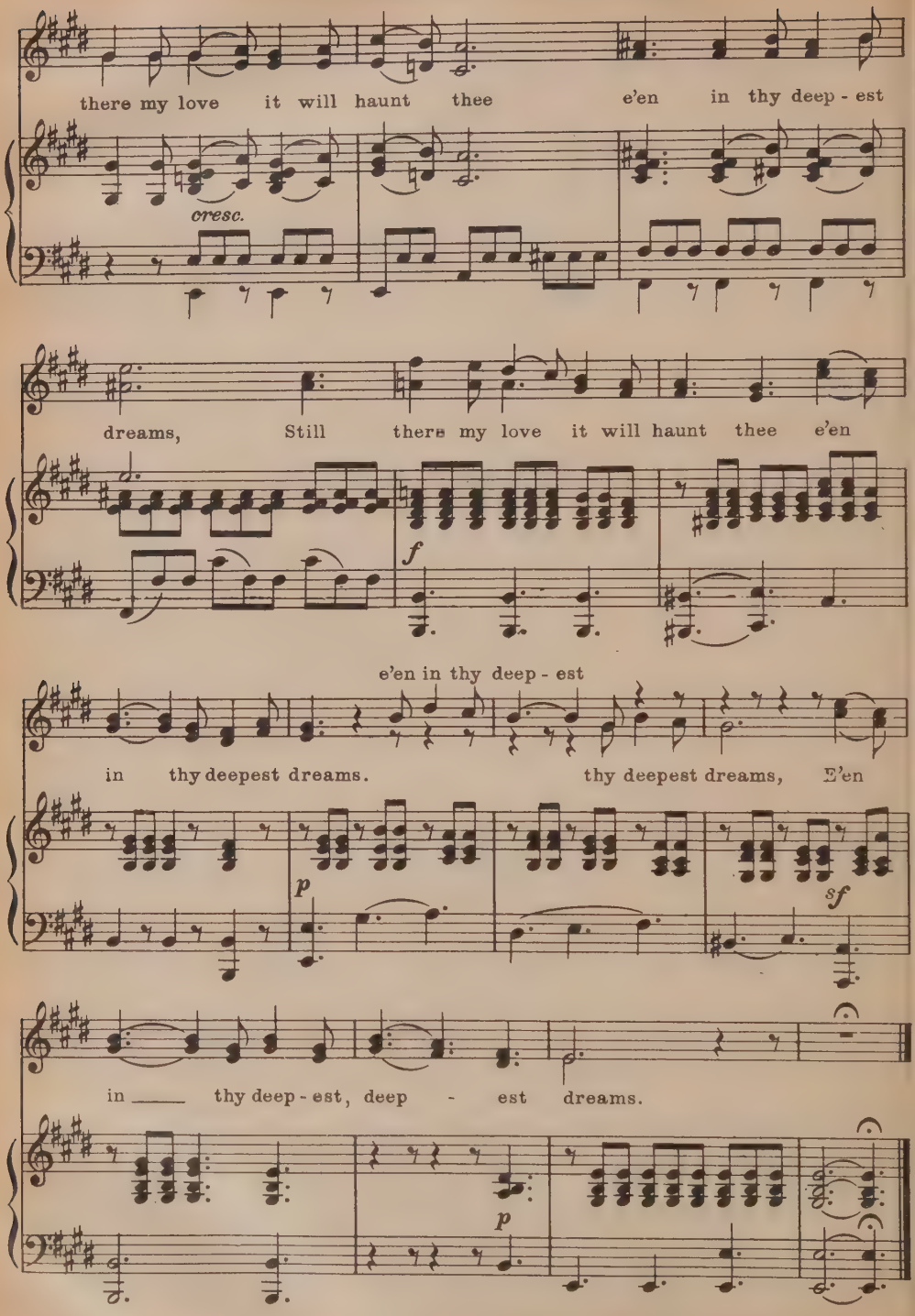
With a lively motion


1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly
2 To thee on their wings my fair - est, that
p
flow in a sin - gle word, I'd give it the mer - ry
soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry
breez - es They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry where, Should'st
sf
cresc.
give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry -
f
p

I Would That My Love–Continued

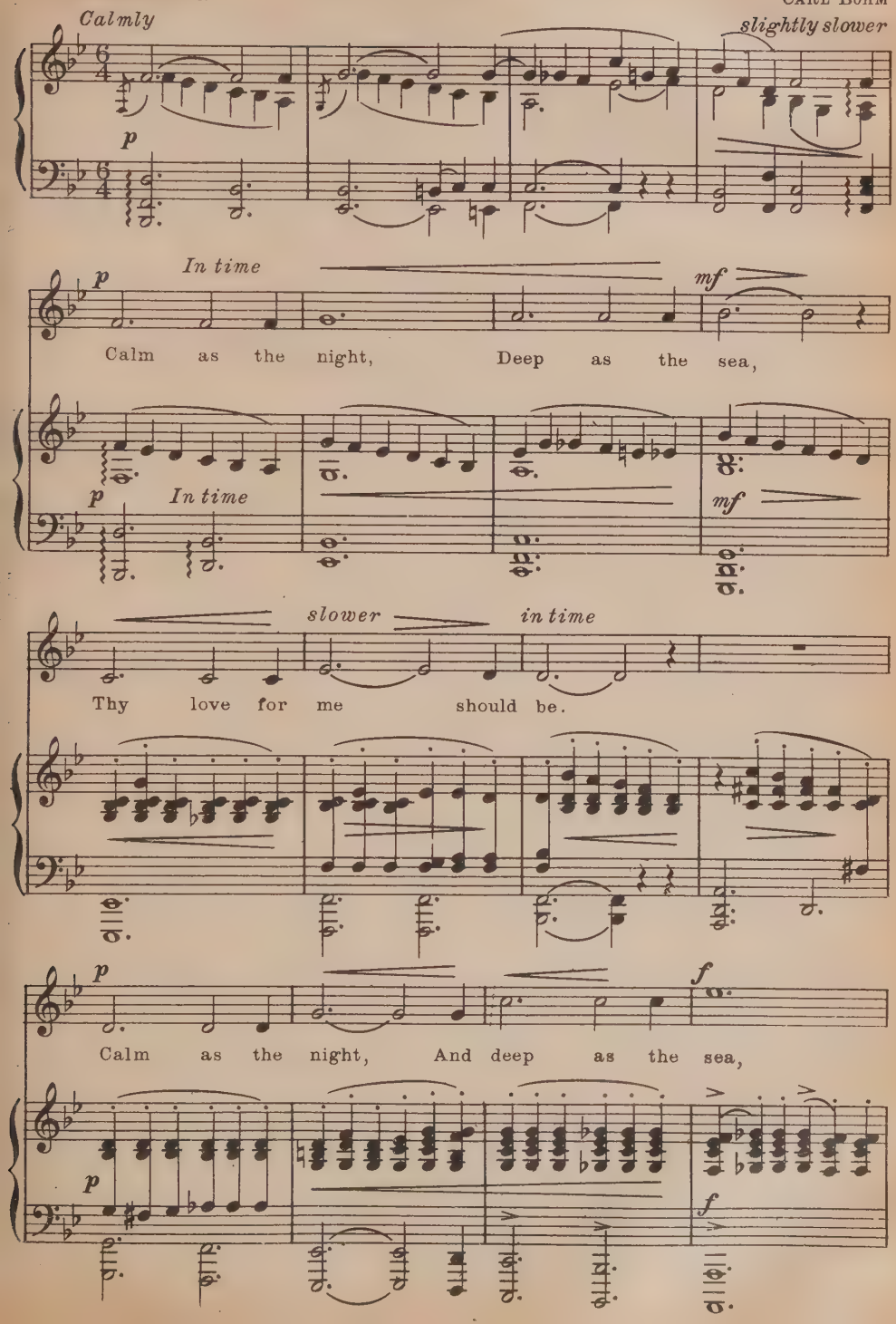
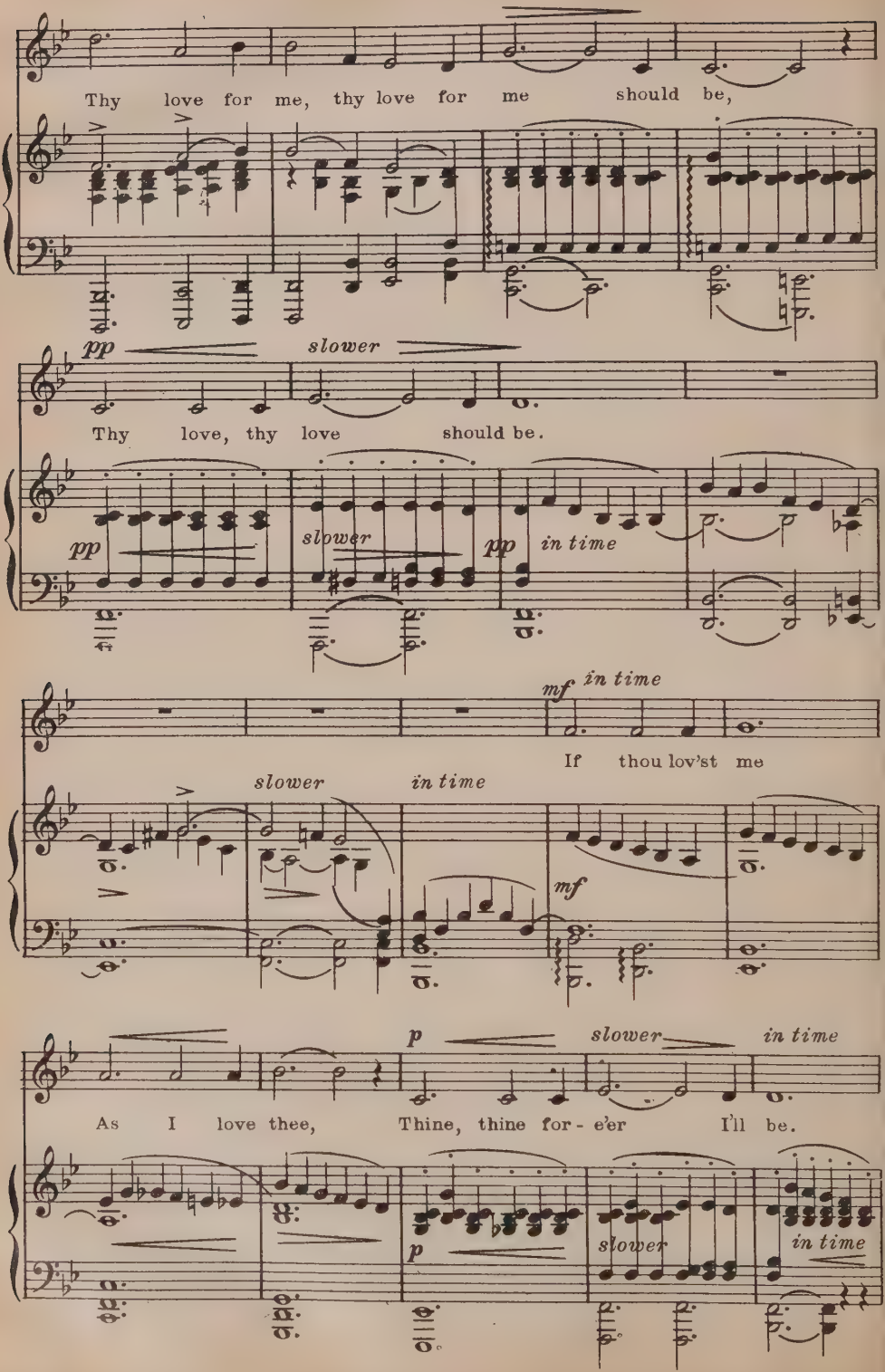

sport; a - way in sport, a - way in sport, they'd
where; and ev - 'ry where, and ev - 'ry where, and
sf
waft it a - way in sport.
hear it ev - 'ry where.
sf
At night when thine eye-lids in
sf p
pp
slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still
pp

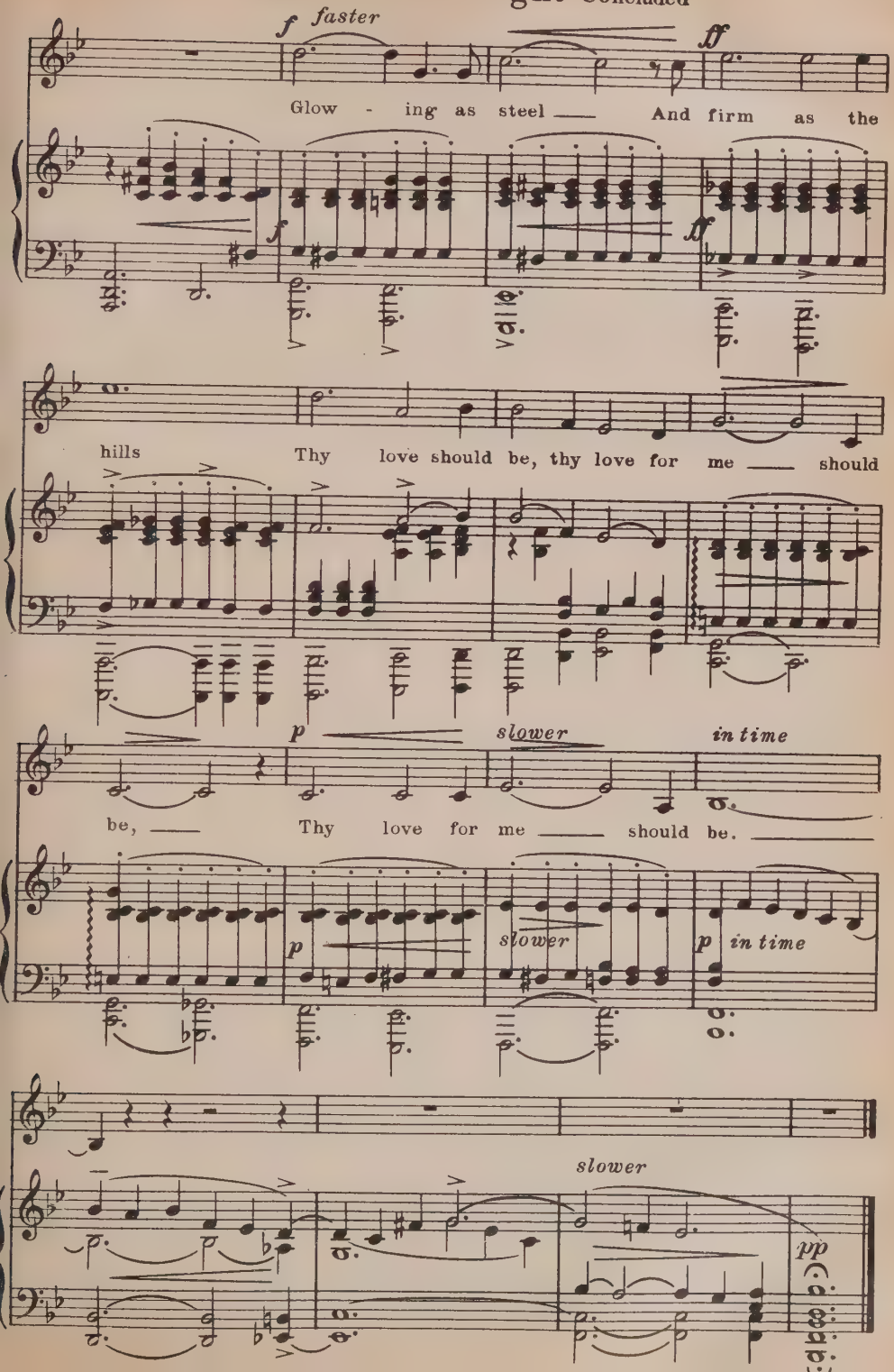
I Would That My Love–Concluded


there my love it will haunt thee e'en in thy deep - est
cresc.
dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en
f
e'en in thy deep - est
in thy deepest dreams. thy deepest dreams, E'en
p
sf
in ___ thy deep - est, deep - est dreams.
p

Calm As The Night

FROM THE GERMAN

CARL BOHM

Calm As The Night–Continued

Calm As The Night–Concluded



The Rose Of Allandale

CHARLES JEFFRY

SIDNEY NELSON

Moderately

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

mf

1. The morn was fair, the
2. Wher - e'er I wandered,
3. And when my fe-vered

f

mf

p

skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea When
east or west, Tho' fate be - gan to lour, A
lips were parch'd On Af - ric's burn - ing sand, She

a little slower

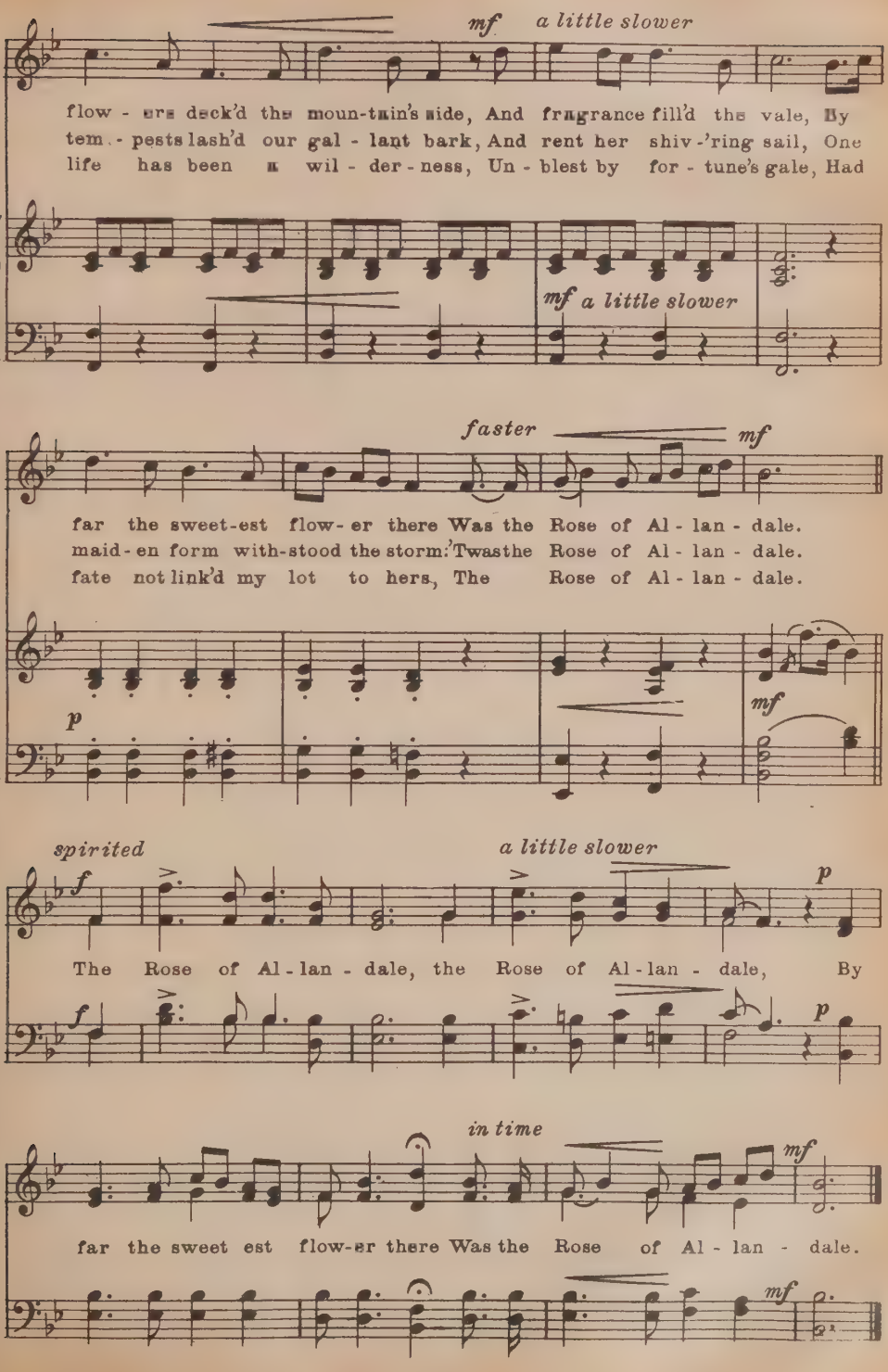
in time

Ma - ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me; Tho'
sol - ace still was she to me In sorrow's lone - ly hour; When
whis - per'd hopes of hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis tant land; My

a little slower

in time

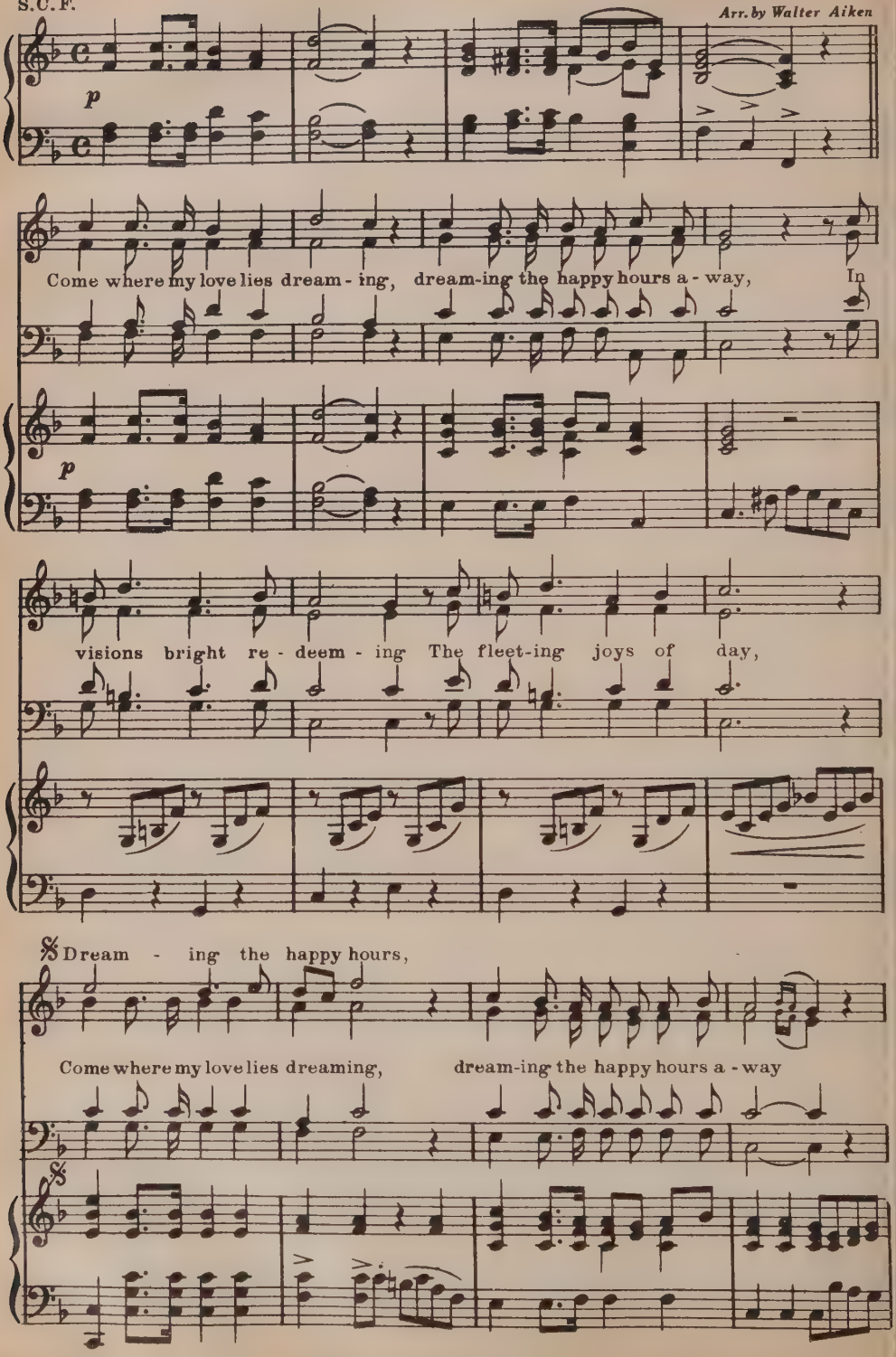
The Rose Of Allandale–Concluded


mf a little slower
flow - ers deck'd the moun-tain's side, And fragrance fill'd the vale, By
tem - pests lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv-'ring sail, One
life has been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had
mf a little slower
faster
mf
far the sweet-est flow- er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid-en form with-stood the storm: 'Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.
p
mf
spirited
a little slower
f
p
The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By
f
p
in time
mf
far the sweet est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
mf

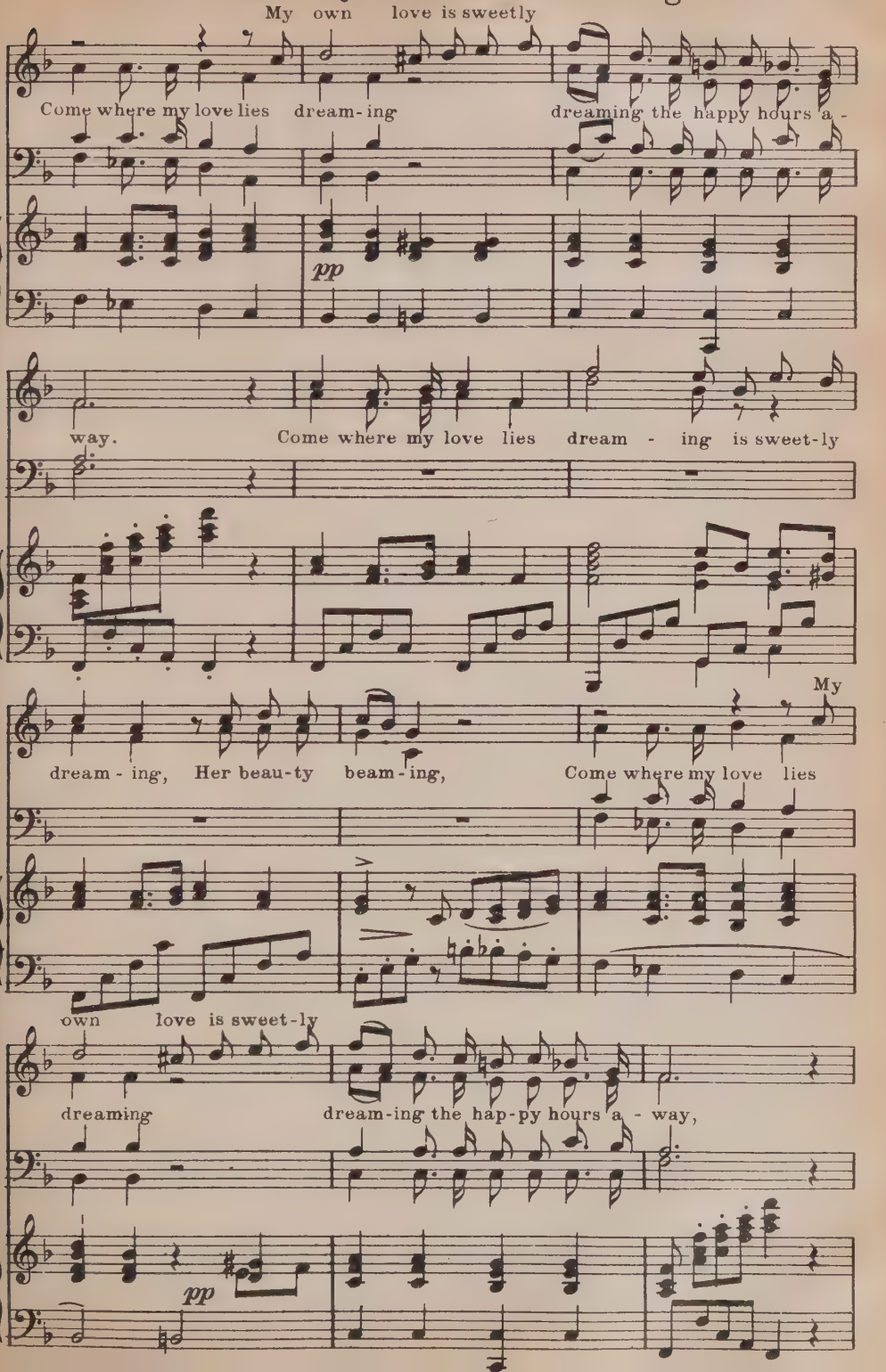
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S.C.F.

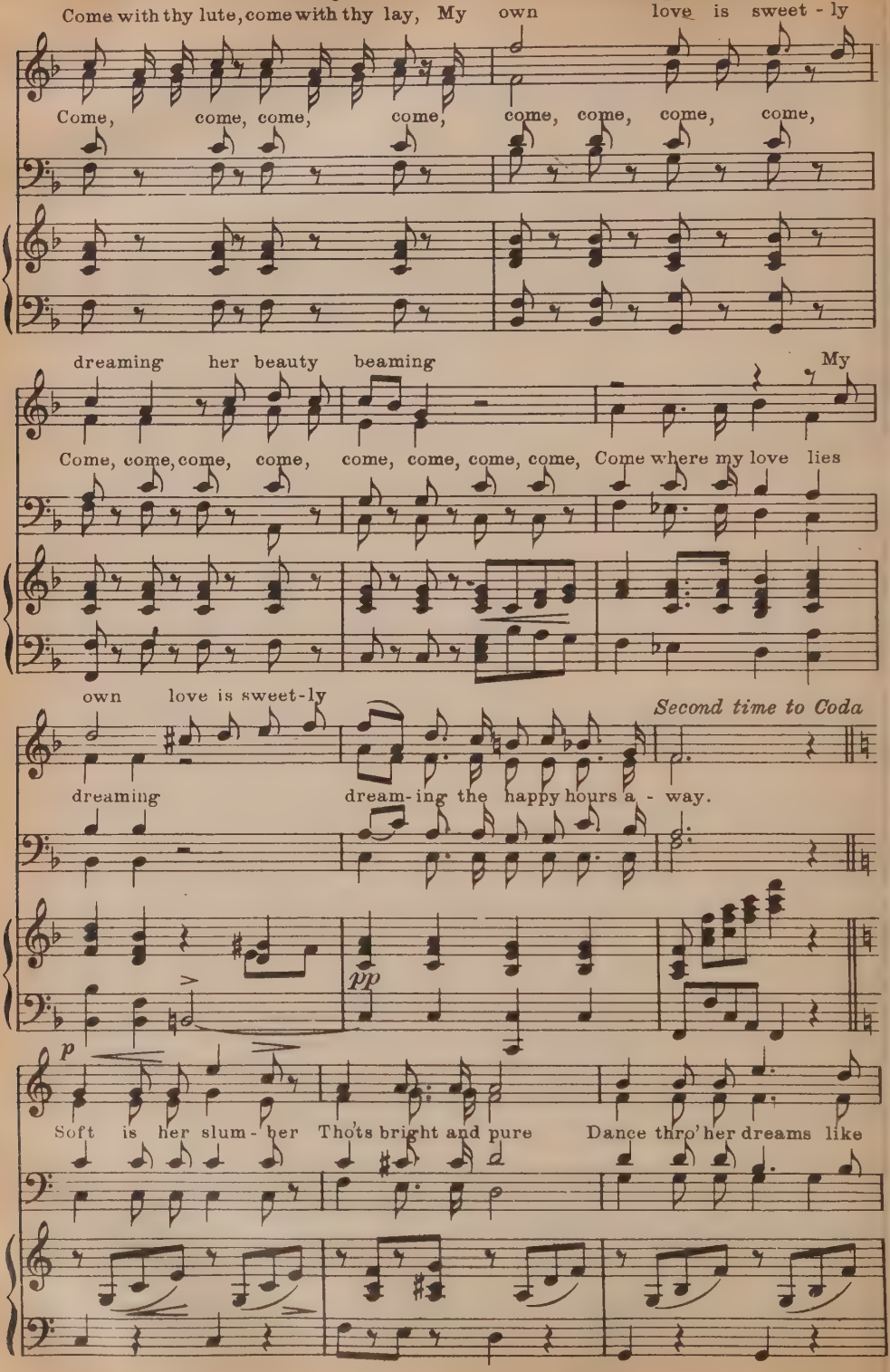
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by Walter Aiken


p
Come where my love lies dream - ing, dream-ing the happy hours a - way, In
p
visions bright re - deem - ing The fleet-ing joys of day,
𝄋 Dream - ing the happy hours,
Come where my love lies dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way
𝄋

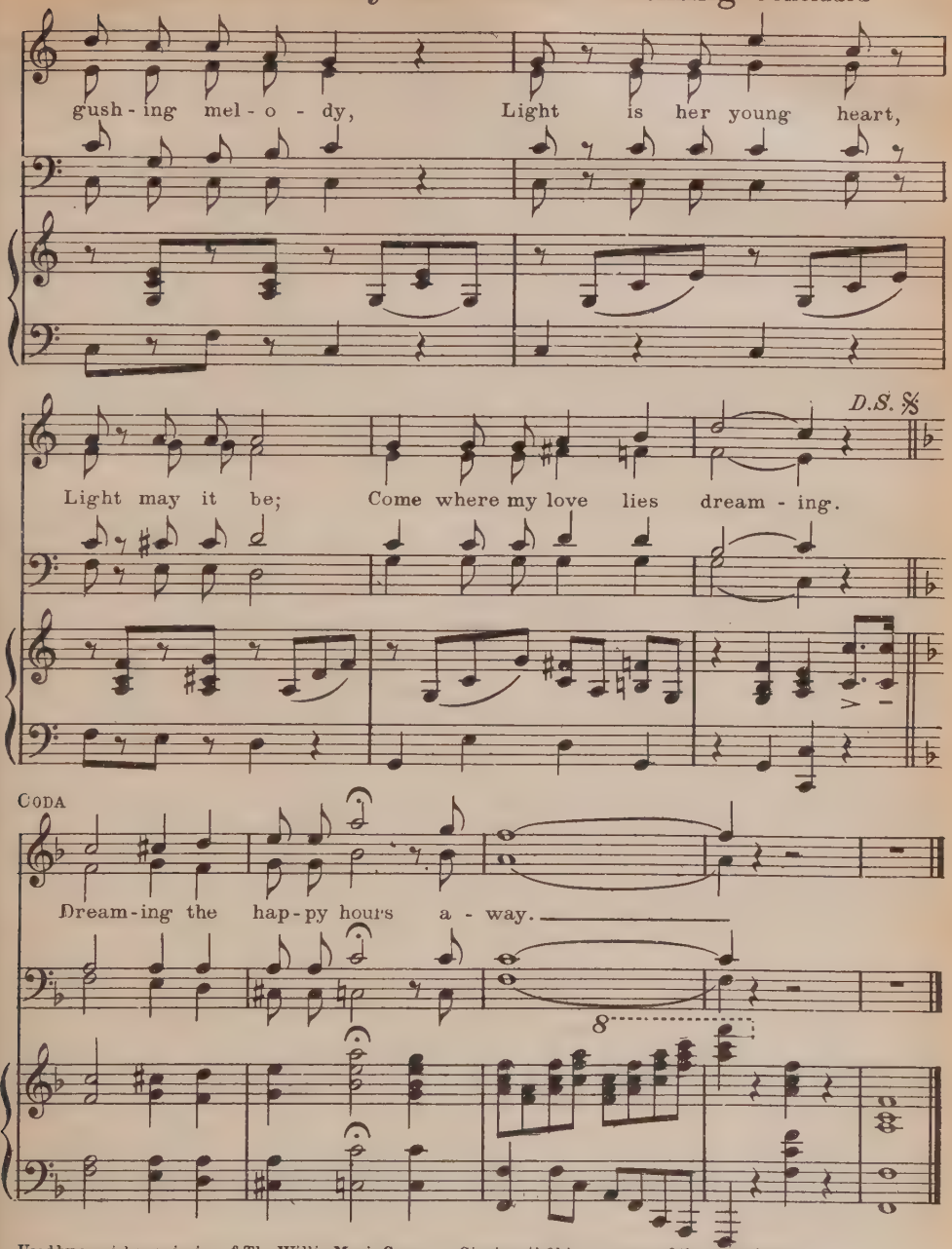
Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming—Continued


My own love is sweetly
Come where my love lies dream-ing dreaming the happy hours a -
pp
way. Come where my love lies dream - ing is sweet-ly
My
dream - ing, Her beau-ty beam-ing, Come where my love lies
own love is sweet-ly
dreaming dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way,
pp

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming—Continued


Come with thy lute, come with thy lay, My own love is sweet - ly
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
dreaming her beauty beaming
My
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies
own love is sweet-ly
Second time to Coda
dreaming
dream-ing the happy hours a - way.
pp
p
Soft is her slum - ber Tho'ts bright and pure Dance thro' her dreams like

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming—Concluded


gush - ing mel - o - dy,
Light is her young heart,
D.S. 𝄋
Light may it be;
Come where my love lies dream - ing.
CODA
Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.
8

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Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk-songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attended negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people.

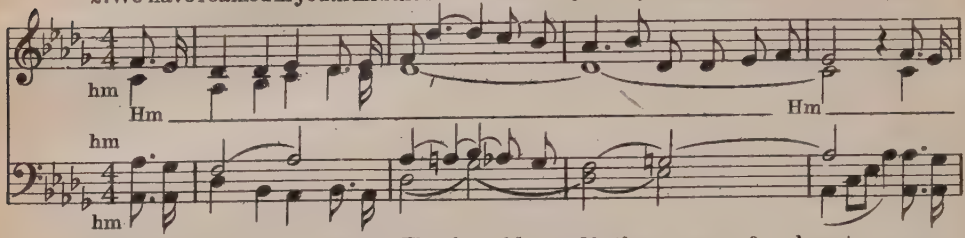
Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

S.C.F.

Gentle Annie

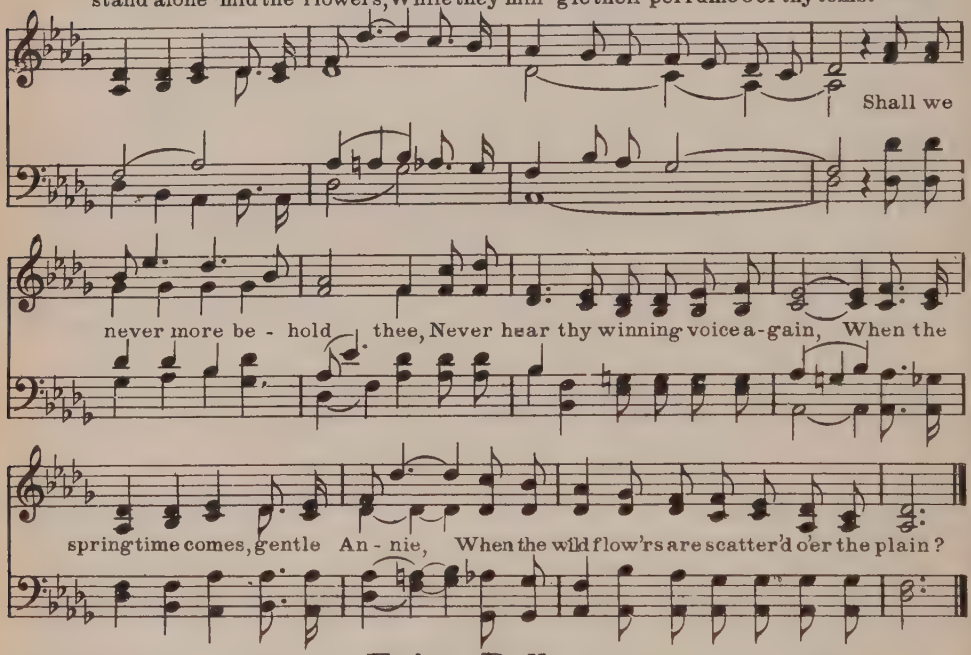
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part, Thou art
2. We have roamed in youth 'mid the bowers When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom, Now I



gone, a-las, like the many That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.
stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfume o'er thy tomb.

REFRAIN

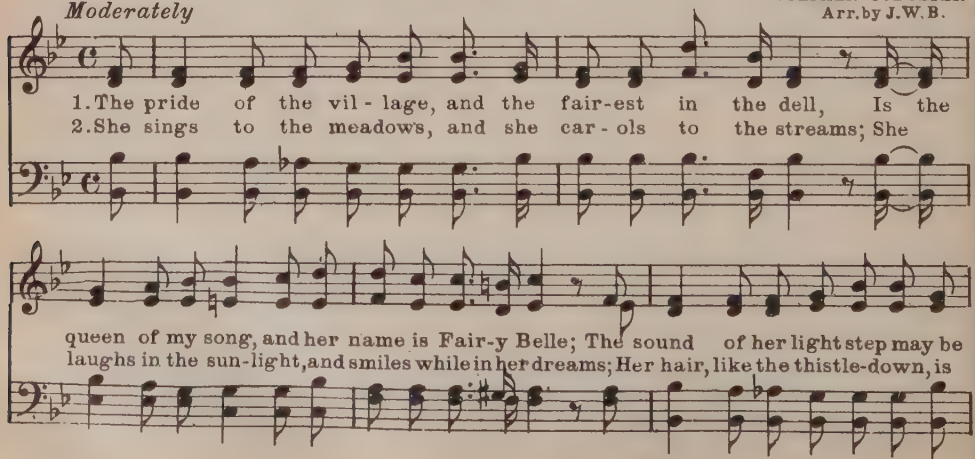

Shall we
never more be-hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the
spring time comes, gentle An-nie, When the wild flow'rs are scatter'd o'er the plain?

S.F.C.

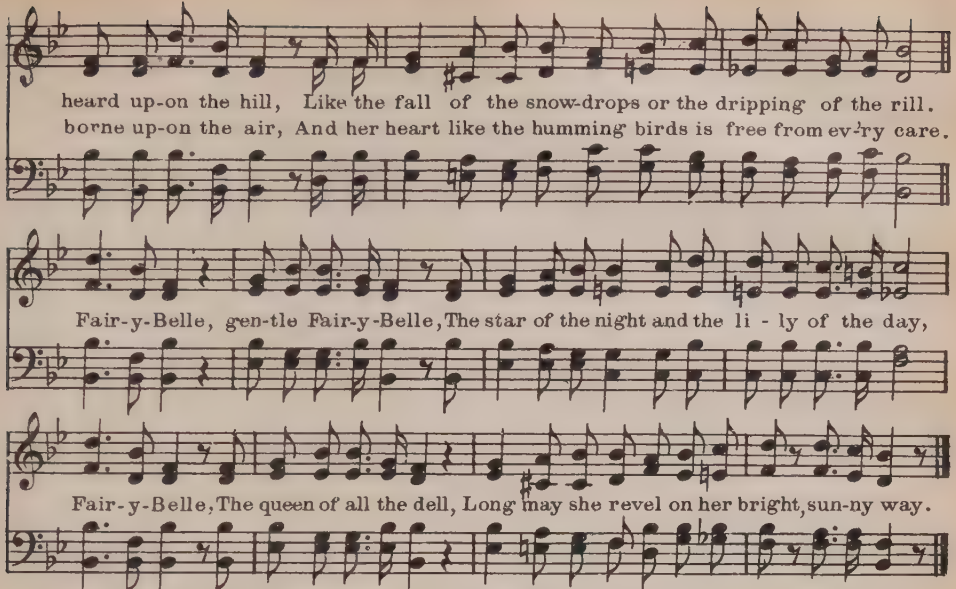
Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

Moderately


1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the
2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She
queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be
laughs in the sun-light, and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the thistle-down, is

Fairy-Belle —Concluded

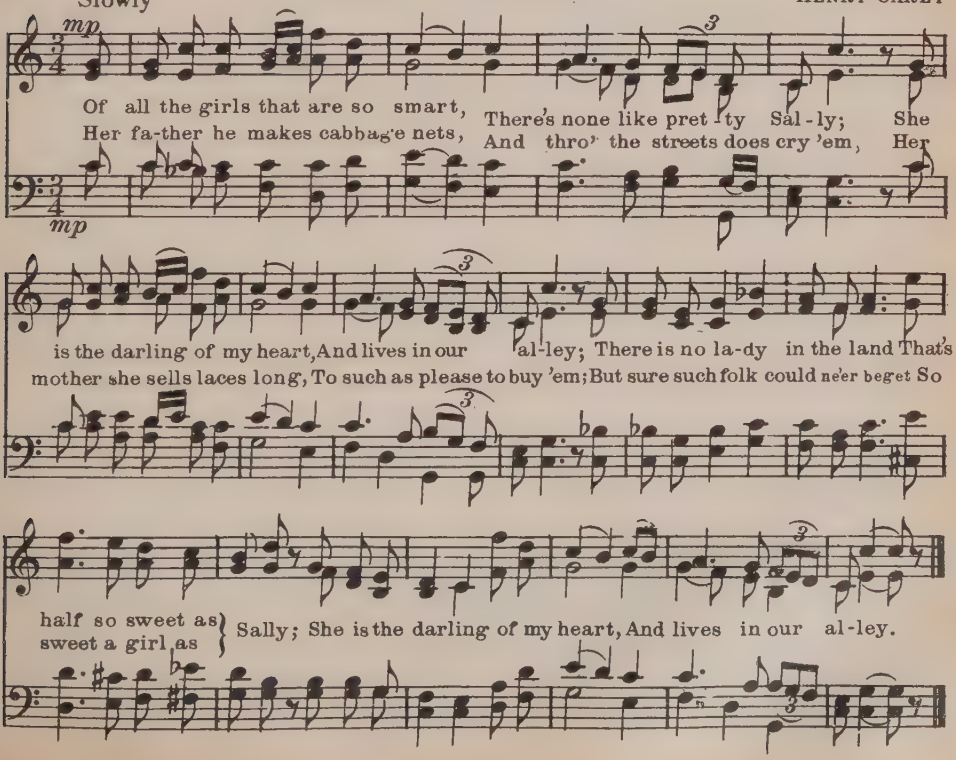

heard up-on the hill, Like the fall of the snow-drops or the dripping of the rill.
borne up-on the air, And her heart like the humming birds is free from ev'-ry care.
Fair-y-Belle, gen-tle Fair-y-Belle, The star of the night and the li - ly of the day,
Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright, sun-ny way.

Gentle Annie and Fairy-Belle are two of Foster's numbers which are comparatively little known They have been so arranged as to make them useful for either mixed or male quartet. For male voices, have first tenor take the alto part, singing it in the range as written; the second tenor takes the soprano an octave lower than written; the first bass takes the upper part in the bass clef and the second bass the lower.

Sally In Our Alley

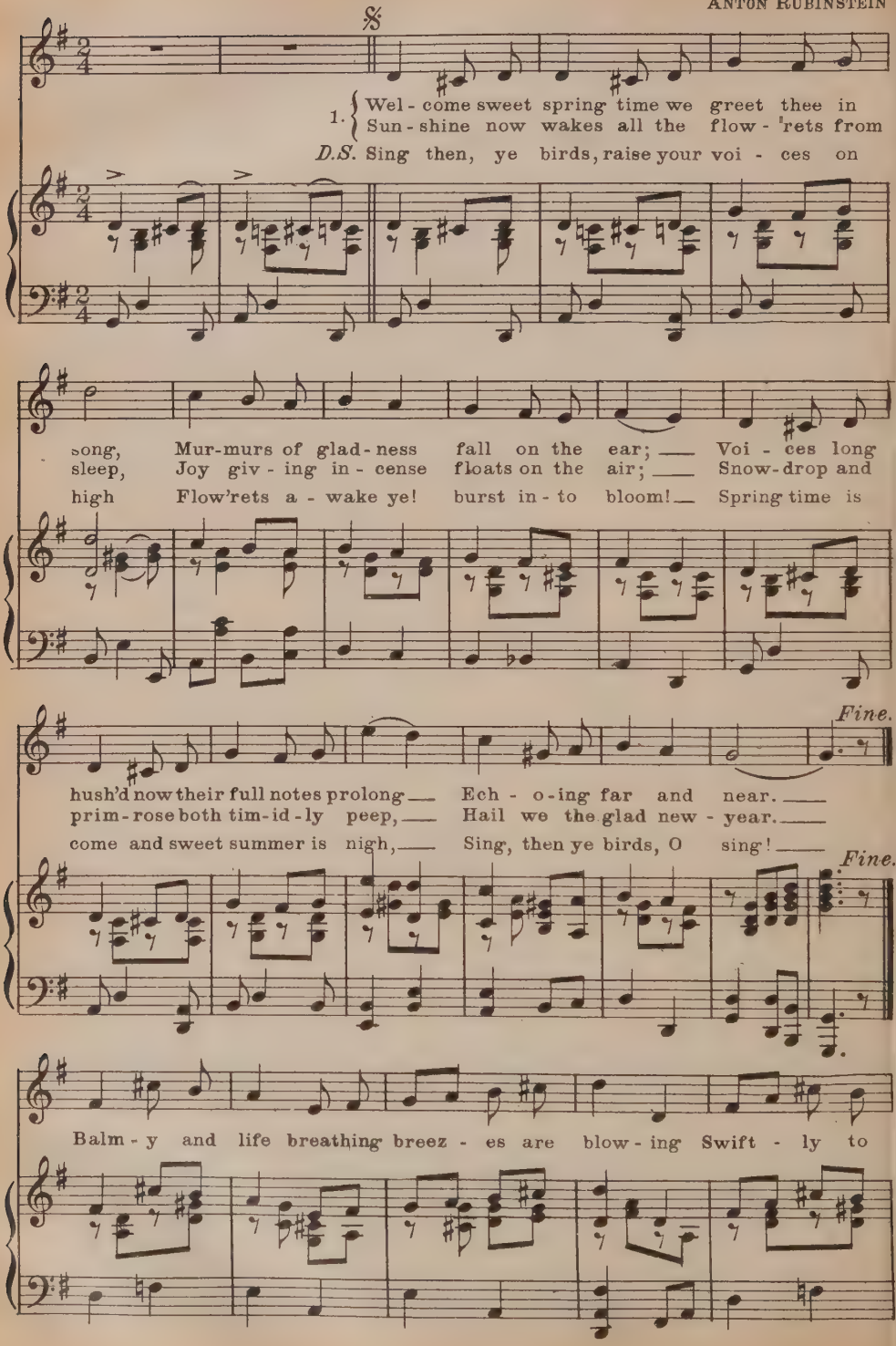
Slowly

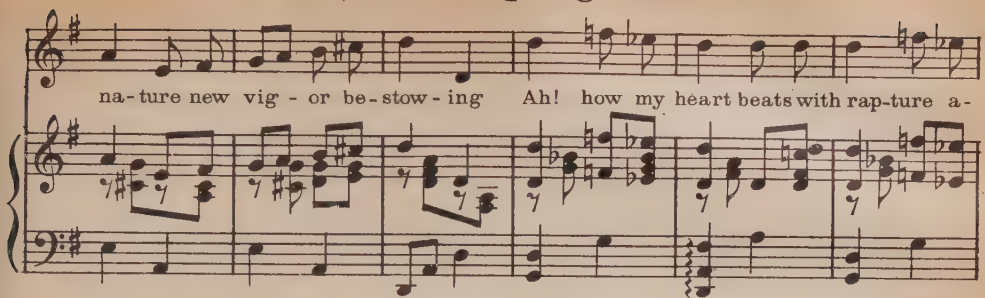
HENRY CAREY

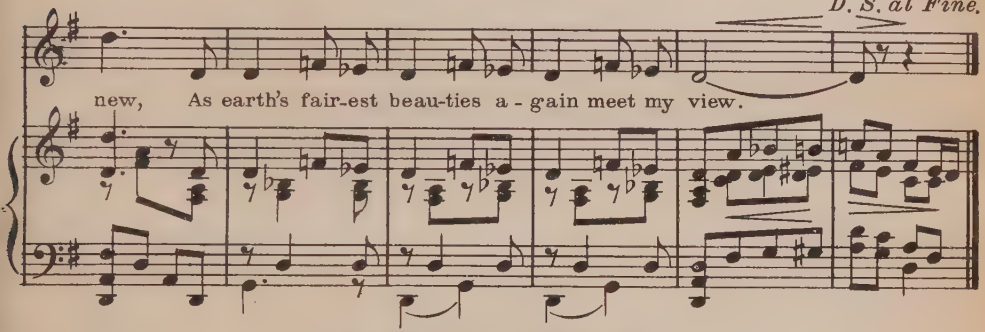

mp
Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty Sal - ly; She
Her fa-ther he makes cabbage nets, And thro' the streets does cry 'em, Her
mp
is the darling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley; There is no la-dy in the land That's
mother she sells laces long, To such as please to buy 'em; But sure such folk could ne'er beget So
half so sweet as
sweet a girl as
Sally; She is the darling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.

Welcome, Sweet Springtime

ANTON RUBINSTEIN


1. Wel - come sweet spring time we greet thee in
Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from
D.S. Sing then, ye birds, raise your voi - ces on
song, Mur-murs of glad - ness fall on the ear; Voi - ces long
sleep, Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; Snow-drop and
high Flow'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom! Spring time is
Fine.
hush'd now their full notes prolong Ech - o - ing far and near.
prim - rose both tim-id - ly peep, Hail we the glad new - year.
come and sweet summer is nigh, Sing, then ye birds, O sing!
Fine.
Balm - y and life breathing breez - es are blow - ing Swift - ly to

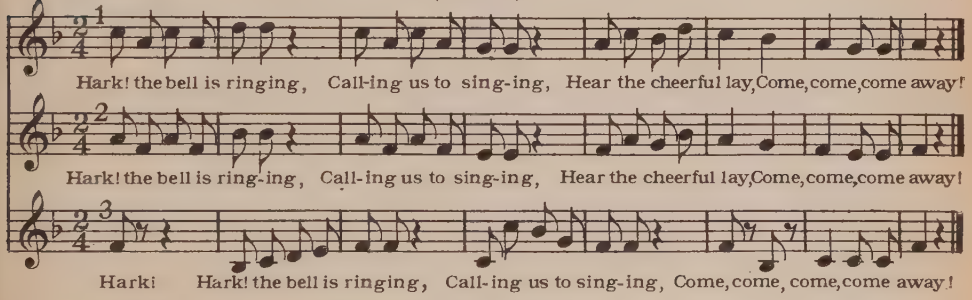




The Bell Is Ringing

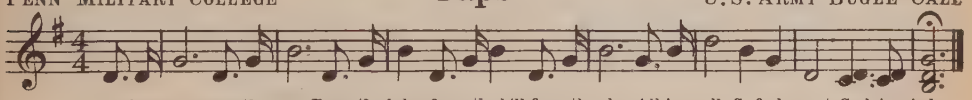
(Round)

Lively

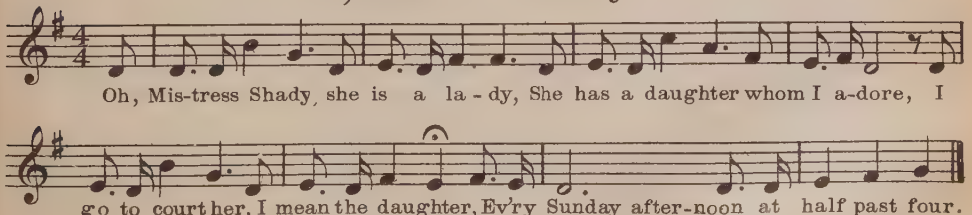

1
Hark! the bell is ringing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
2
Hark! the bell is ring-ing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
3
Hark! Hark! the bell is ringing, Call-ing us to sing-ing, Come, come, come, come away!

Taps

PENN MILITARY COLLEGE U.S. ARMY BUGLE CALL



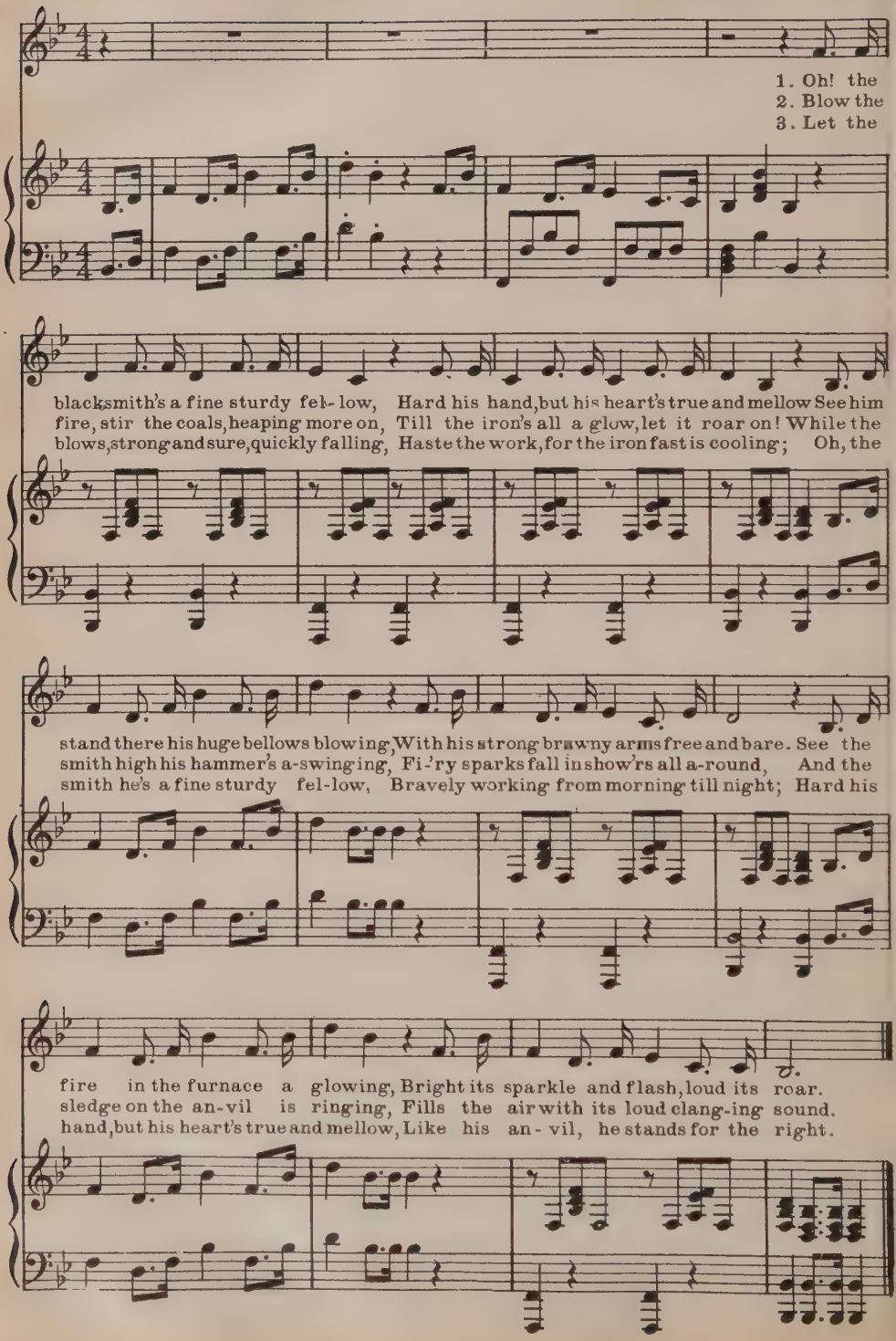
Oh, Mistress Shady


Oh, Mis-tress Shady, she is a la-dy, She has a daughter whom I a-dore, I
go to court her, I mean the daughter, Ev'ry Sunday after-noon at half past four.

2. Monday. 4. Wednesday. 6. Friday.
3. Tuesday. 5. Thursday 7. Saturday.

The Blacksmith

WOLFGANG A. MOZART

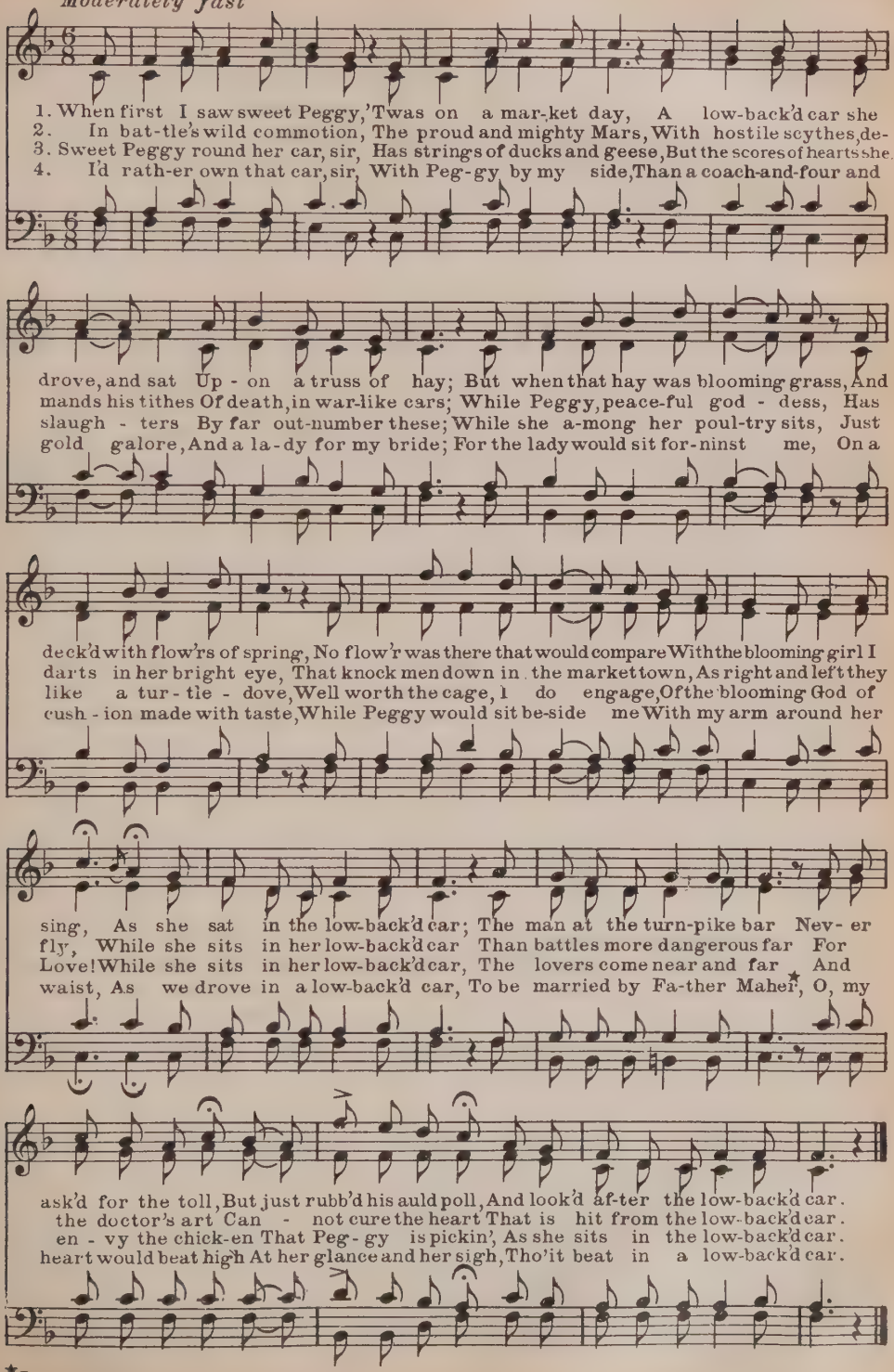

1. Oh! the
2. Blow the
3. Let the
blacksmith's a fine sturdy fel-low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow See him
fire, stir the coals, heaping more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it roar on! While the
blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling; Oh, the
stand there his huge bellows blowing, With his strong brawny arms free and bare. See the
smith high his hammer's a-swinging, Fi-'ry sparks fall in show'rs all a-round, And the
smith he's a fine sturdy fel-low, Bravely working from morning till night; Hard his
fire in the furnace a glowing, Bright its sparkle and flash, loud its roar.
sledge on the an-vil is ringing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.
hand, but his heart's true and mellow, Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.

The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER

OLD IRISH AIR

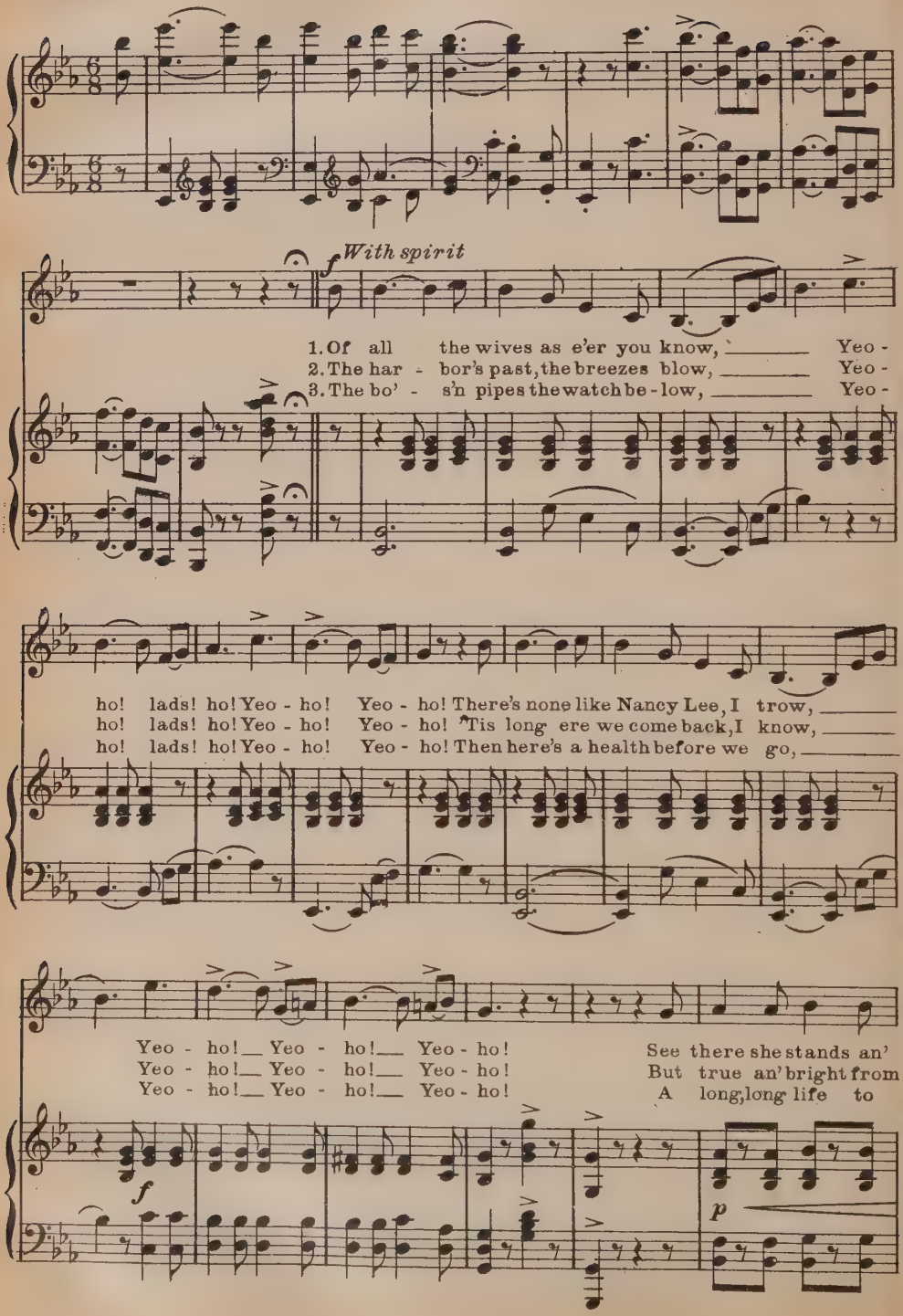
Moderately fast


1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-back'd car she
2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peggy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
slaugh - ters By far out-number these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold galore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a
deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As right and left they
like a tur - tle - dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
cush - ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm around her
sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev- er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car Than battles more dangerous far For
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lovers come near and far ★ And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher★, O, my
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en - vy the chick-en That Peg - gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low-back'd car.

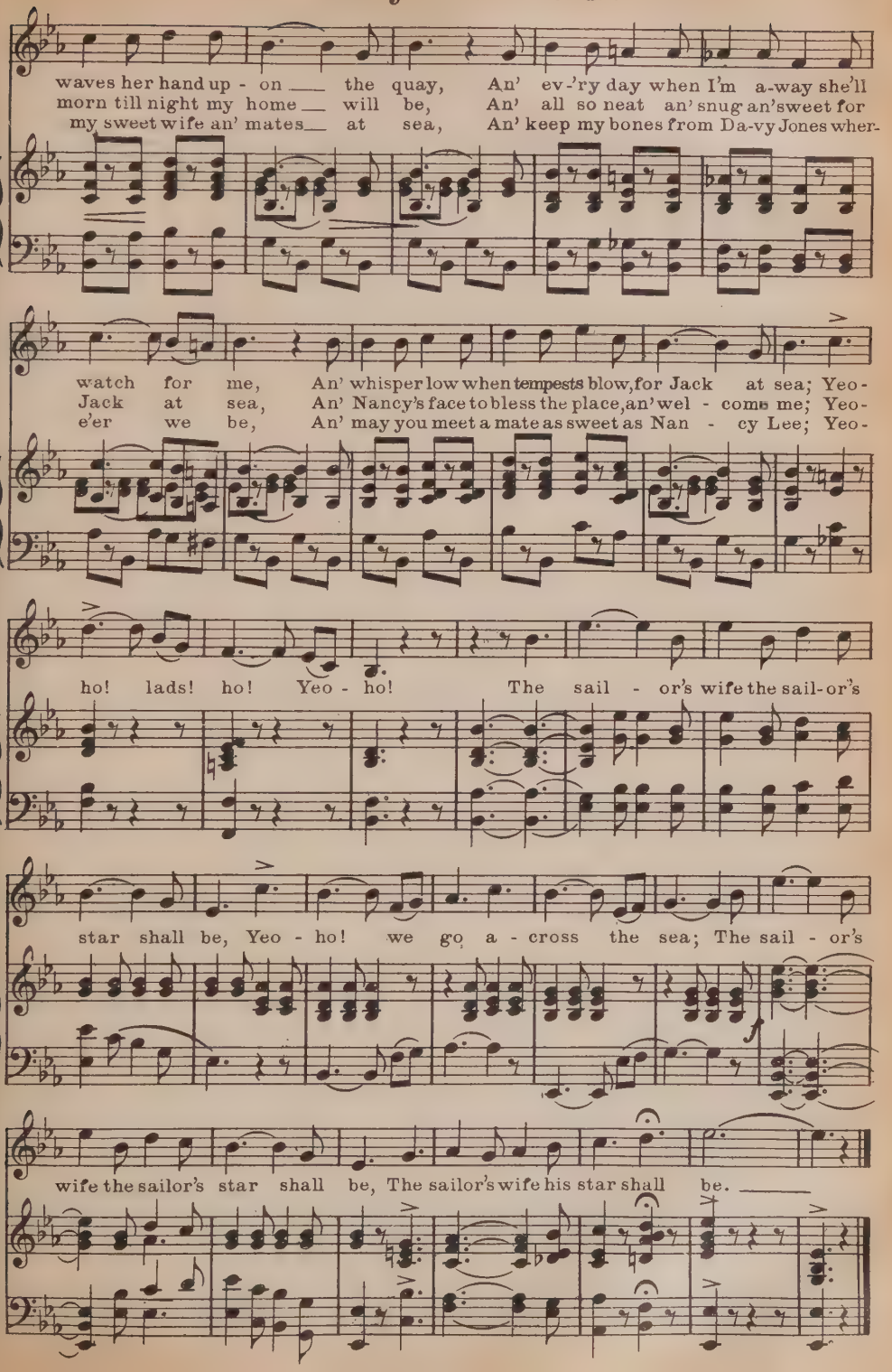
★Pronounced Mär

Nancy Lee

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS


With spirit
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo -
2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, Yeo -
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be - low, Yeo -
ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health before we go,
Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!
Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!
Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho!
See there she stands an'
But true an' bright from
A long, long life to
f
p

Nancy Lee—Concluded

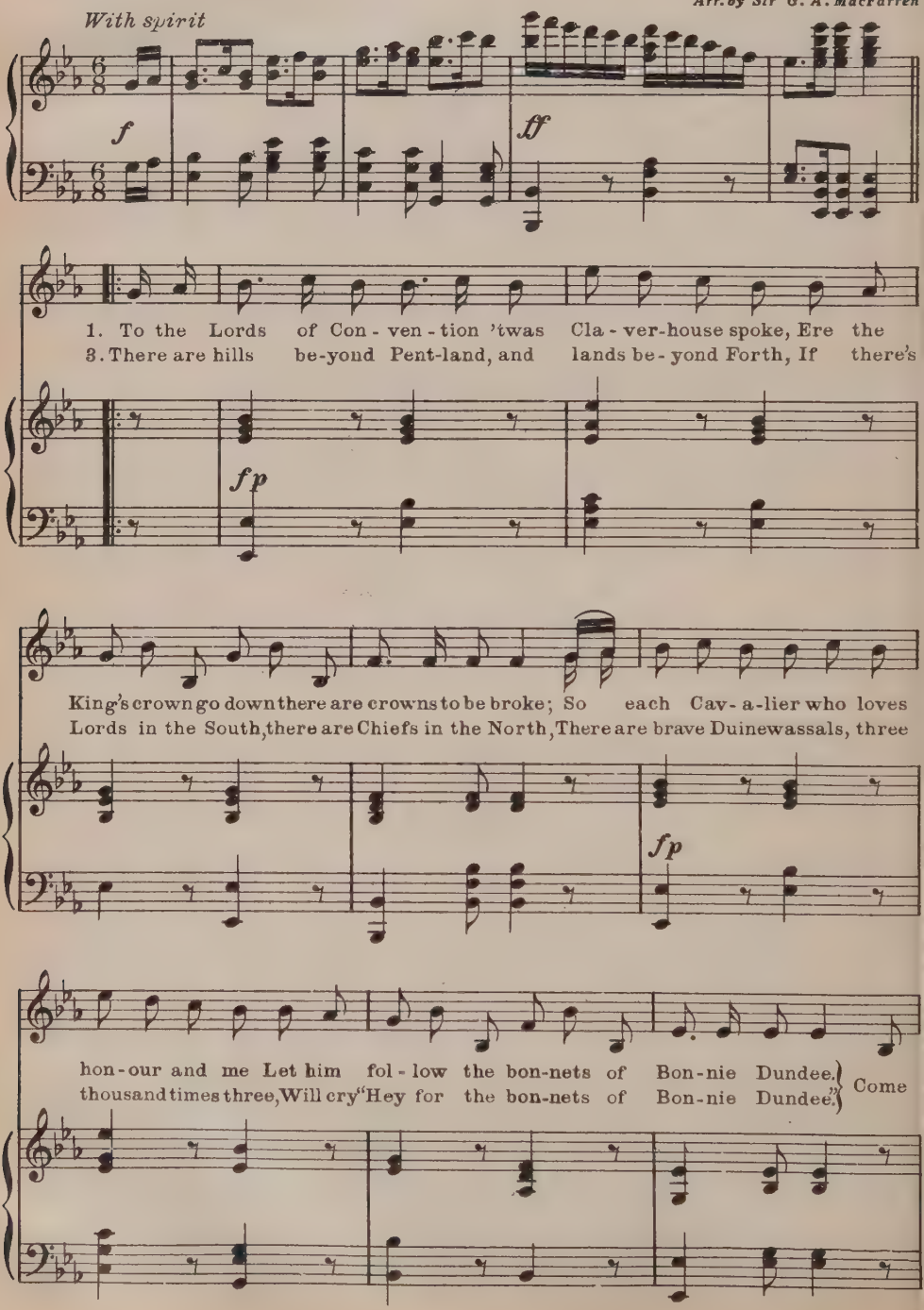

waves her hand up - on ___ the quay, An' ev-'ry day when I'm a-way she'll
morn till night my home ___ will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife an' mates ___ at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher-
watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo-
ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's
star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's
wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.

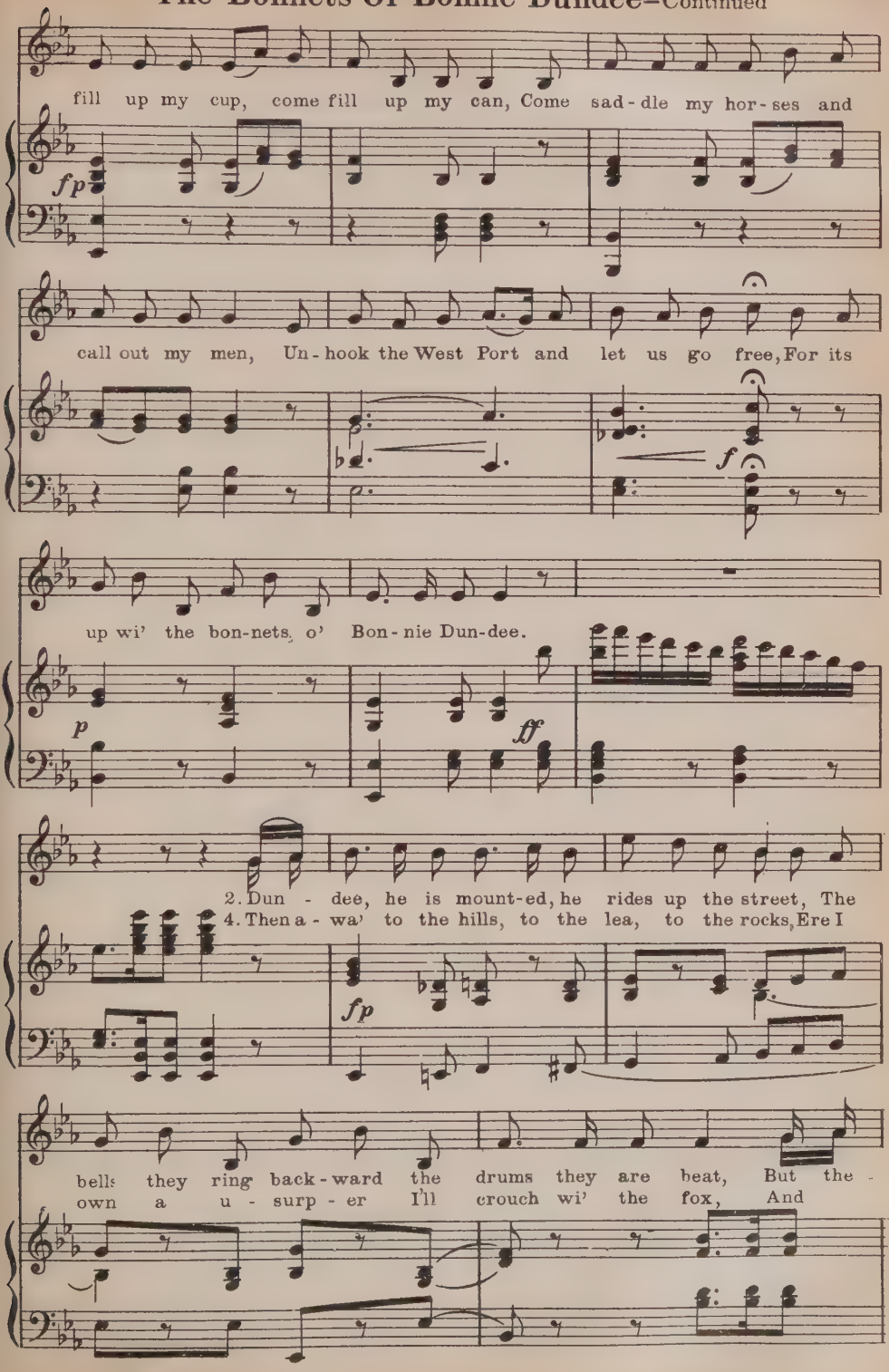
The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee

(Air-"The Band At A Distance")

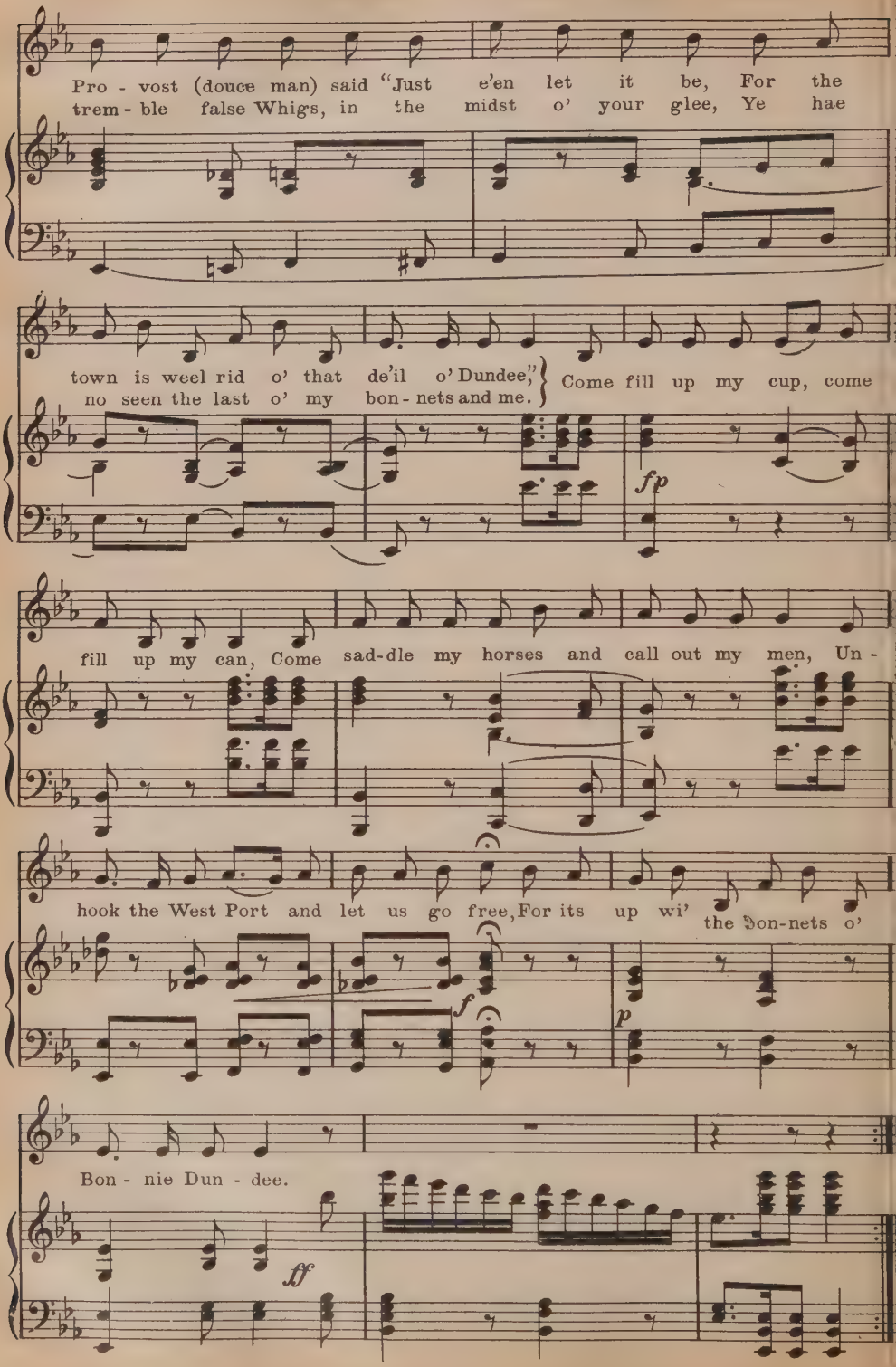
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Arr. by Sir G. A. MacFarren


With spirit
f
ff
1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver-house spoke, Ere the
3. There are hills be-yond Pent-land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's
fp
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; So each Cav - a-lier who loves
Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North, There are brave Duinewassals, three
fp
hon - our and me Let him fol - low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee.
thousand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee."
Come


fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad-dle my hor-ses and
fp
call out my men, Un-hook the West Port and let us go free, For its
f
up wi' the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee.
p
ff
2. Dun - dee, he is mount-ed, he rides up the street, The
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I
fp
bells they ring back-ward the drums they are beat, But the -
own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox, And

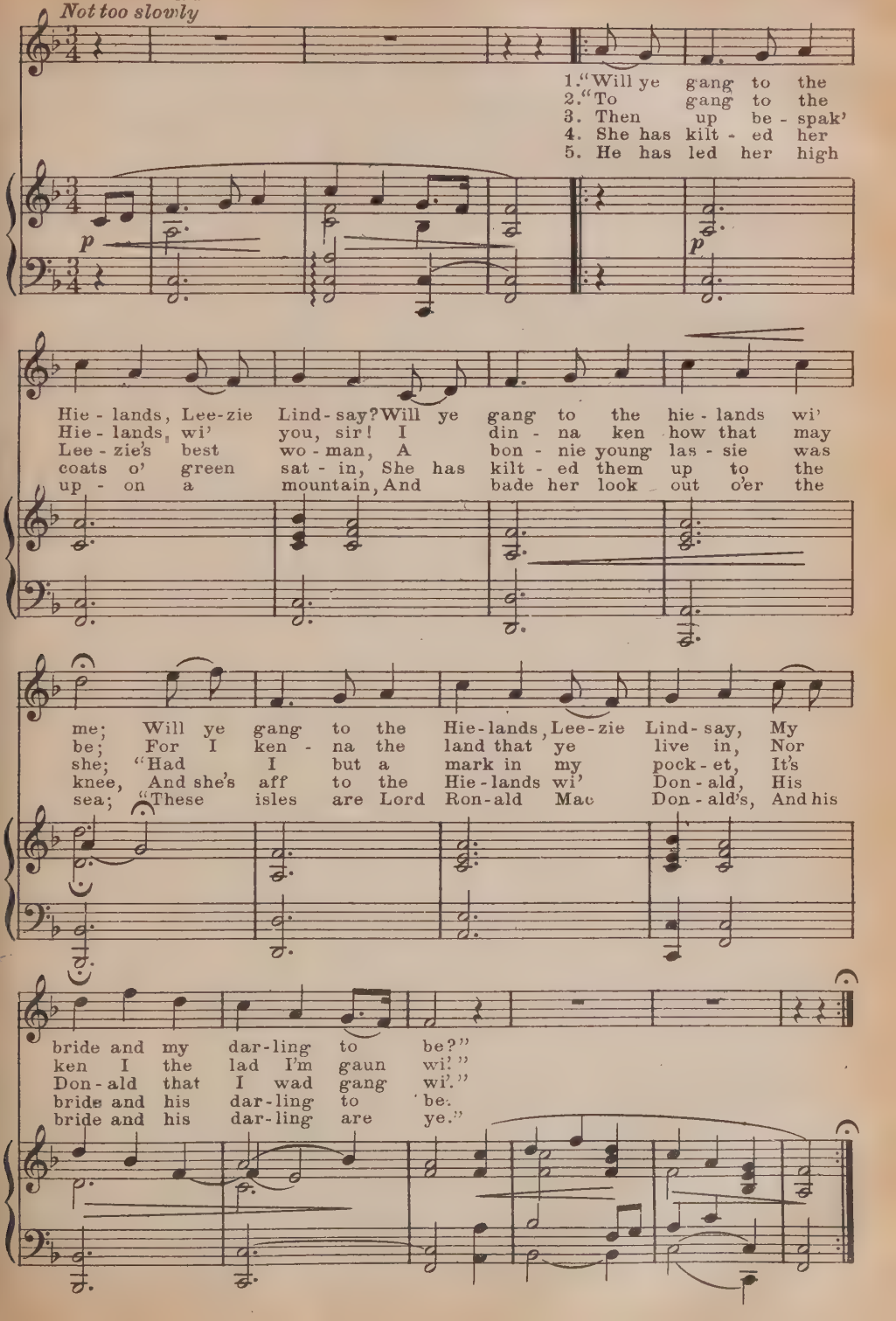
The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee–Concluded


Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the trem - ble false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye hae
town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee,"
no seen the last o' my bon - nets and me.
Come fill up my cup, come
fp
fill up my can, Come sad-dle my horses and call out my men, Un -
hook the West Port and let us go free, For its up wi' the Bon-nets o'
f
p
Bon - nie Dun - dee.
ff

Leezie Lindsay

WORDS TRADITIONAL

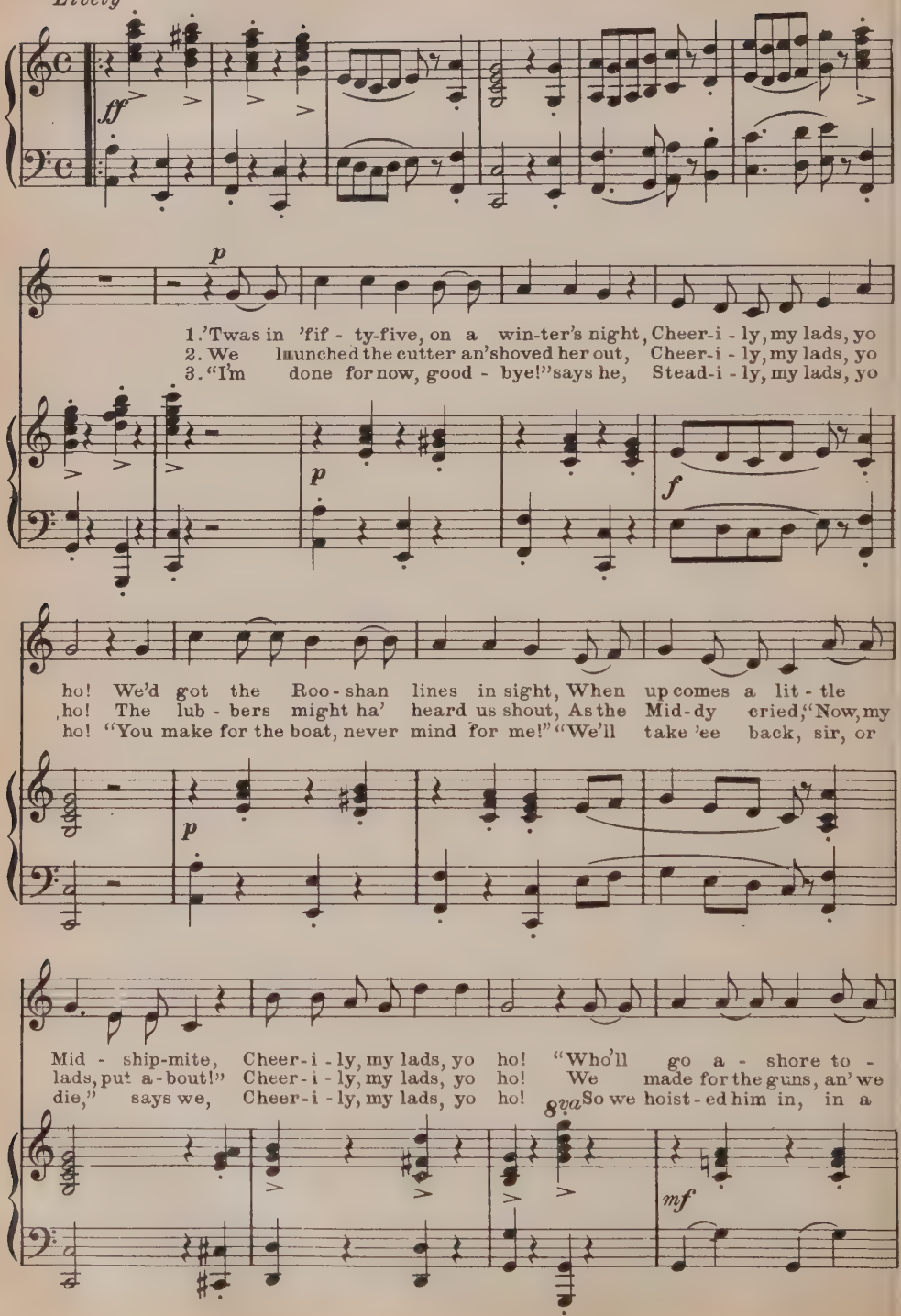
OLD SCOTCH SONG

Not too slowly

1. "Will ye gang to the
2. "To gang to the
3. Then up be - spak'
4. She has kilt - ed her
5. He has led her high
p
p
Hie - lands, Lee-zie Lind - say? Will ye gang to the hie - lands wi'
Hie - lands, wi' you, sir! I din - na ken how that may
Lee - zie's best wo - man, A bon - nie young las - sie was
coats o' green sat - in, She has kilt - ed them up to the
up - on a mountain, And bade her look out o'er the
me; Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind - say, My
be; For I ken - na the land that ye live in, Nor
she; "Had I but a mark in my pock - et, It's
knee, And she's aff to the Hie-lands wi' Don - ald, His
sea; "These isles are Lord Ron-ald Mac Don - ald's, And his
bride and my dar-ling to be?"
ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."
Don-ald that I wad gang wi'."
bride and his dar-ling to be.
bride and his dar-ling are ye."

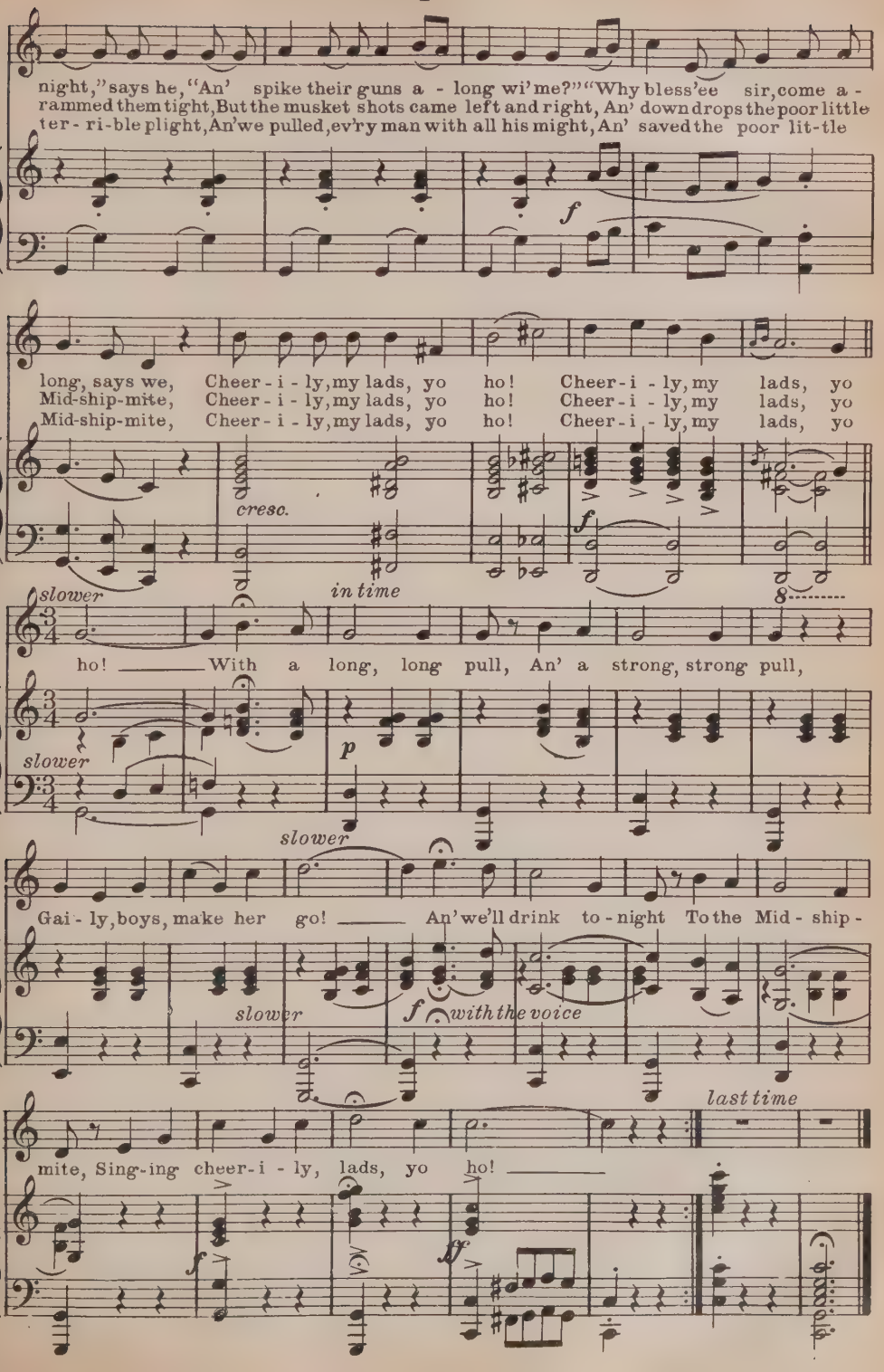
The Midshipmite

FRED E. WEATHERLY — STEPHEN ADAMS

Lively


ff
p
1.'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo
p
f
ho! We'd got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
ho! The lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid-dy cried, "Now, my
ho! "You make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or
p
Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to -
lads, put a-bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we
die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoist - ed him in, in a
8va
mf

The Midshipmite—Concluded


night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless'ee sir, come a - rammed them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle
f
long, says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
Mid-ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
Mid-ship-mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
cresc.
f
slower
in time
8
ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,
slower
p
slower
Gai - ly, boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -
slower
f with the voice
last time
mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!
f
ff

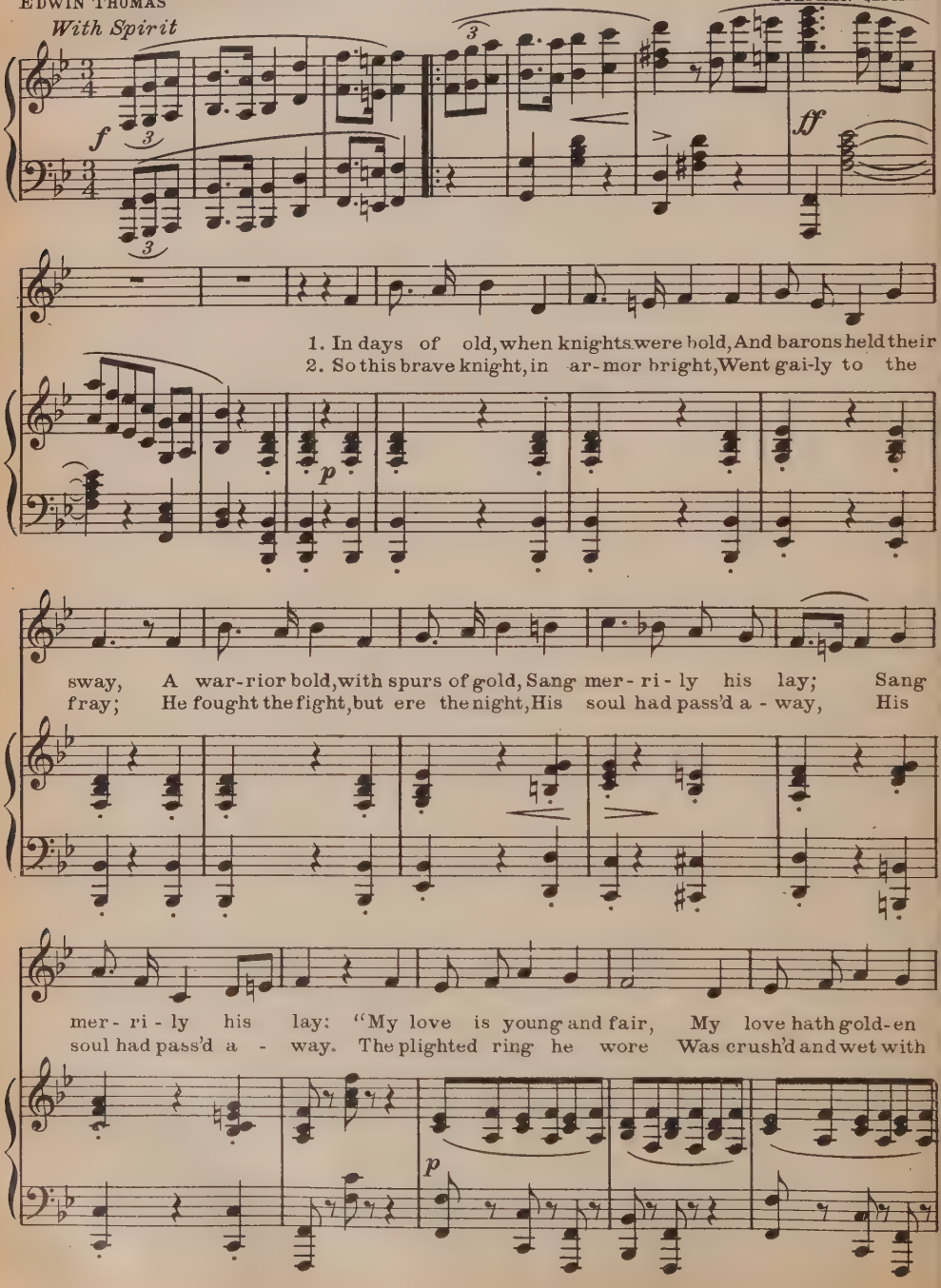
A Warrior Bold

The name of the composer, Steven Adams, is a nom-de-plume used by Michael Maybrick. "A Warrior Bold" and "Nancy Lee", which will also be found in this book, are among his most popular songs. Maybrick was born in Liverpool in 1844.

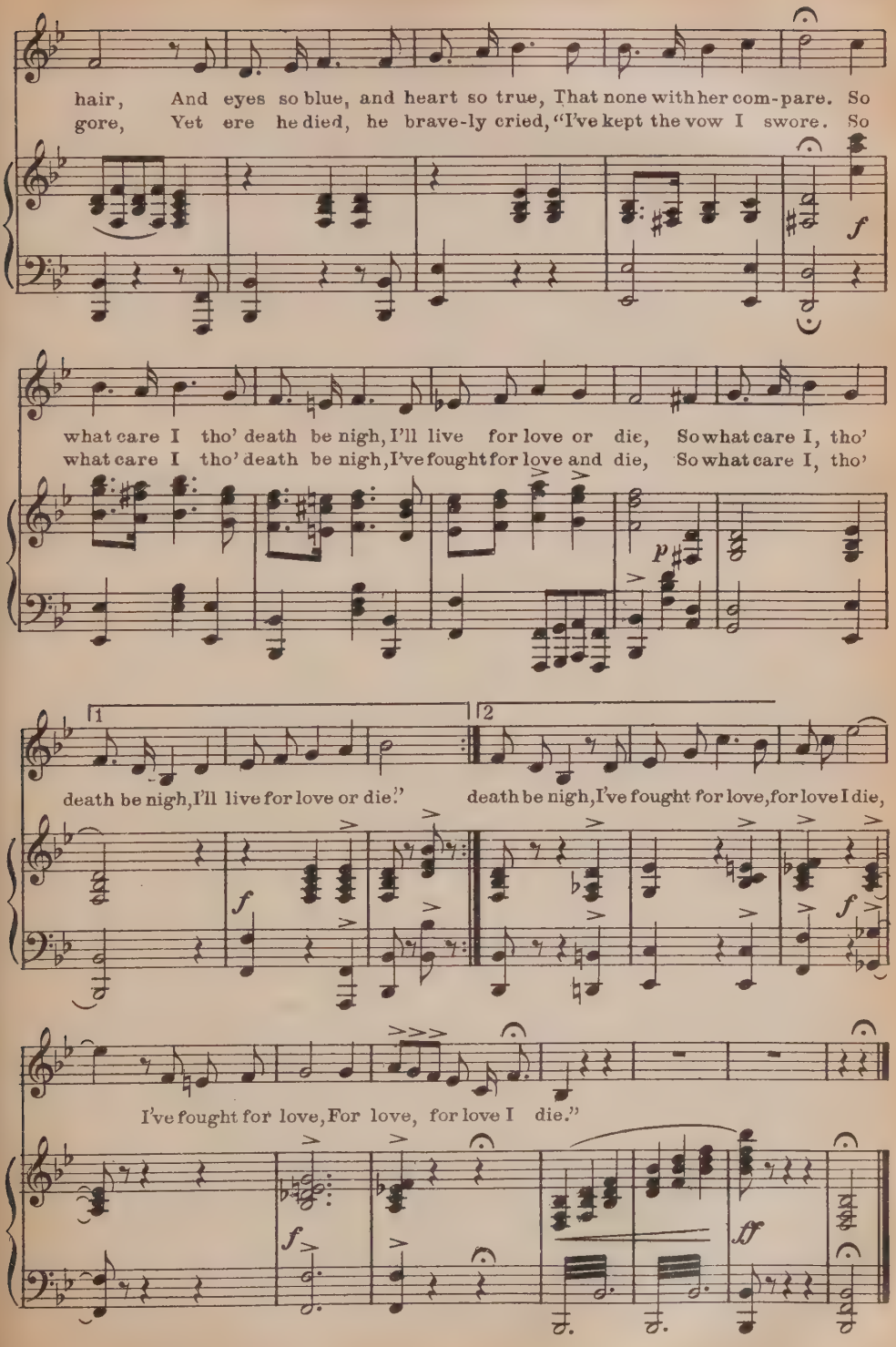
EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS

With Spirit


f
ff
p
1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held their
2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gai-ly to the
sway, A war-rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay; Sang
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a-way, His
mer-ri-ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en
soul had pass'd a-way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with
p

A Warrior Bold–Concluded

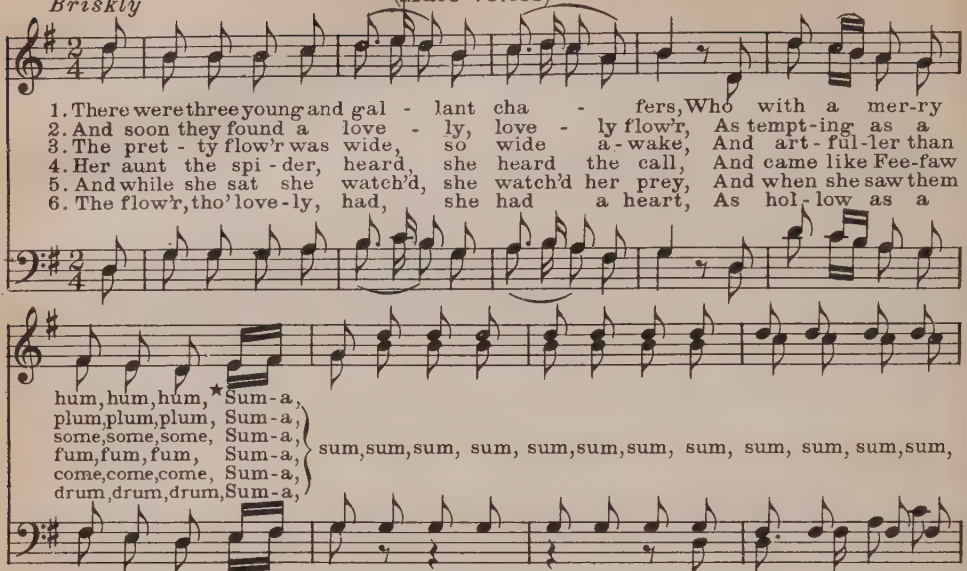

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So
f
what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'
p
1
2
death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die,
f
f
I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."
f
ff

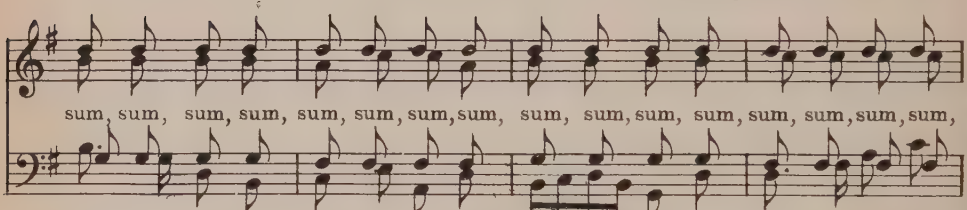
The Three Chafers

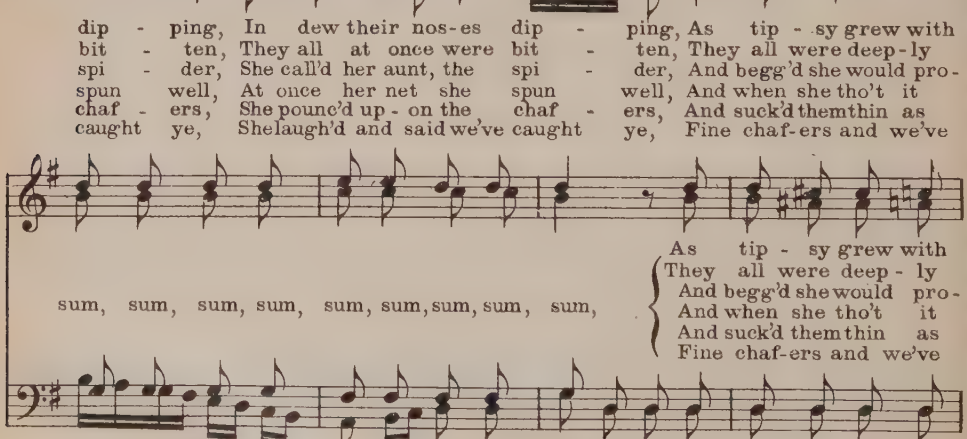
(Male Voices)

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN

Briskly

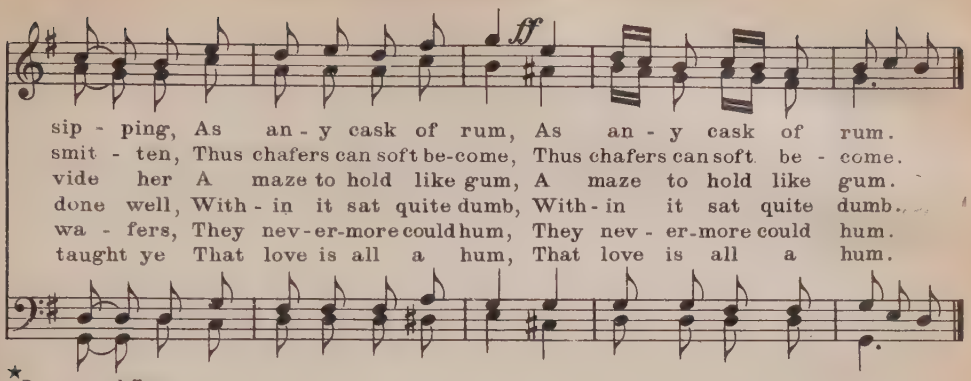

1. There were three young and gal - lant cha - fers, Who with a mer-ry
2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a
3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide, so wide a-wake, And art-ful-ler than
4. Her aunt the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And came like Fee-faw
5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And when she saw them
6. The flow'r, tho' love-ly, had, she had a heart, As hol-low as a
hum, hum, hum, ★Sum-a,
plum, plum, plum, Sum-a,
some, some, some, Sum-a,
fum, fum, fum, Sum-a,
come, come, come, Sum-a,
drum, drum, drum, Sum-a,
sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
BASS OR ALTO SOLO
In dew their nos-es
They all at once were
She call'd her aunt, the
At once her net she
She pounc'd up - on the
She laugh'd and said we've




dip - ping, In dew their nos-es dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with
bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deep-ly
spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro-
spun well, At once her net she spun well, And when she tho't it
chaf - ers, She pounc'd up - on the chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as
caught ye, She laugh'd and said we've caught ye, Fine chaf-ers and we've

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,
As tip - sy grew with
They all were deep - ly
And begg'd she would pro-
And when she tho't it
And suck'd them thin as
Fine chaf-ers and we've
sip - ping, As an-y cask of rum, Sum, sum,
smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be-come, Sum, sum,
vide her A maze to hold like gum, Sum, sum,
done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, Sum, sum,
wa - fers, They nev-er-more could hum, Sum, sum,
taught ye That love is all a hum, Sum, sum,

The Three Chafers–Concluded


ff
sip - ping, As an - y cask of rum, As an - y cask of rum.
smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be-come, Thus chafers can soft be - come.
vide her A maze to hold like gum, A maze to hold like gum.
done well, With - in it sat quite dumb, With - in it sat quite dumb.
wa - fers, They nev-er-more could hum, They nev - er-more could hum.
taught ye That love is all a hum, That love is all a hum.

★Pronounced Zoom.

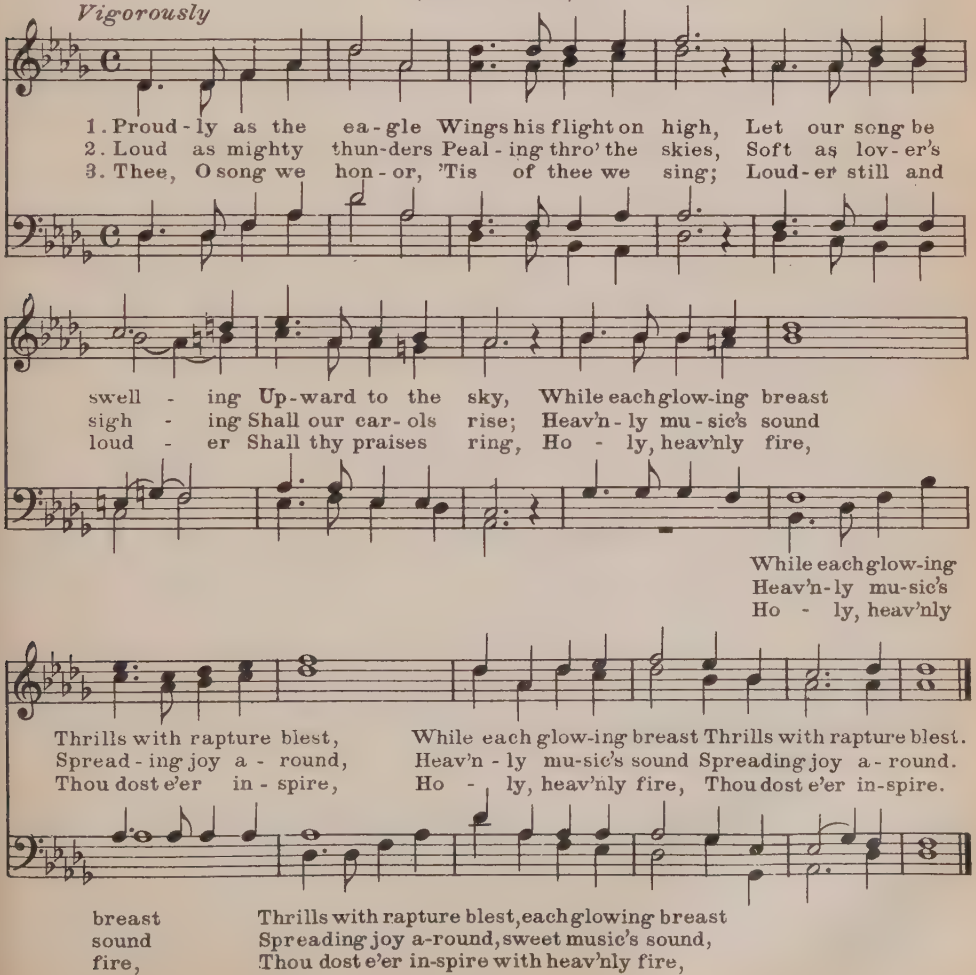
Note: This number may be used for quartet of unchanged voices by pitching one octave higher than when sung by male voices.

Proudly As The Eagle

(Male Voices)

ALFRED STONE — LOUIS SPOHR

Vigorously

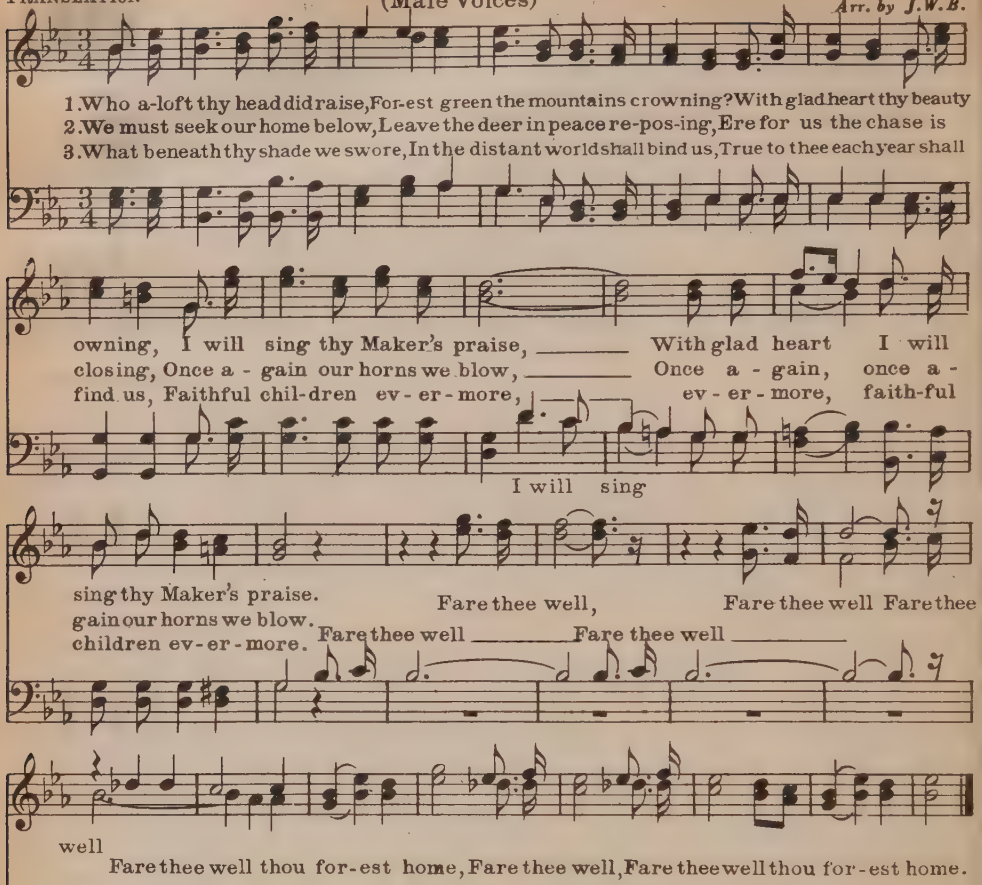

1. Proud - ly as the ea - gle Wings his flight on high, Let our song be
2. Loud as mighty thun-ders Peal - ing thro' the skies, Soft as lov - er's
3. Thee, O song we hon - or, 'Tis of thee we sing; Loud - er still and
swell - ing Up-ward to the sky, While each glow-ing breast
sigh - ing Shall our car - ols rise; Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound
loud - er Shall thy praises ring, Ho - ly, heav'nly fire,
While each glow-ing
Heav'n-ly mu-sic's
Ho - ly, heav'nly
Thrills with rapture blest,
Spread - ing joy a - round,
Thou dost e'er in - spire,
While each glow-ing breast Thrills with rapture blest.
Heav'n - ly mu-sic's sound Spreading joy a - round.
Ho - ly, heav'nly fire, Thou dost e'er in-spire.
breast
sound
fire,
Thrills with rapture blest, each glowing breast
Spreading joy a-round, sweet music's sound,
Thou dost e'er in-spire with heav'nly fire,

The Hunter's Farewell

(Male Voices)

TRANSLATION

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by J.W.B.


1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For-est green the mountains crowning? With glad heart thy beauty
2. We must seek our home below, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for us the chase is
3. What beneath thy shade we swore, In the distant world shall bind us, True to thee each year shall
owning, I will sing thy Maker's praise, With glad heart I will
closing, Once a - gain our horns we blow, Once a - gain, once a -
find us, Faithful chil-dren ev - er - more, ev - er - more, faith-ful
I will sing
sing thy Maker's praise.
gain our horns we blow.
children ev-er-more.
Fare thee well, Fare thee well Fare thee
Fare thee well Fare thee well
well
Fare thee well thou for-est home, Fare thee well, Fare thee well thou for-est home.

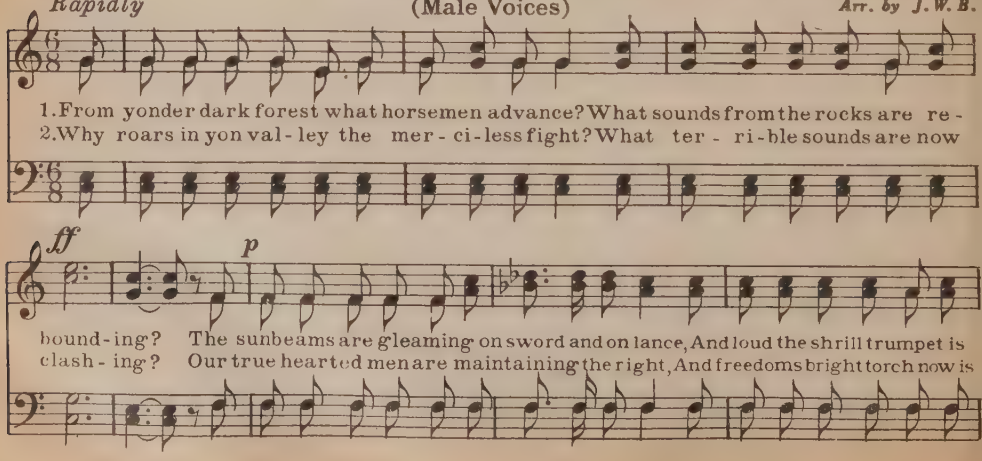
TRANSLATION

Rapidly

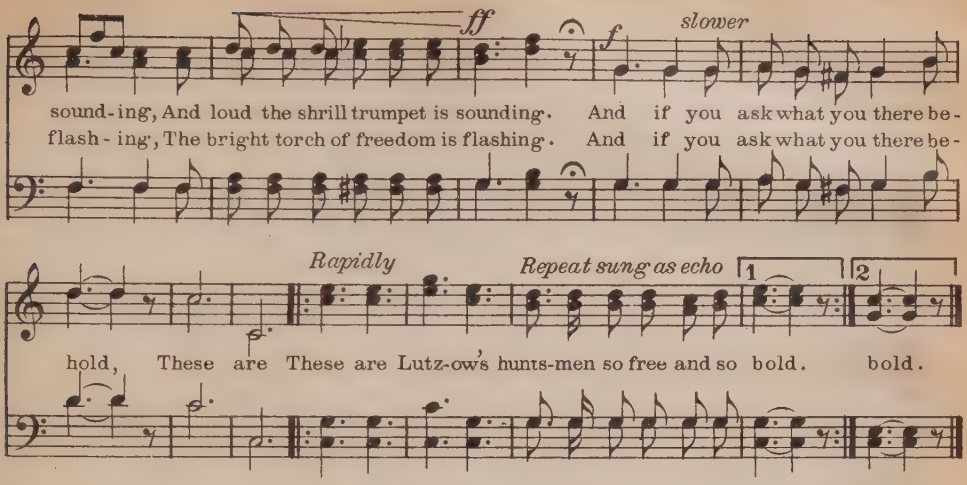
Lutzow's Wild Hunt

(Male Voices)

CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Arr. by J.W.B.


1. From yonder dark forest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re -
2. Why roars in yon val - ley the mer - ci-less fight? What ter - ri-ble sounds are now
ff
p
bound-ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is
clash - ing? Our true hearted men are maintaining the right, And freedoms bright torch now is

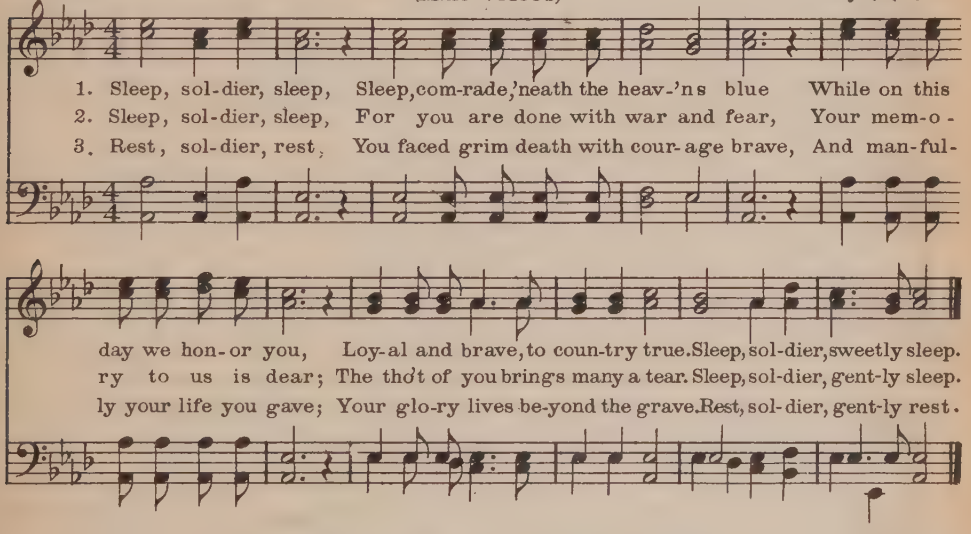
Lutzow's Wild Hunt – Concluded


ff
f
slower
sound-ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sounding. And if you ask what you there be-
flash-ing, The bright torch of freedom is flashing. And if you ask what you there be-
Rapidly
Repeat sung as echo
1
2
hold, These are These are Lutz-ow's hunts-men so free and so bold. bold.

Sleep, Soldier, Sleep

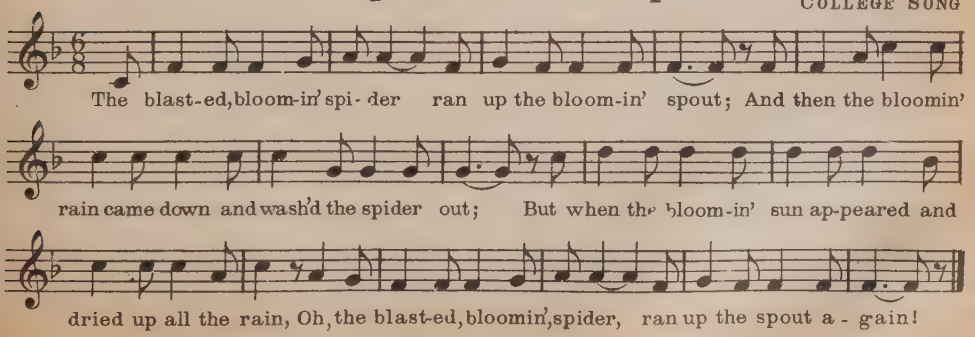
Memorial Day
(Male Voices)

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN — ALFHENS DAVISON
Arr by J.W.B.

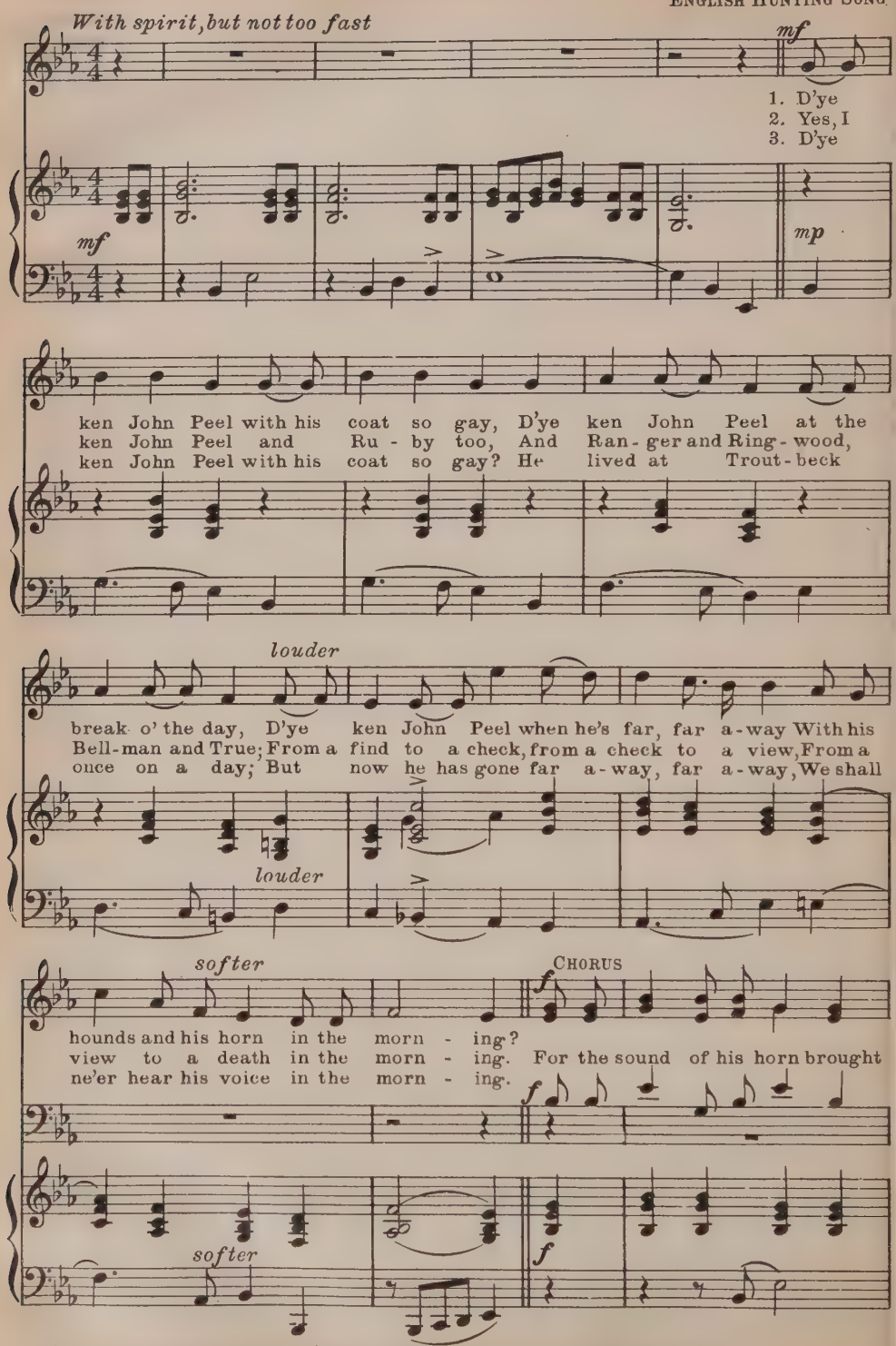

1. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, Sleep, com-rade, 'neath the heav-'ns blue While on this
2. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, For you are done with war and fear, Your mem-o-
3. Rest, sol-dier, rest, You faced grim death with cour-age brave, And man-ful-
day we hon-or you, Loy-al and brave, to coun-try true. Sleep, sol-dier, sweetly sleep.
ry to us is dear; The tho't of you brings many a tear. Sleep, sol-dier, gent-ly sleep.
ly your life you gave; Your glo-ry lives be-yond the grave. Rest, sol-dier, gent-ly rest.

The Spider And The Spout

COLLEGE SONG

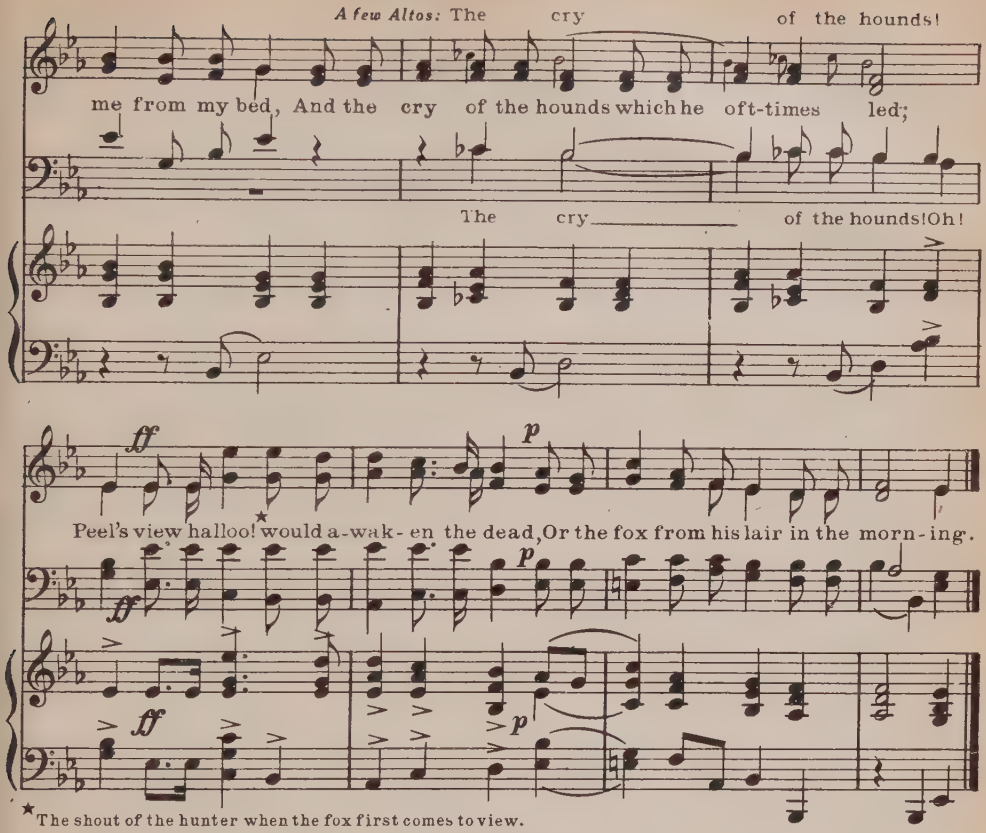

The blast-ed, bloom-in' spi-der ran up the bloom-in' spout; And then the bloomin'
rain came down and wash'd the spider out; But when the bloom-in' sun ap-peared and
dried up all the rain, Oh, the blast-ed, bloomin', spider, ran up the spout a-gain!

John Peel

ENGLISH HUNTING SONG.

With spirit, but not too fast
mf
1. D'ye
2. Yes, I
3. D'ye
mf
mp
ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the
ken John Peel and Ru - by too, And Ran - ger and Ring - wood,
ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck
louder
break o' the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way With his
Bell-man and True; From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a
once on a day; But now he has gone far a - way, far a - way, We shall
louder
softer
CHORUS
f
hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
view to a death in the morn - ing. For the sound of his horn brought
ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.
f
softer
f

Arr. taken, by permission, from Callinan's High School Songs published by Allyn and Bacon.

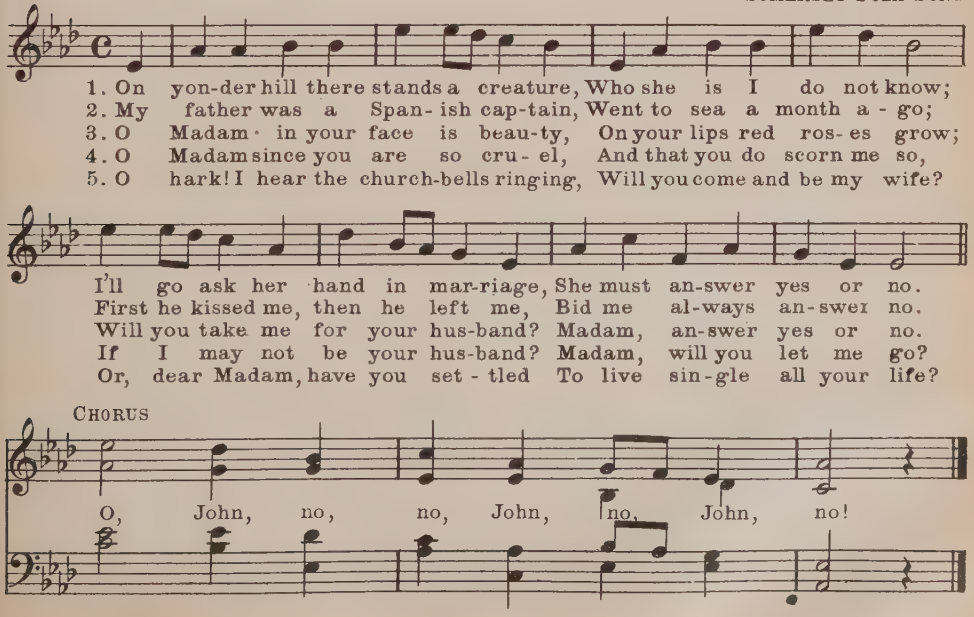
John Peel – Concluded


A few Altos: The cry of the hounds!
me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;
The cry of the hounds! Oh!
ff
p
Peel's view halloo! would a-wak-en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.
ff
p
ff
p

★The shout of the hunter when the fox first comes to view.

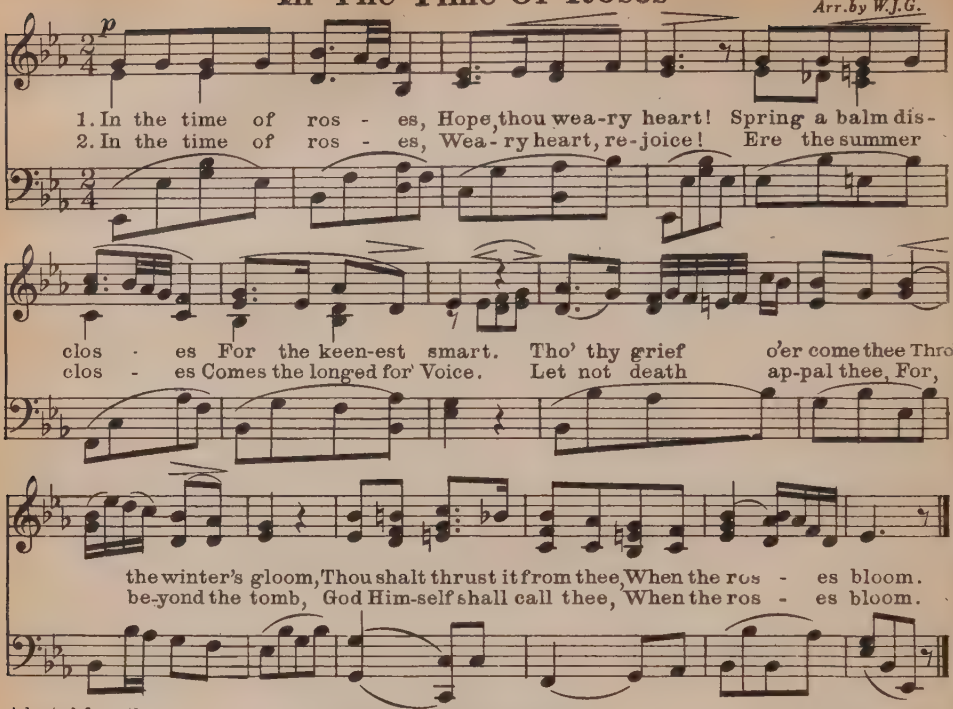
O, No, John

SOMERSET FOLK SONG


1. On yon-der hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know;
2. My father was a Span-ish cap-tain, Went to sea a month a-go;
3. O Madam in your face is beau-ty, On your lips red ros-es grow;
4. O Madam since you are so cru-el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. O hark! I hear the church-bells ringing, Will you come and be my wife?
I'll go ask her hand in mar-riage, She must an-swer yes or no.
First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me al-ways an-swer no.
Will you take me for your hus-band? Madam, an-swer yes or no.
If I may not be your hus-band? Madam, will you let me go?
Or, dear Madam, have you set-tled To live sin-gle all your life?
CHORUS
O, John, no, no, John, no, John, no!

In The Time Of Roses

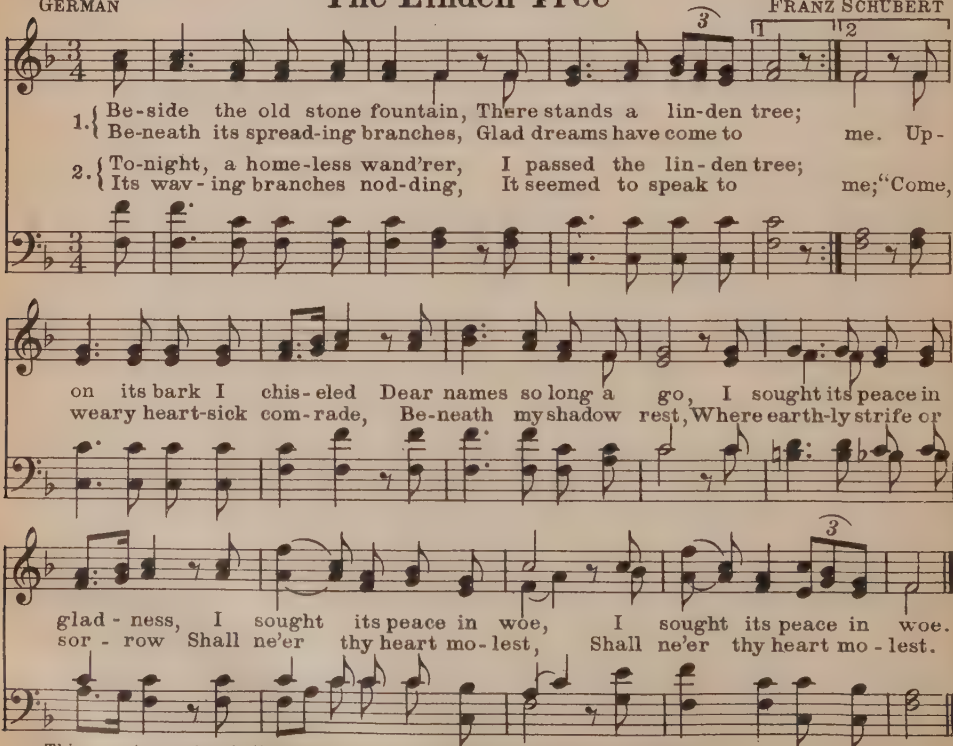
J. REICHARDT
Arr. by W. J. G.


p
1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea-ry heart! Spring a balm dis-
2. In the time of ros - es, Wea - ry heart, re-joice! Ere the summer
clos - es For the keen-est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'
clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap-pal thee, For,
the winter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
be-yond the tomb, God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

Adapted from the GERMAN

The Linden Tree

FRANZ SCHUBERT

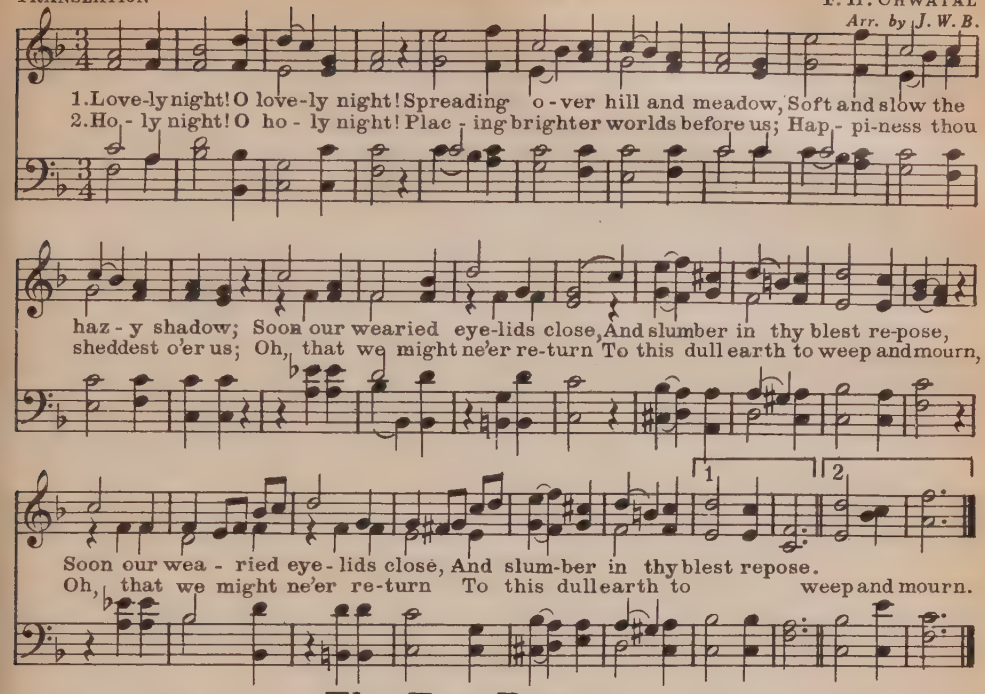

1. Be-side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree;
Be-neath its spread-ing branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up-
2. To-night, a home-less wand'rer, I passed the lin - den tree;
Its wav - ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come,
on its bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a go, I sought its peace in
weary heart-sick com-rade, Be-neath my shadow rest, Where earth-ly strife or
glad - ness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls' voices, the alto taking the tenor with bass omitted.

Lovely Night

TRANSLATION

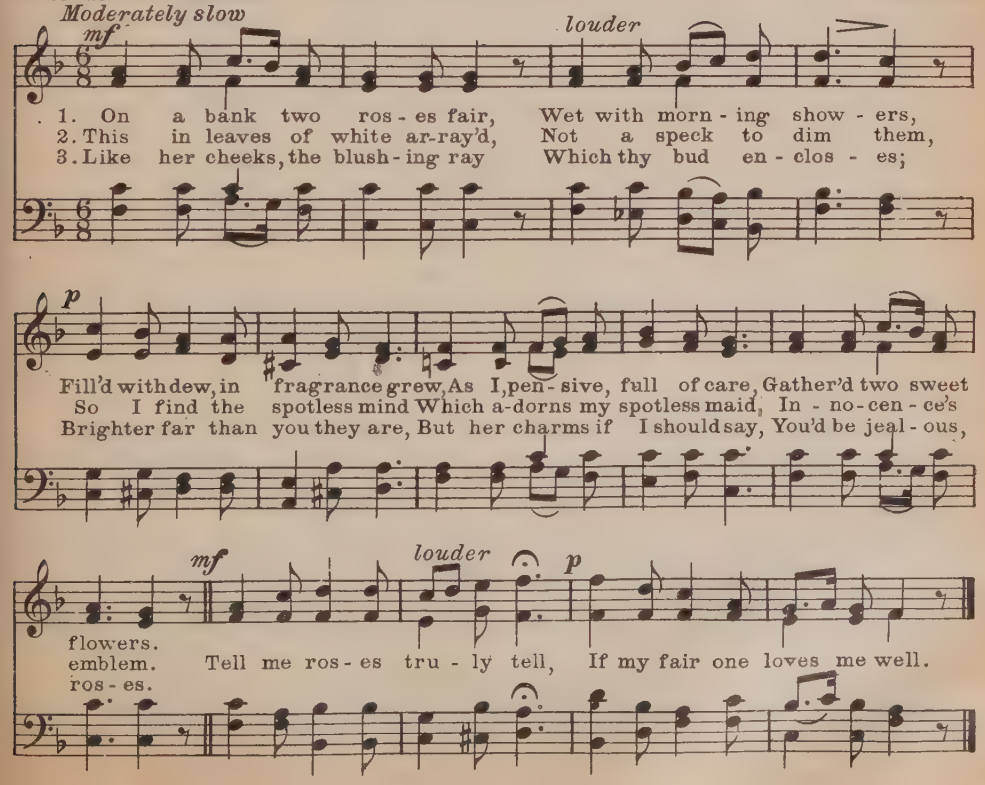
F. H. CHWATAL
Arr. by J. W. B.


1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spreading o-ver hill and meadow, Soft and slow the
2. Ho-ly night! O ho-ly night! Plac-ing brighter worlds before us; Hap-pi-ness thou
haz-y shadow; Soon our wearied eye-lids close, And slumber in thy blest re-pose,
sheddest o'er us; Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn,
1
2
Soon our wea-ried eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thy blest repose.
Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

The Two Roses

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

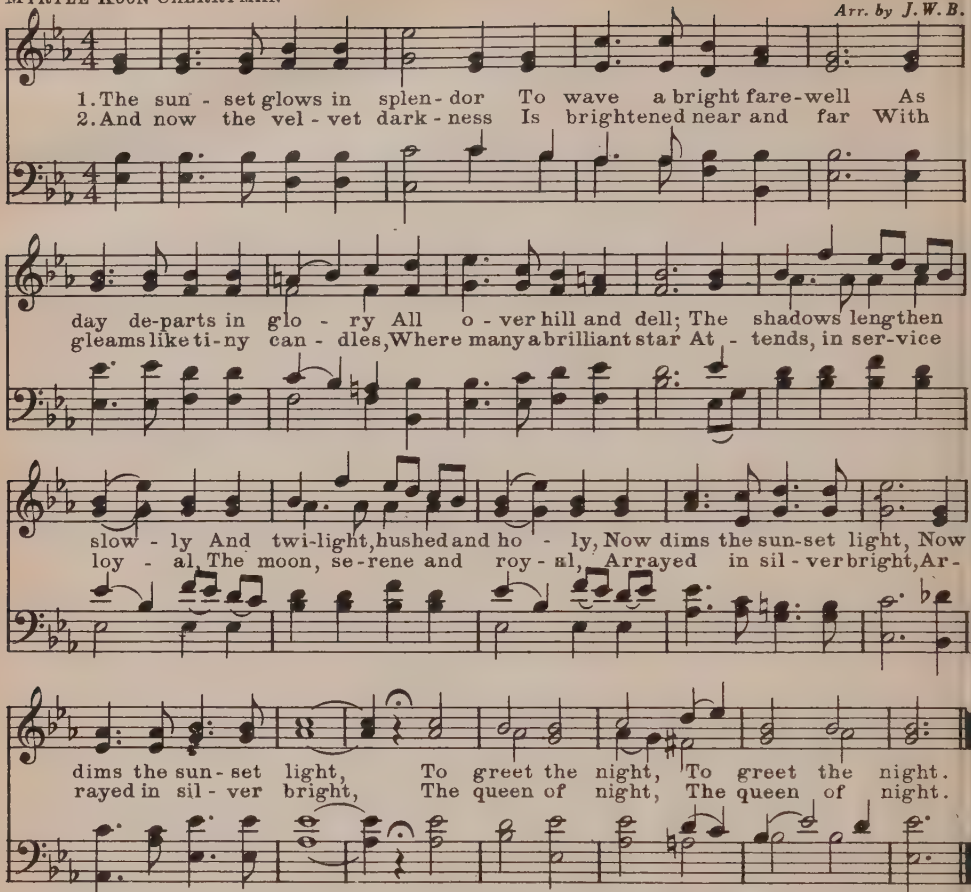
H. WERNER


Moderately slow
mf
louder
1. On a bank two ros-es fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers,
2. This in leaves of white ar-ray'd, Not a speck to dim them,
3. Like her cheeks, the blush-ing ray Which thy bud en-clos-es;
p
Fill'd with dew, in fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet
So I find the spotless mind Which a-dorns my spotless maid, In-no-cen-ce's
Brighter far than you they are, But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous,
mf
louder
p
flowers.
emblem.
ros-es.
Tell me ros-es tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

Night

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

FRANZ ABT
Arr. by J. W. B.

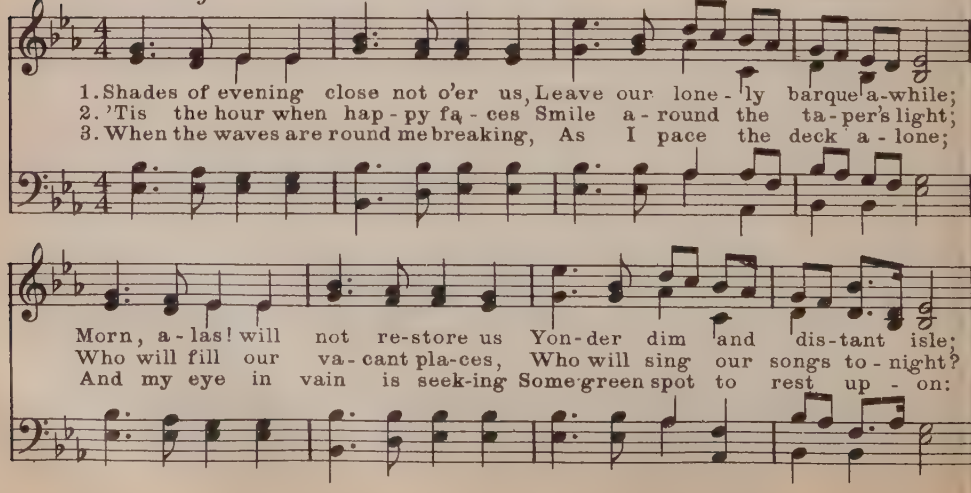

1. The sun - set glows in splen - dor To wave a bright fare - well As
2. And now the vel - vet dark - ness Is brightened near and far With
day de-parts in glo - ry All o - ver hill and dell; The shadows lengthen
gleams like ti-ny can - dles, Where many a brilliant star At - tends, in ser-vice
slow - ly And twi-light, hushed and ho - ly, Now dims the sun-set light, Now
loy - al The moon, se-rene and roy - al, Arrayed in sil - ver bright, Ar-
dims the sun - set light, To greet the night, To greet the night.
rayed in sil - ver bright, The queen of night, The queen of night.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls voices, the alto taking the tenor, with bass omitted.

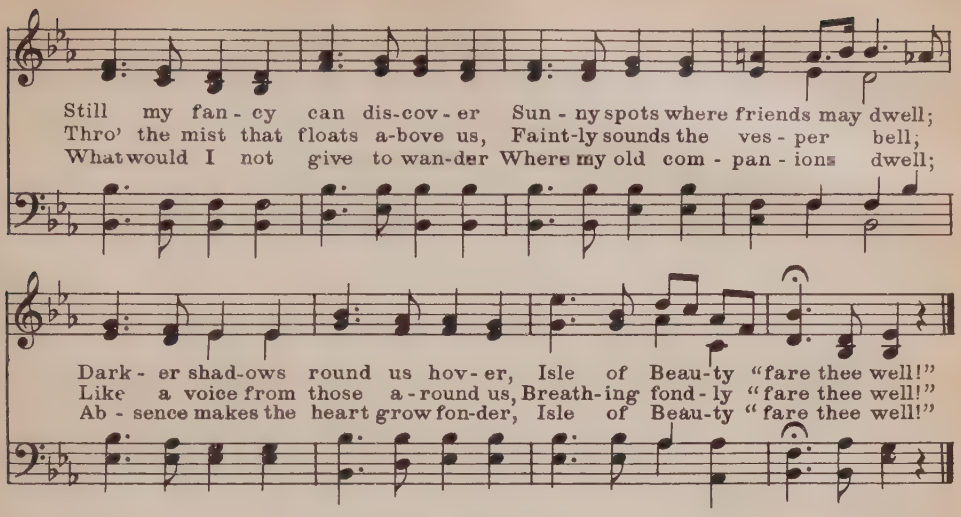
Isle Of Beauty

Moderately

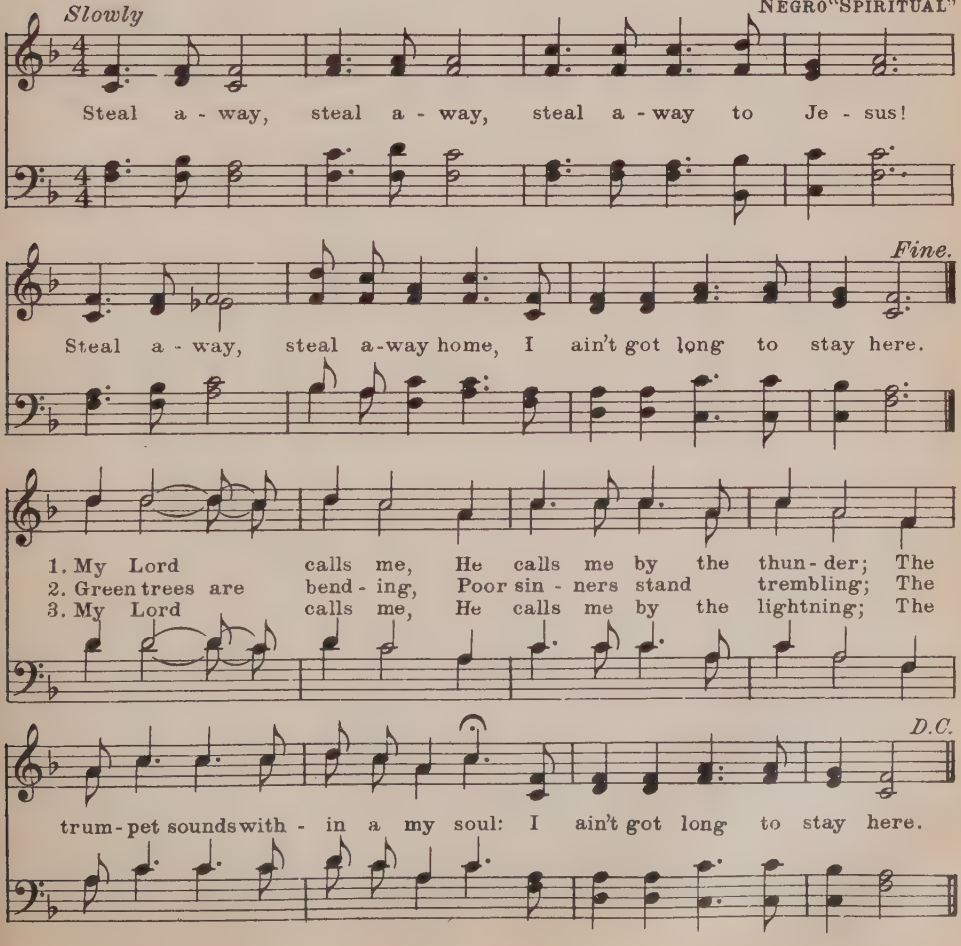
THOMAS H. BAYLY


1. Shades of evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a-while;
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone;
Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon-der dim and dis-tant isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla-ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on:

Isle Of Beauty—Concluded

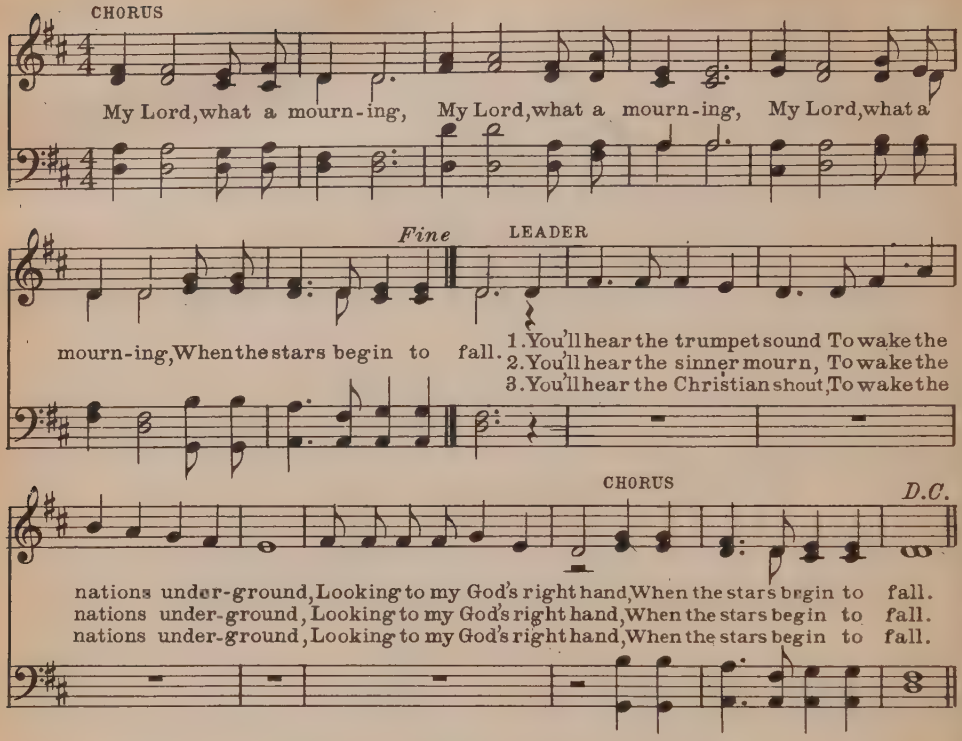

Still my fan - cy can dis-cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
Thro' the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves - per bell;
What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;
Dark - er shad-ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"
Like a voice from those a - round us, Breath-ing fond - ly "fare thee well!"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fon-der, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"

Steal Away


Slowly
NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
Fine.
Steal a - way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The
D.C.
trum - pet sounds with - in a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.

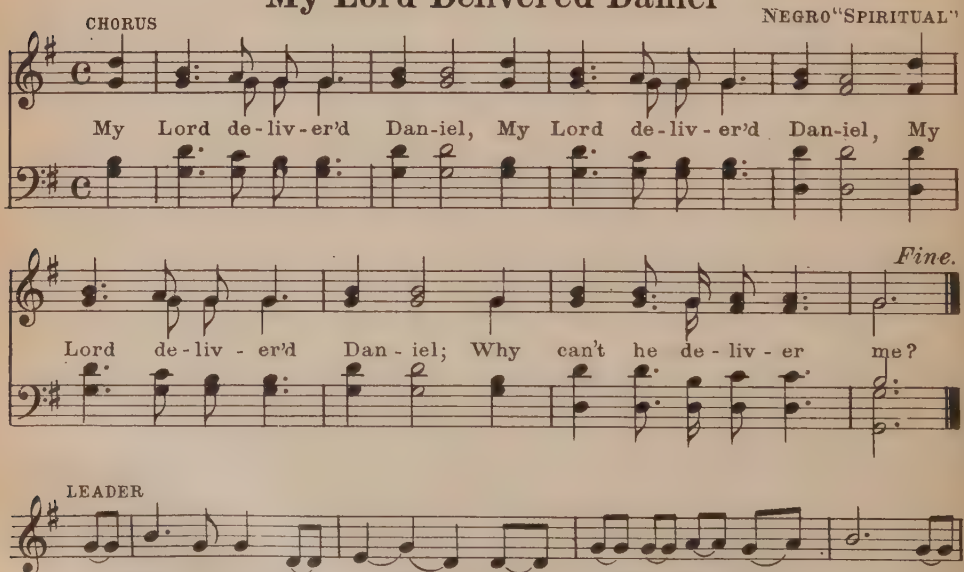
My Lord, What A Mourning

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"


CHORUS
My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a
Fine
LEADER
mourn-ing, When the stars begin to fall.
1. You'll hear the trumpet sound To wake the
2. You'll hear the sinner mourn, To wake the
3. You'll hear the Christian shout, To wake the
CHORUS
D.C.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

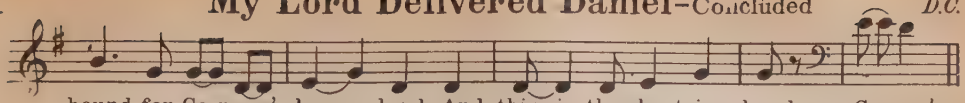
My Lord Delivered Daniel

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"


CHORUS
My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My
Fine.
Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel; Why can't he de-liv-er me?
LEADER
1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask him where he's a go-ing. I'm
2. Some say that John the Baptist, Was nothing but a Jew, But the
3. Oh, Dan-iel cast in the li-on's den, He pray both night and day, The
4. He de-liver'd Daniel from the li-on's den, And Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the
5. The rich-est man that ever I saw Was the one that beg the most, His

My Lord Delivered Daniel—Concluded

D.C.

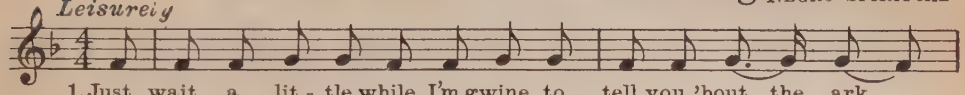


bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!
Bi - ble doth in - form us That he was a preach-er, too; Yes, he was!
an - gel came from Gal-i - lee, And lock the li - on's jaw. That's so!
He-brew children from the fiery furnace, And why not ev'-ry man? Oh, yes!
soul was filled with Je - sus, And with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, it was!

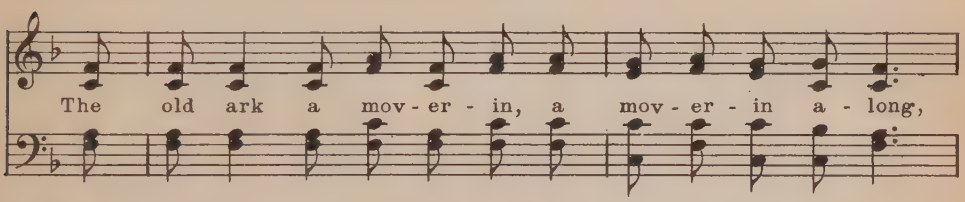
The Old Ark A-Moverin Along

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Leisurely

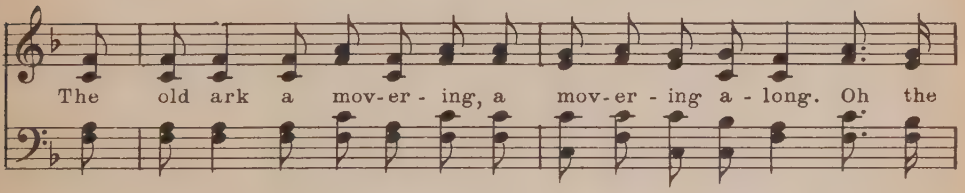


1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber
4. And when the ark was fin-ished all ac - cord - ing to the plan
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing
7. That aw-ful rain it stopped at last the wat-ers sub - sid - ed

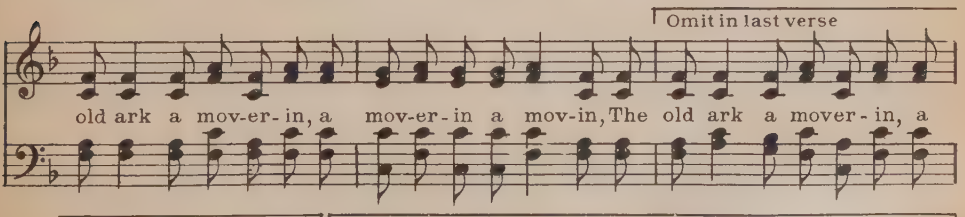


The old ark a mov - er - in, a mov - er - in a - long,

1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.
2. They built that ark ac - cord-ing to the Lord's com - mand.
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin-ger.
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.
5. The wick - ed they hung all a-round with groans and cries.
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.

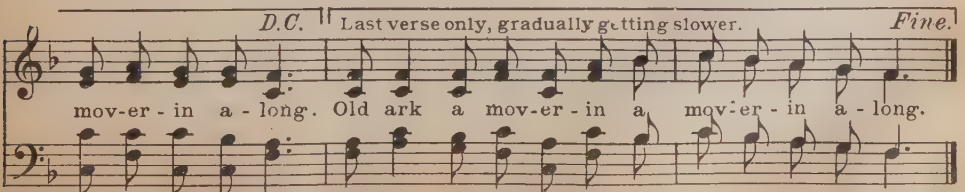


The old ark a mov-er - ing, a mov-er - ing a - long. Oh the



Omit in last verse

old ark a mov-er-in, a mov-er-in a mov-in, The old ark a mover - in, a



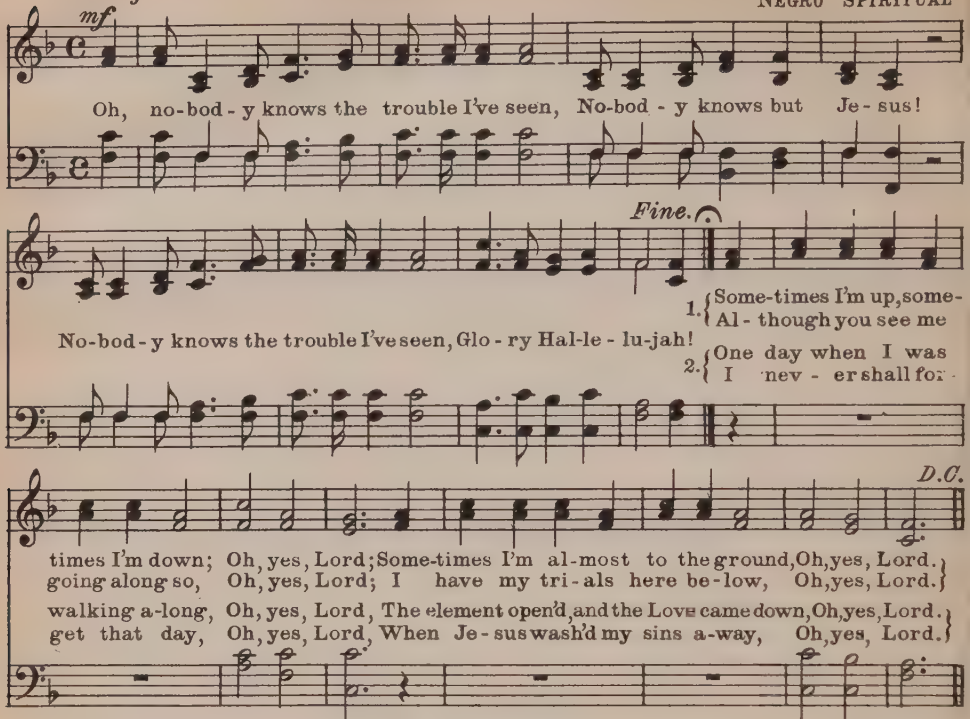
D.C. Last verse only, gradually getting slower. *Fine.*

mov-er - in a - long. Old ark a mov-er - in a mov-er - in a - long.

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

Slowly
mf

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

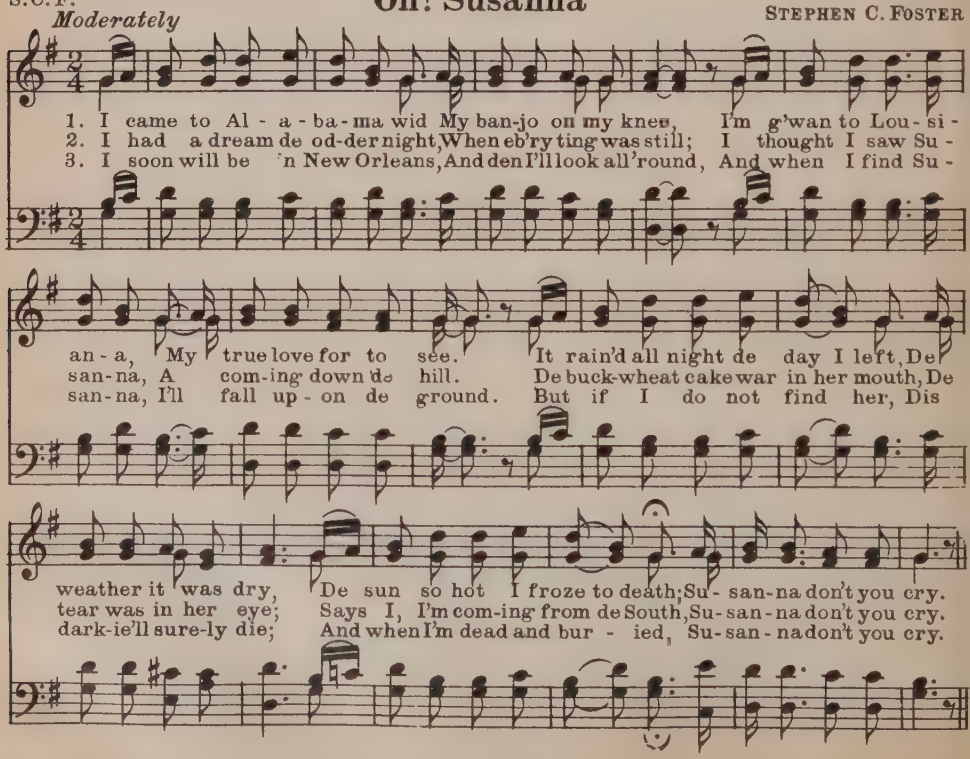

Oh, no-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!
Fine.
1. Some-times I'm up, some-
Al-though you see me
No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. One day when I was
I nev-er shall for-
D.C.
times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.
going along so, Oh, yes, Lord; I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.
walking a-long, Oh, yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, Oh, yes, Lord.
get that day, Oh, yes, Lord, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, Oh, yes, Lord.

S.C.F.

Oh! Susanna

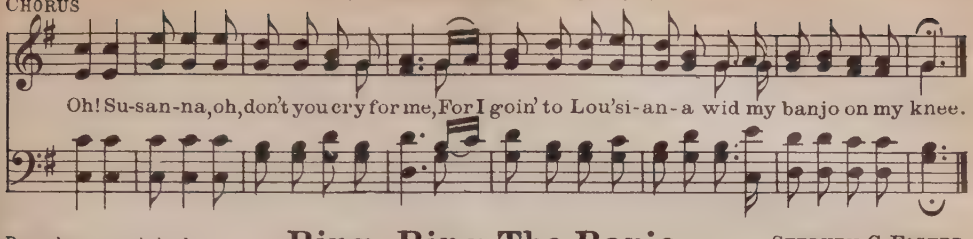
Moderately

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


1. I came to Al-a-ba-ma wid My ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si-
2. I had a dream de od-der night, When eb'ry ting was still; I thought I saw Su-
3. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all 'round, And when I find Su-
an-a, My true love for to see. It rain'd all night de day I left, De
san-na, A com-ing down de hill. De buck-wheat cake war in her mouth, De
san-na, I'll fall up-on de ground. But if I do not find her, Dis
weather it was dry, De sun so hot I froze to death; Su-san-na don't you cry.
tear was in her eye; Says I, I'm com-ing from de South, Su-san-na don't you cry.
dark-ie'll sure-ly die; And when I'm dead and bur-ied, Su-san-na don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna—Concluded

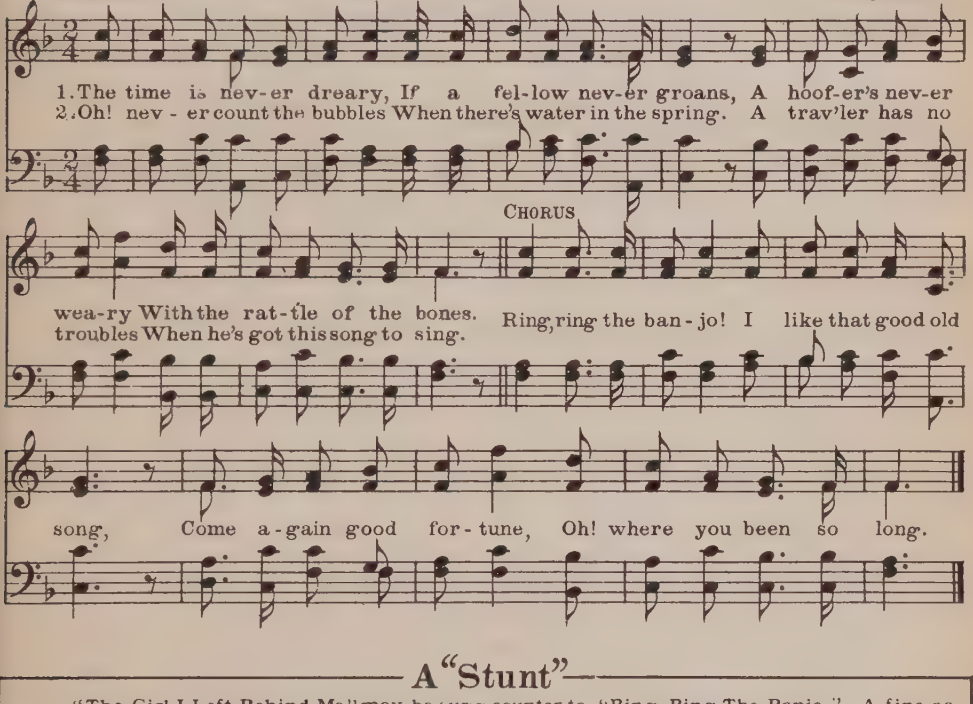
CHORUS



Ring, Ring The Banjo

Paraphase on original Foster text

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J. W. B.

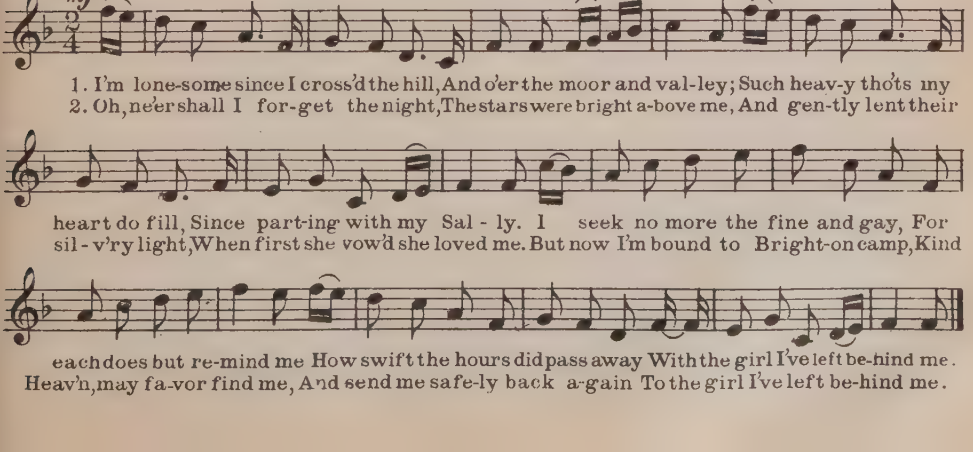

1. The time is nev-er dreary, If a fel-low nev-er groans, A hoof-er's nev-er
2. Oh! nev - er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav'ler has no
CHORUS
wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old
troubles When he's got this song to sing.
song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

A "Stunt"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" may be sung counter to "Ring, Ring The Banjo." A fine assembly "stunt" may be devised by having the girls sing "Ring, Ring The Banjo" while the boys whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The Girl I Left Behind Me

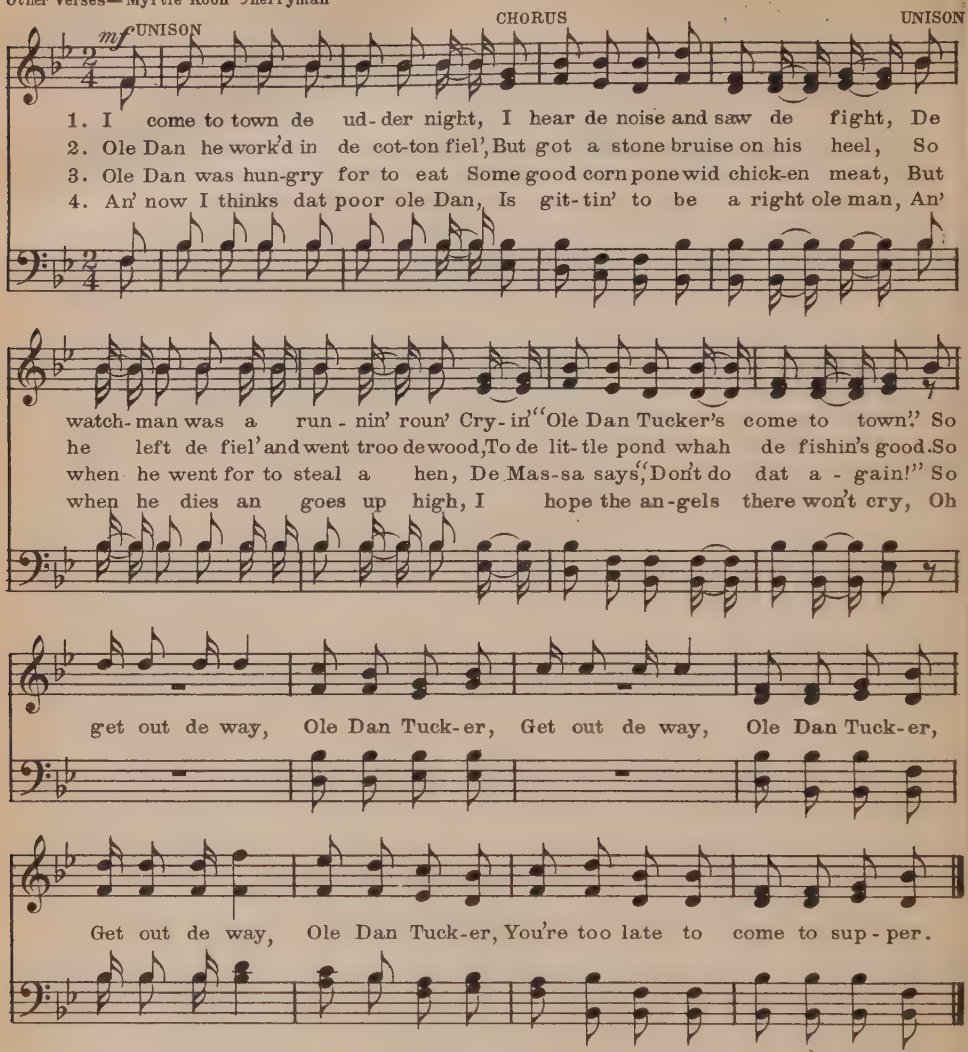
Briskly
mf


1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thots my
2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their
heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For
sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind
each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left be-hind me.
Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

Ole Dan Tucker

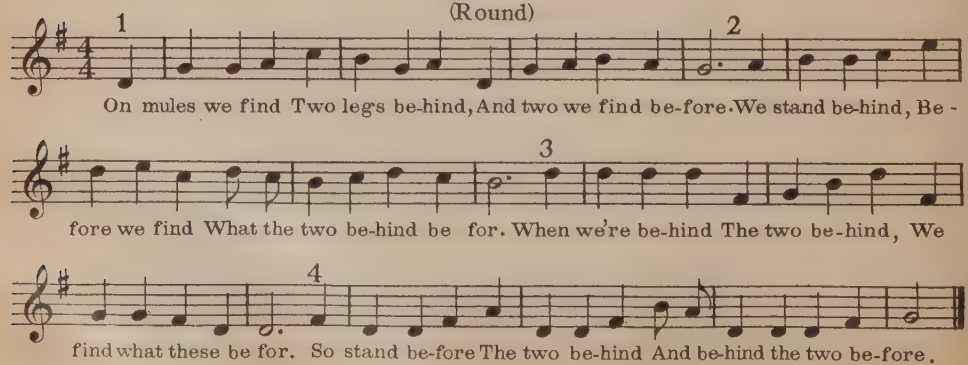
First Verse—Henry Russel
Other Verses—Myrtle Koon Cherryman

HENRY RUSSEL


CHORUS
UNISON
mf UNISON
1. I come to town de ud-der night, I hear de noise and saw de fight, De
2. Ole Dan he work'd in de cot-ton fiel', But got a stone bruise on his heel, So
3. Ole Dan was hun-gry for to eat Some good corn pone wid chick-en meat, But
4. An' now I thinks dat poor ole Dan, Is git-tin' to be a right ole man, An'
watch-man was a run - nin' roun' Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town." So
he left de fiel' and went troo de wood, To de lit-tle pond whah de fishin's good. So
when he went for to steal a hen, De Mas-sa says, "Don't do dat a - gain!" So
when he dies an goes up high, I hope the an-gels there won't cry, Oh
get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,
Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup - per.

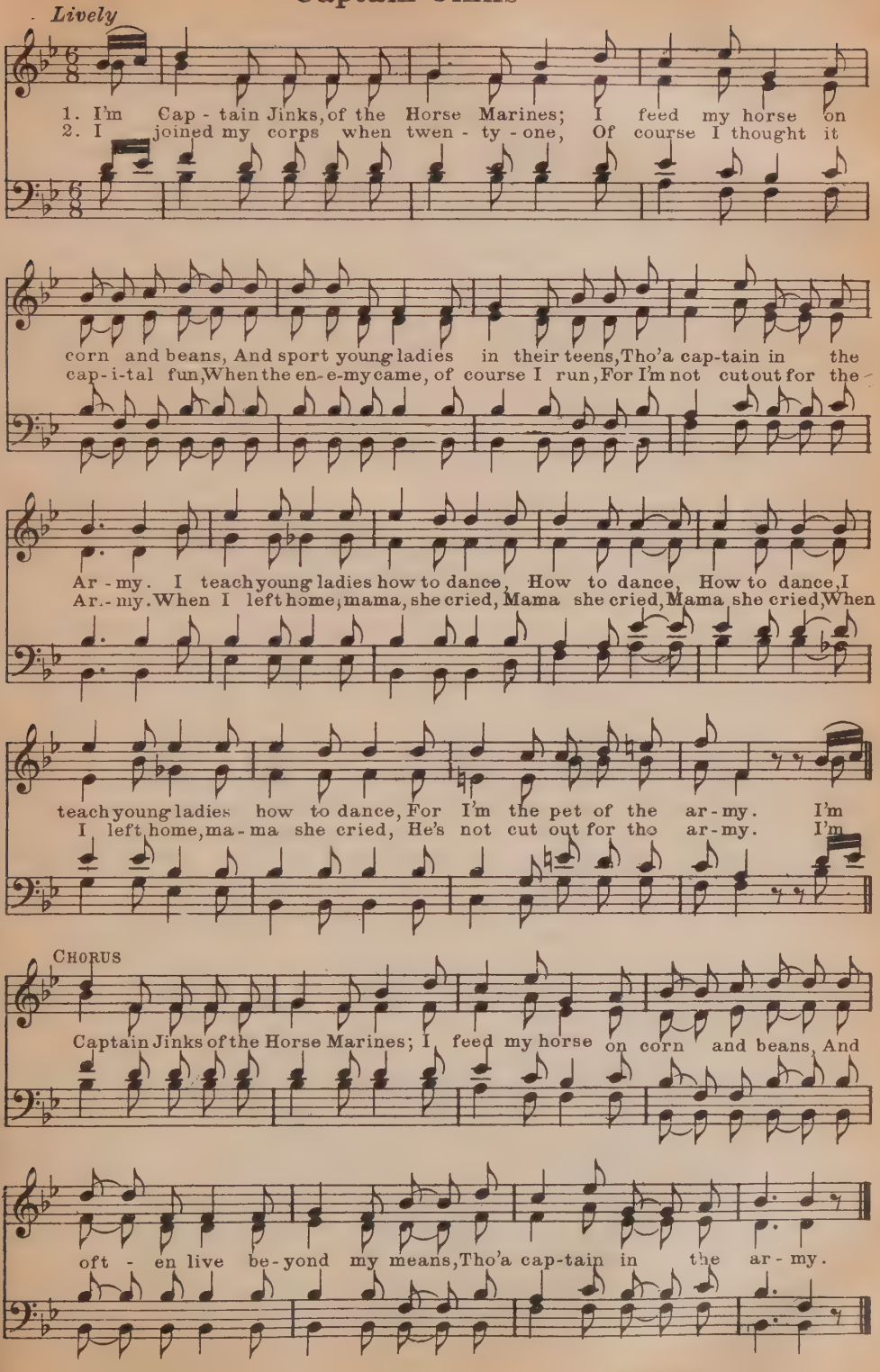
Mules

(Round)

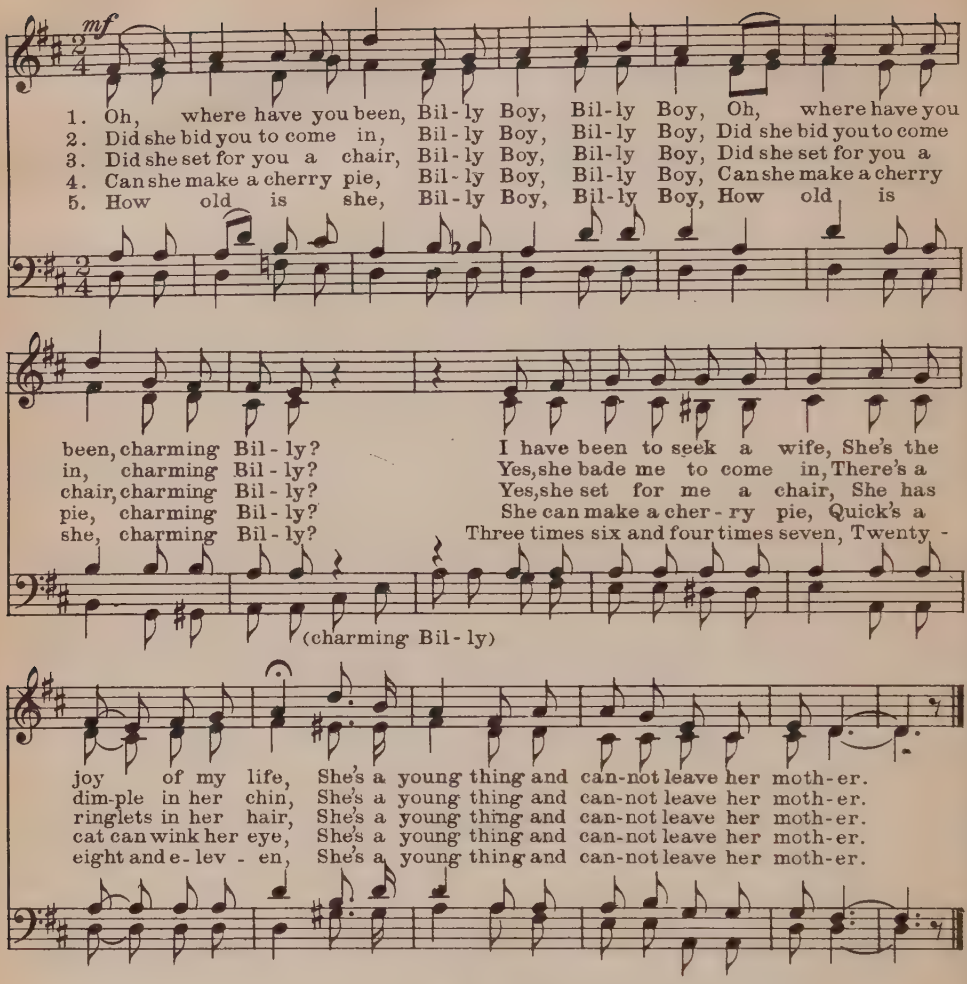

1
2
On mules we find Two legs be-hind, And two we find be-fore. We stand be-hind, Be -
3
fore we find What the two be-hind be for. When we're be-hind The two be-hind, We
4
find what these be for. So stand be-fore The two be-hind And be-hind the two be-fore.

Captain Jinks

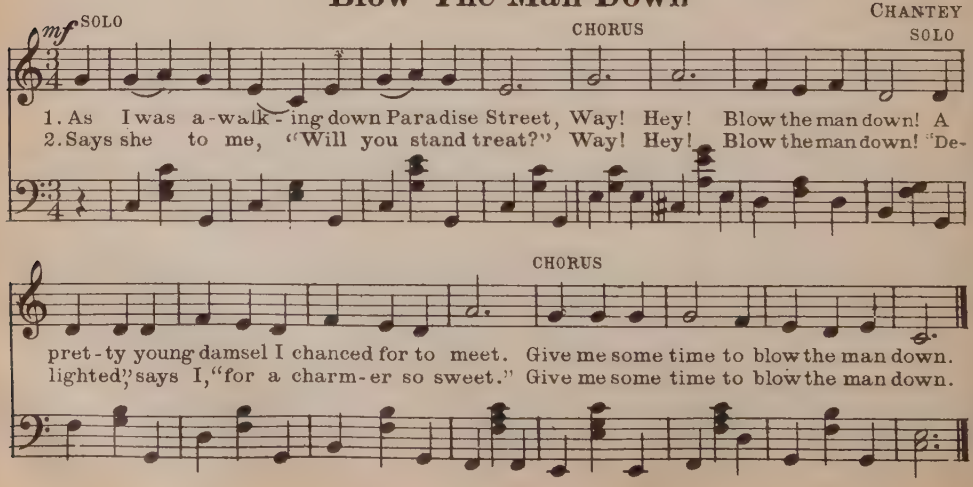
Lively


1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on
2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it
corn and beans, And sport young ladies in their teens, Tho'a cap-tain in the
cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the
Ar - my. I teach young ladies how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I
Ar.-my. When I left home, mama, she cried, Mama she cried, Mama she cried, When
teach young ladies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar - my. I'm
I left home, ma - ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar - my. I'm
CHORUS
Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho'a cap-tain in the ar - my.

Billy Boy


mf
1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry
5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is
been, charming Bil-ly? I have been to seek a wife, She's the
in, charming Bil-ly? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
chair, charming Bil-ly? Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
pie, charming Bil-ly? She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
she, charming Bil-ly? Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -
(charming Bil-ly)
joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
eight and e-lev-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

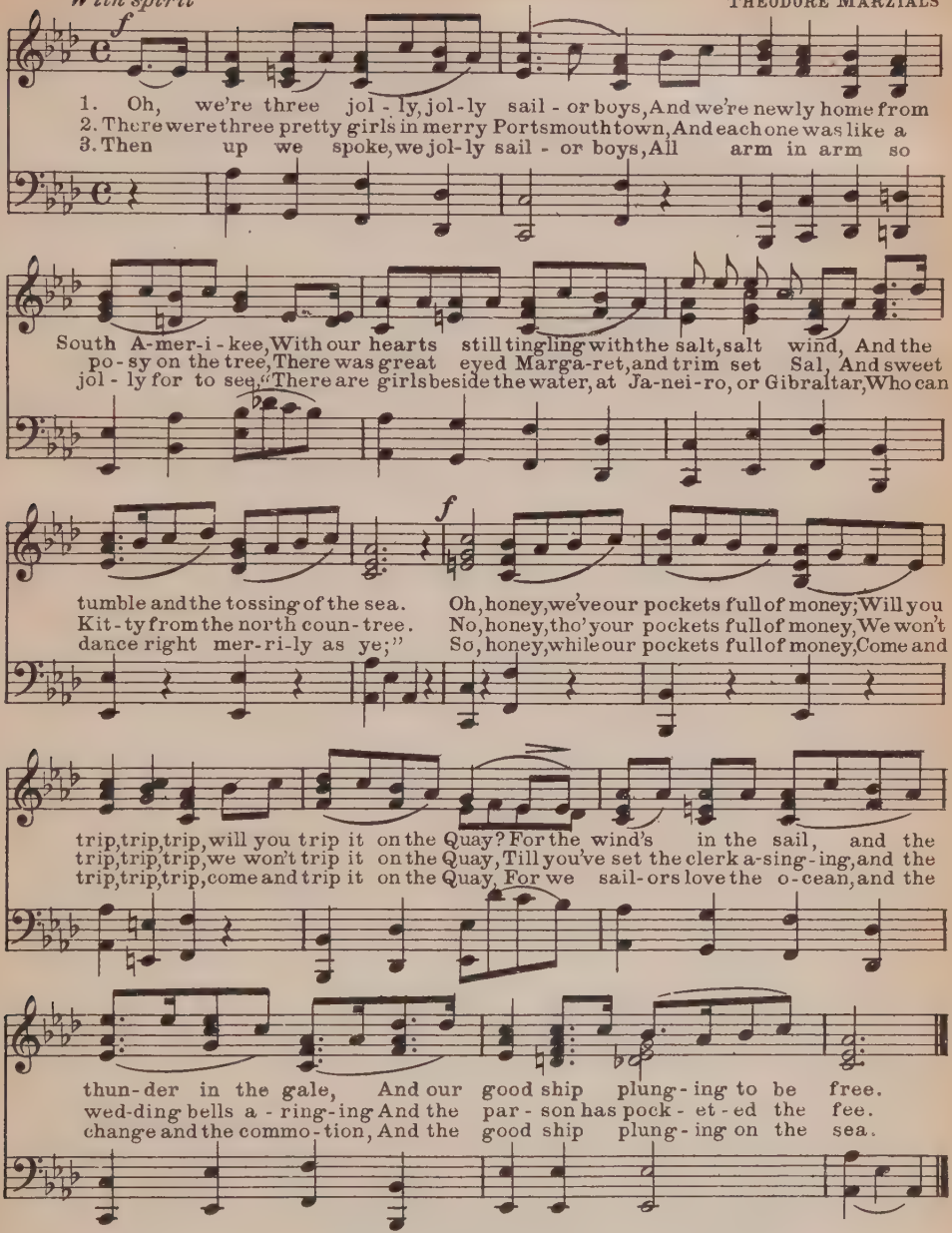
Blow The Man Down


mf
SOLO
CHORUS
CHANTEY
SOLO
1. As I was a-walk-ing down Paradise Street, Way! Hey! Blow the man down! A
2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" Way! Hey! Blow the man down! "De-
CHORUS
pret-ty young damsel I chanced for to meet. Give me some time to blow the man down.
lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet." Give me some time to blow the man down.

The Three Sailor Boys

With spirit

THEODORE MARZIALS

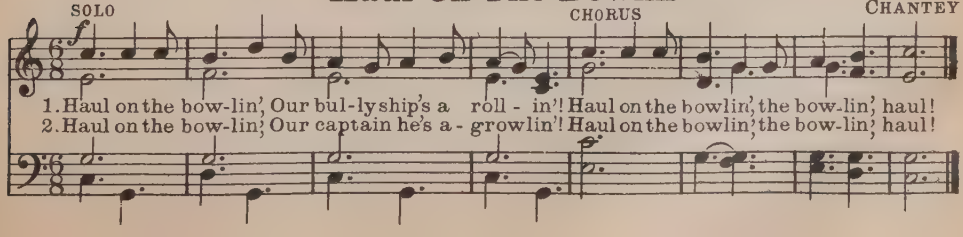

1. Oh, we're three jol - ly, jol-ly sail - or boys, And we're newly home from
2. There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouth town, And each one was like a
3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sail - or boys, All arm in arm so
South A-mer-i - kee, With our hearts still tingling with the salt, salt wind, And the
po - sy on the tree, There was great eyed Marga-ret, and trim set Sal, And sweet
jol - ly for to see, "There are girls beside the water, at Ja-nei-ro, or Gibraltar, Who can
tumble and the tossing of the sea. Oh, honey, we've our pockets full of money; Will you
Kit-ty from the north coun-tree. No, honey, tho' your pockets full of money, We won't
dance right mer-ri-ly as ye;" So, honey, while our pockets full of money, Come and
trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the wind's in the sail, and the
trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've set the clerk a-sing - ing, and the
trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we sail-ors love the o-cean, and the
thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung - ing to be free.
wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par - son has pock - et - ed the fee.
change and the commo - tion, And the good ship plung - ing on the sea.

Haul On The Bowlin'

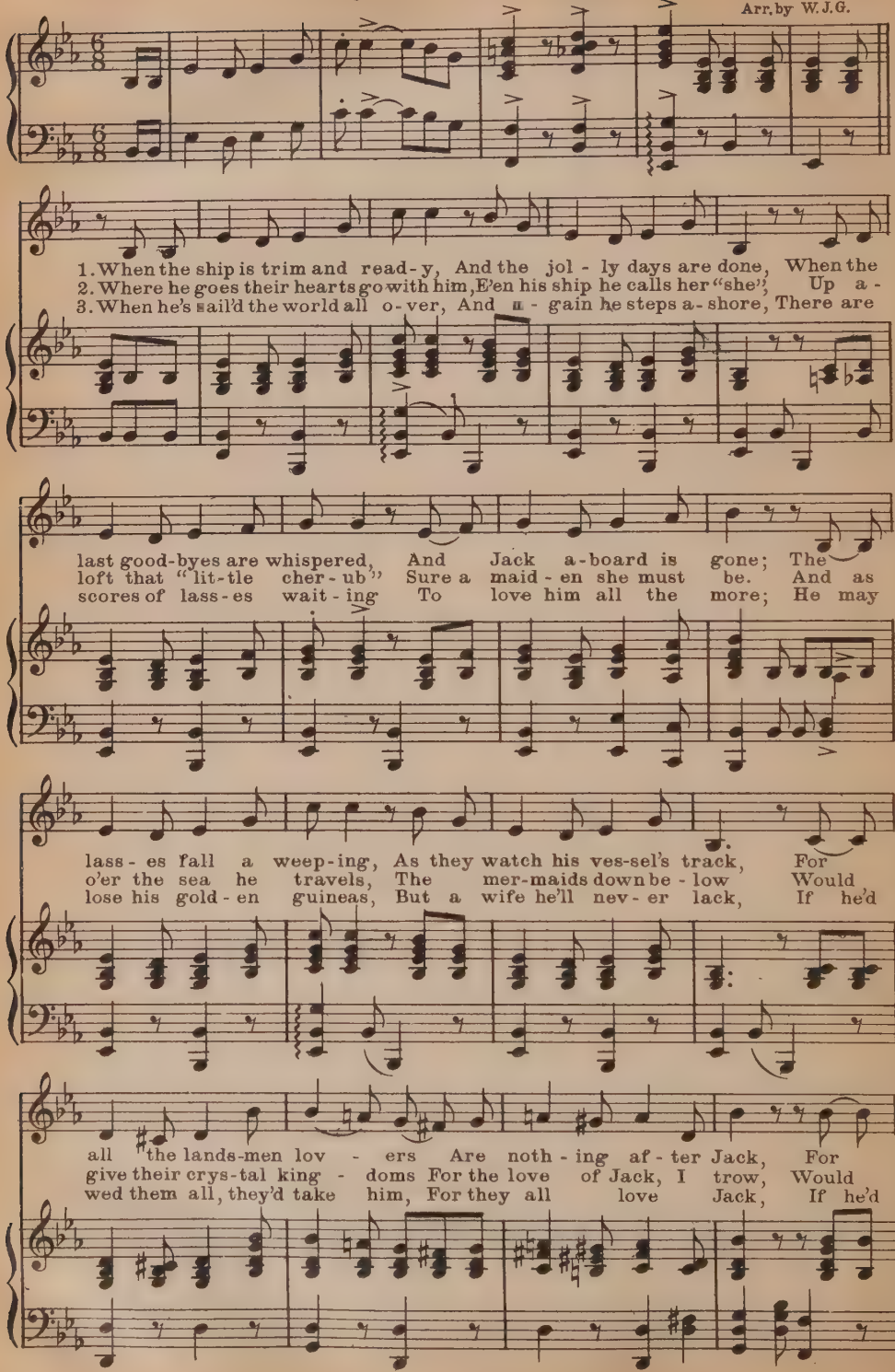
SOLO

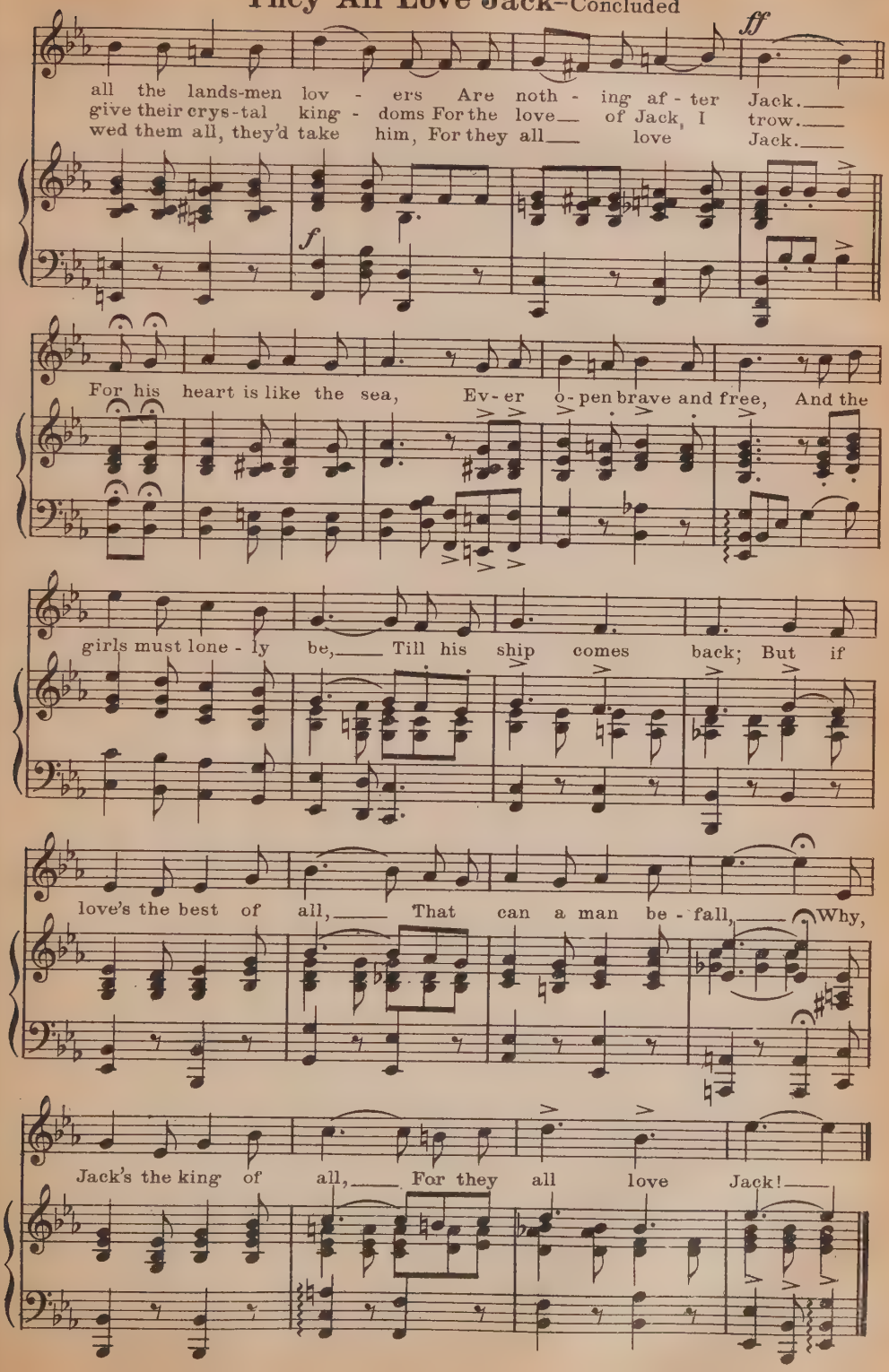
CHORUS

CHANTEY


1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a roll - in'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!
2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our captain he's a - growlin'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!

They All Love Jack

STEPHEN ADAMS
Arr. by W. J. G.

1. When the ship is trim and read-y, And the jol - ly days are done, When the
2. Where he goes their hearts go with him, E'en his ship he calls her "she"; Up a -
3. When he's sail'd the world all o-ver, And a - gain he steps a-shore, There are
last good-byes are whispered, And Jack a-board is gone; The
loft that "lit-tle cher-ub" Sure a maid-en she must be. And as
scores of lass-es wait-ing To love him all the more; He may
lass - es fall a weep-ing, As they watch his ves-sel's track, For
o'er the sea he travels, The mer-maids down be - low Would
lose his gold - en guineas, But a wife he'll nev - er lack, If he'd
all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack, For
give their crys-tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I trow, Would
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack, If he'd

They All Love Jack—Concluded

ff
all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack.
give their crys-tal king - doms For the love of Jack, I trow.
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack.
f
For his heart is like the sea, Ev-er o-pen brave and free, And the
girls must lone - ly be, Till his ship comes back; But if
love's the best of all, That can a man be - fall, Why,
Jack's the king of all, For they all love Jack!

Belle Ob Baltimore

Lively *mf* J. G. EVANS

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I
2. My Belle is tall and slen - der, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd

sail'd the Mis-sis - sip - pi, For mas-sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly
tink she was an owlingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her

cre-ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I neb-ber found de gal to match De
cab-in, And rapp'd up - on de door, I went to gub my dog-ger-type To

CHORUS

bloom-ing Belle ob Bal-ti-more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau-ty, Eyes so bright and
my sweet Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

cheek so soot-y; No gal I eb - er seen a-fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

The Huntsmen

(Round)

Lively

1 *f*

A south-er - ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro-claim it a hunt - ing morn - ing;

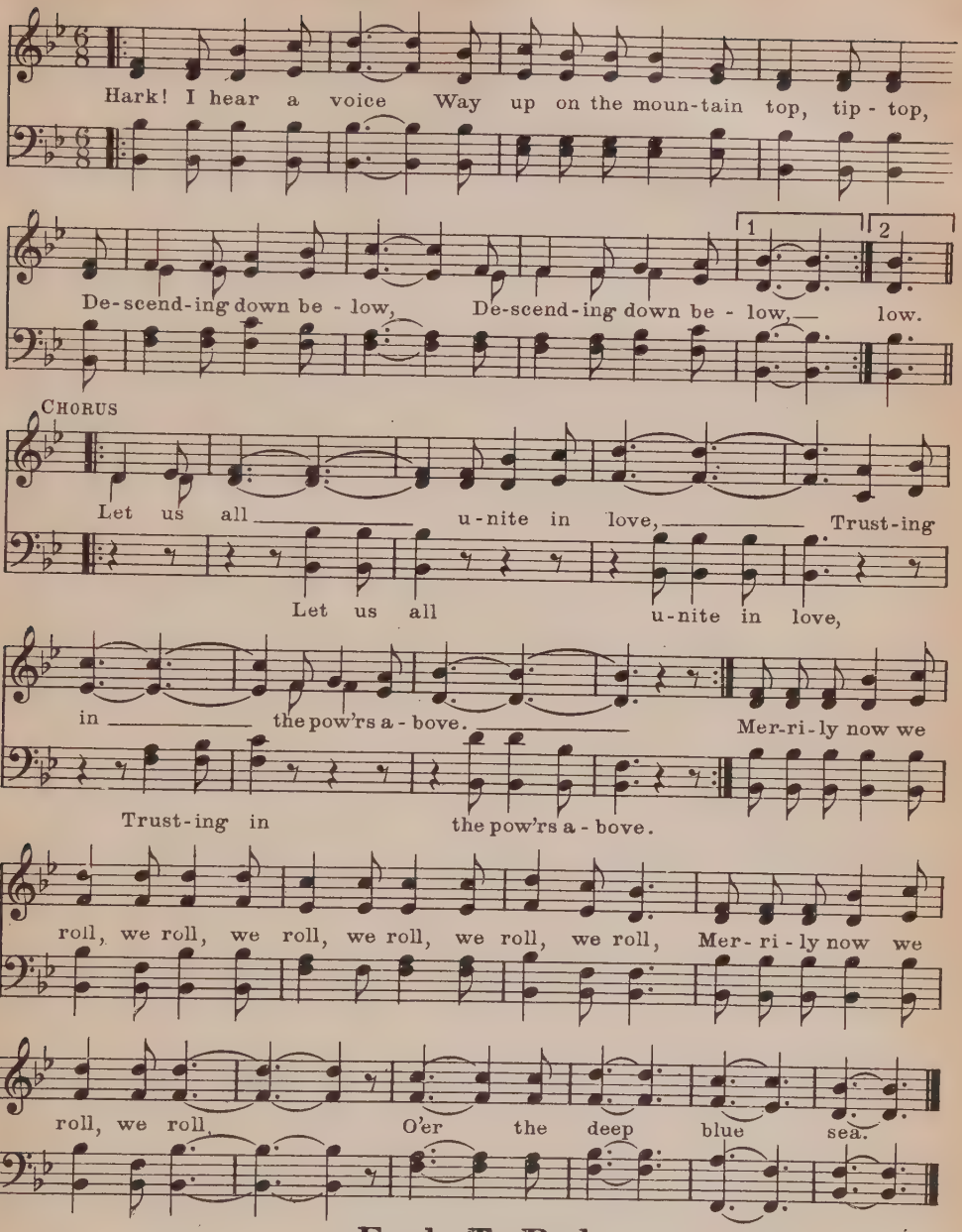
2

To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phœ-bus the hill is a - dorn-ing;

3

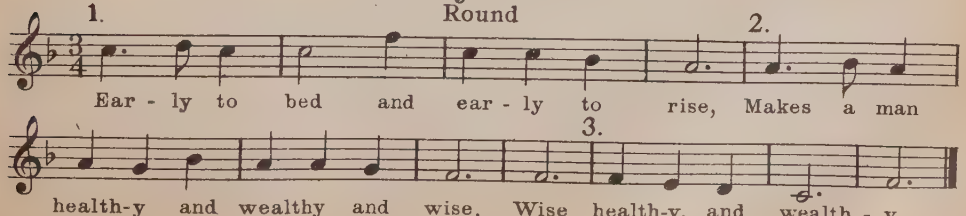
Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan ta ra.

Hark I Hear A Voice


Hark! I hear a voice Way up on the moun-tain top, tip - top,
1
2
De-scend-ing down be - low, De-scend-ing down be - low, low.
CHORUS
Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing
Let us all u-nite in love,
in the pow'rs a - bove. Mer-ri-ly now we
Trust-ing in the pow'rs a - bove.
roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we
roll, we roll, O'er the deep blue sea.

Early To Bed

Round



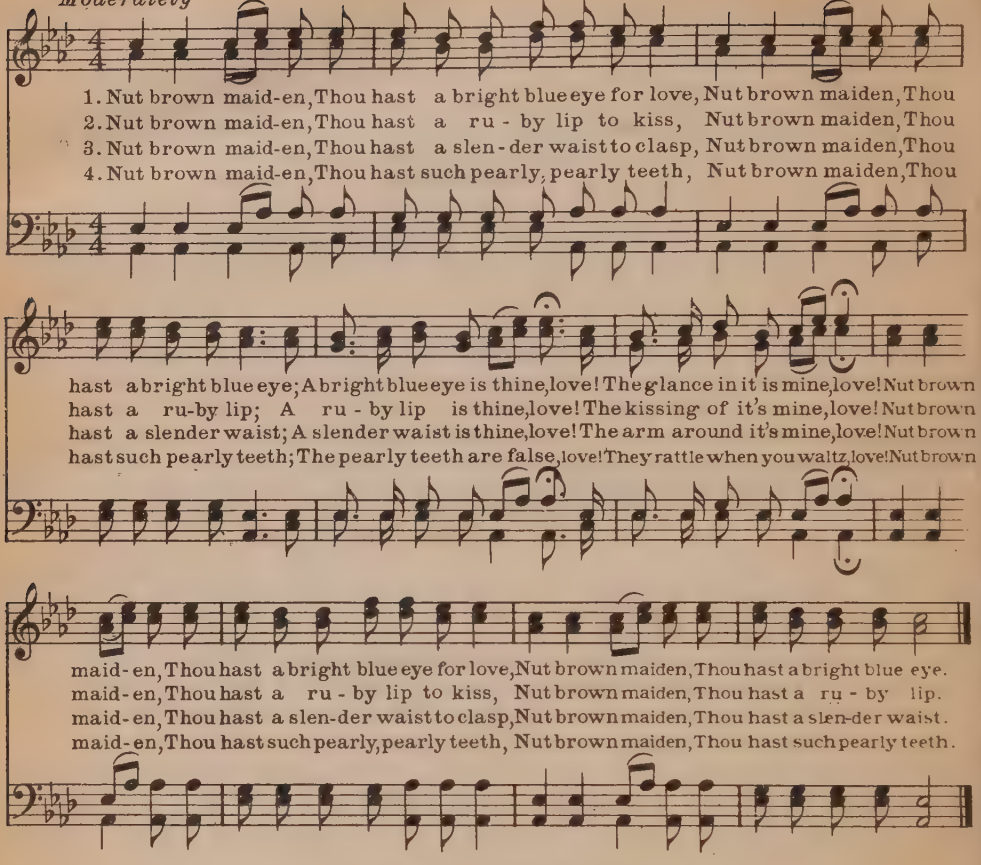
Nut Brown Maiden

(Male Voices)

COLLEGE SONG

Arr. by W. J. G.

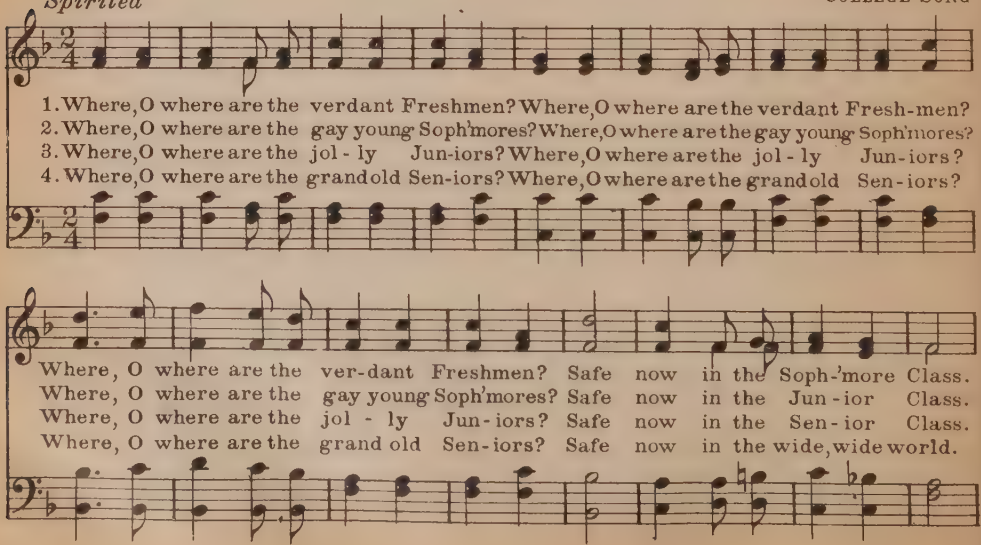
Moderately


1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou
3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou
4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown
hast a ru-by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kissing of it's mine, love! Nut brown
hast a slender waist; A slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it's mine, love! Nut brown
hast such pearly teeth; The pearly teeth are false, love! They rattle when you waltz, love! Nut brown
maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a slen-der waist.
maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast such pearly teeth.

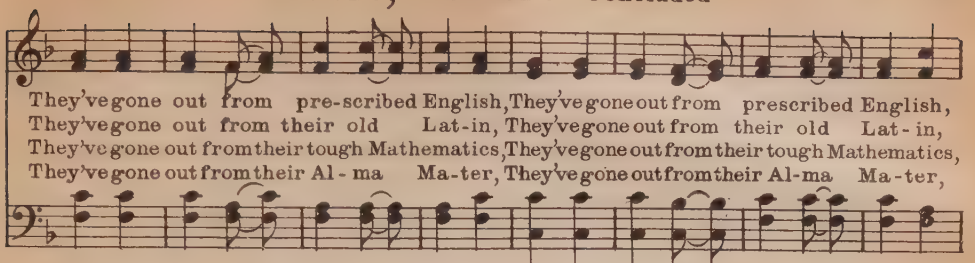
Where, O Where

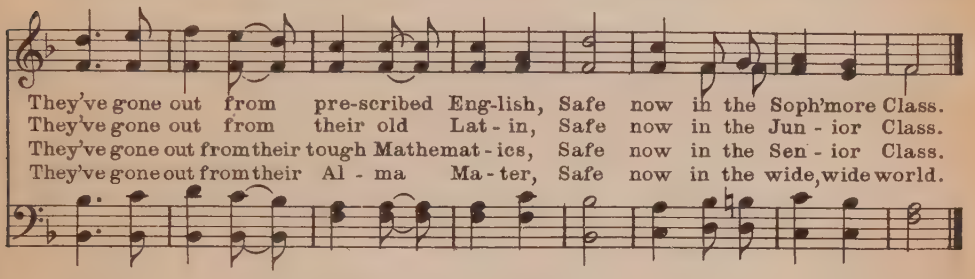
COLLEGE SONG

Spirited


1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?
2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors?
4. Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors?
Where, O where are the ver-dant Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Safe now in the Sen-ior Class.
Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Where, O Where – Concluded

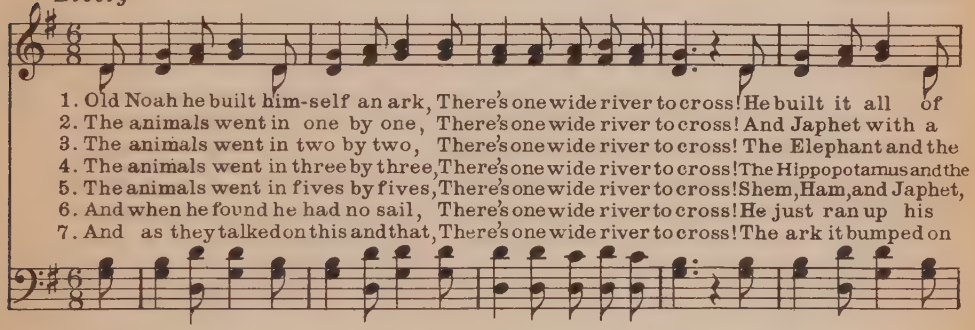

They've gone out from pre-scribed English, They've gone out from prescribed English,
They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in,
They've gone out from their tough Mathematics, They've gone out from their tough Mathematics,
They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter,


They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
They've gone out from their tough Mathemat-ics, Safe now in the Sen-ior Class.
They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, Safe now in the wide, wide world.

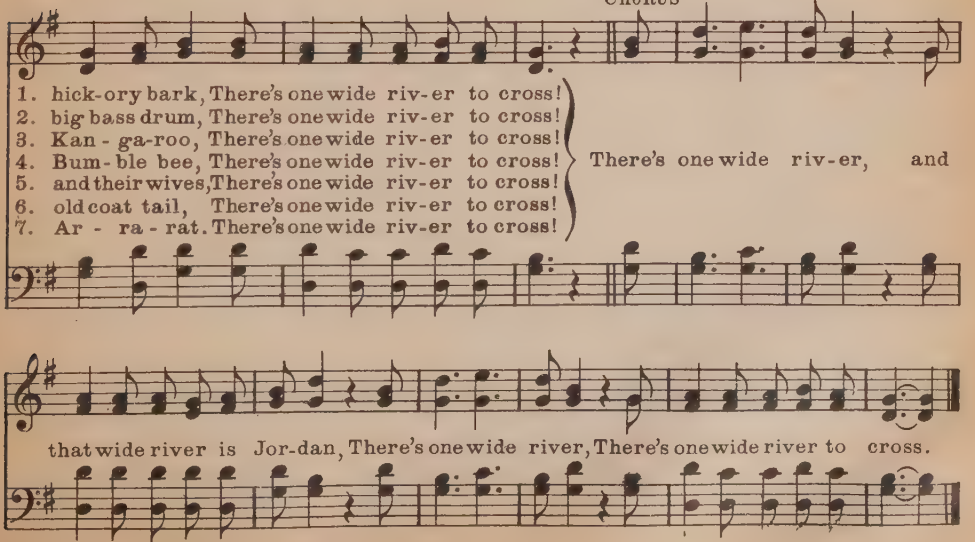
Noah's Ark

Lively

COLLEGE SONG

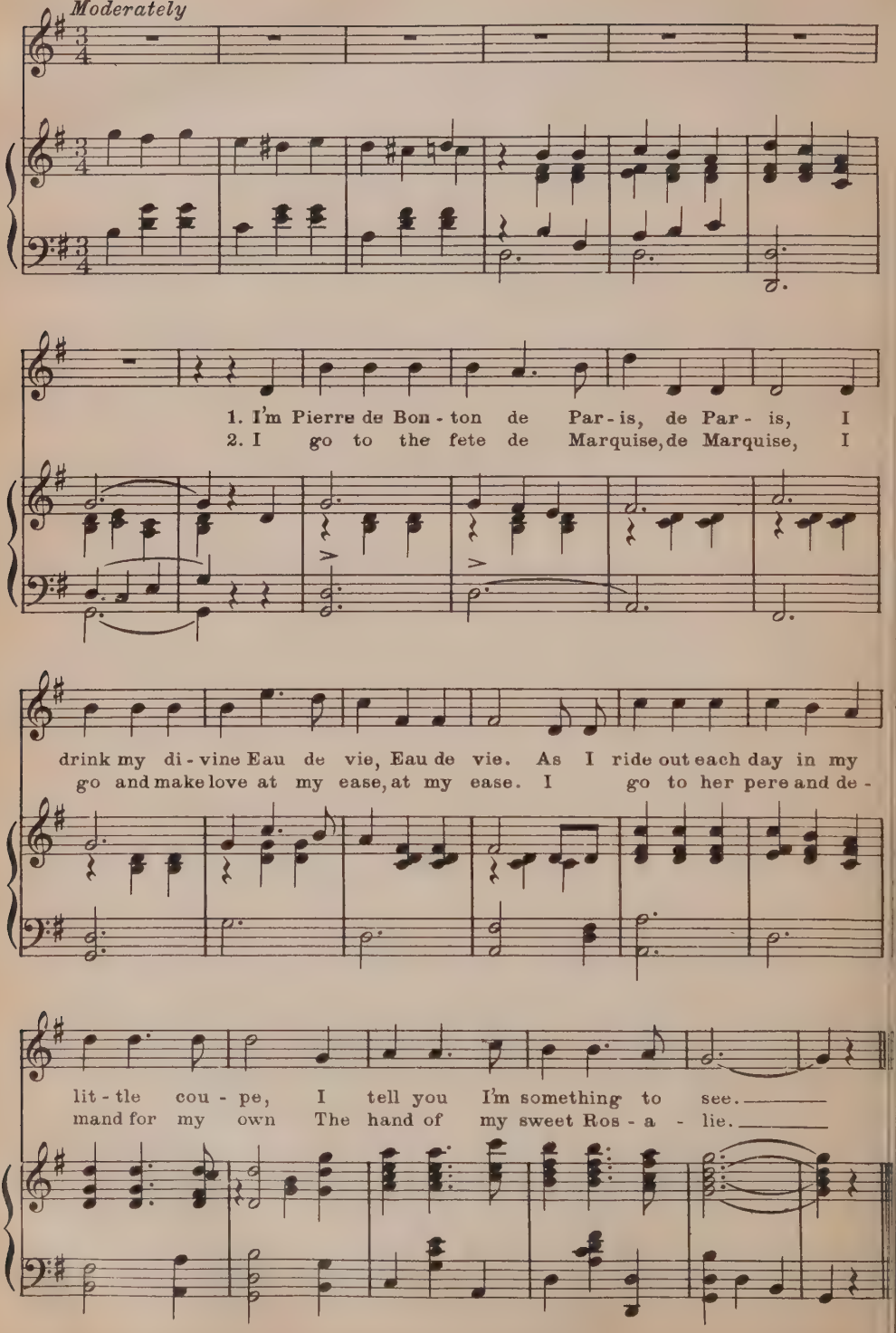

1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide river to cross! He built it all of
2. The animals went in one by one, There's one wide river to cross! And Japhet with a
3. The animals went in two by two, There's one wide river to cross! The Elephant and the
4. The animals went in three by three, There's one wide river to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
5. The animals went in fives by fives, There's one wide river to cross! Shem, Ham, and Japhet,
6. And when he found he had no sail, There's one wide river to cross! He just ran up his
7. And as they talked on this and that, There's one wide river to cross! The ark it bumped on

CHORUS


1. hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
2. big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
3. Kan-ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
4. Bum-ble bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
5. and their wives, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
6. old coat tail, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
7. Ar-ra-rat. There's one wide riv-er to cross!
There's one wide riv-er, and
that wide river is Jor-dan, There's one wide river, There's one wide river to cross.

Rosalie

L. K. LAUNCE KNIGHT

Moderately

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Par - is, de Par - is, I
2. I go to the fete de Marquise, de Marquise, I
drink my di - vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie. As I ride out each day in my
go and make love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her pere and de -
lit - tle cou - pe, I tell you I'm something to see.
mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ros - a - lie.

Rosalie—Concluded

CHORUS

But I care ____ not what others may say, I'm in love with Ros-a-lie.____

Charming Rose,____ pretty Rose,____ I'm in love with my Ros-a-lee.____

Peter Gray

Quickly
BASS SOLO

COLLEGE SONG

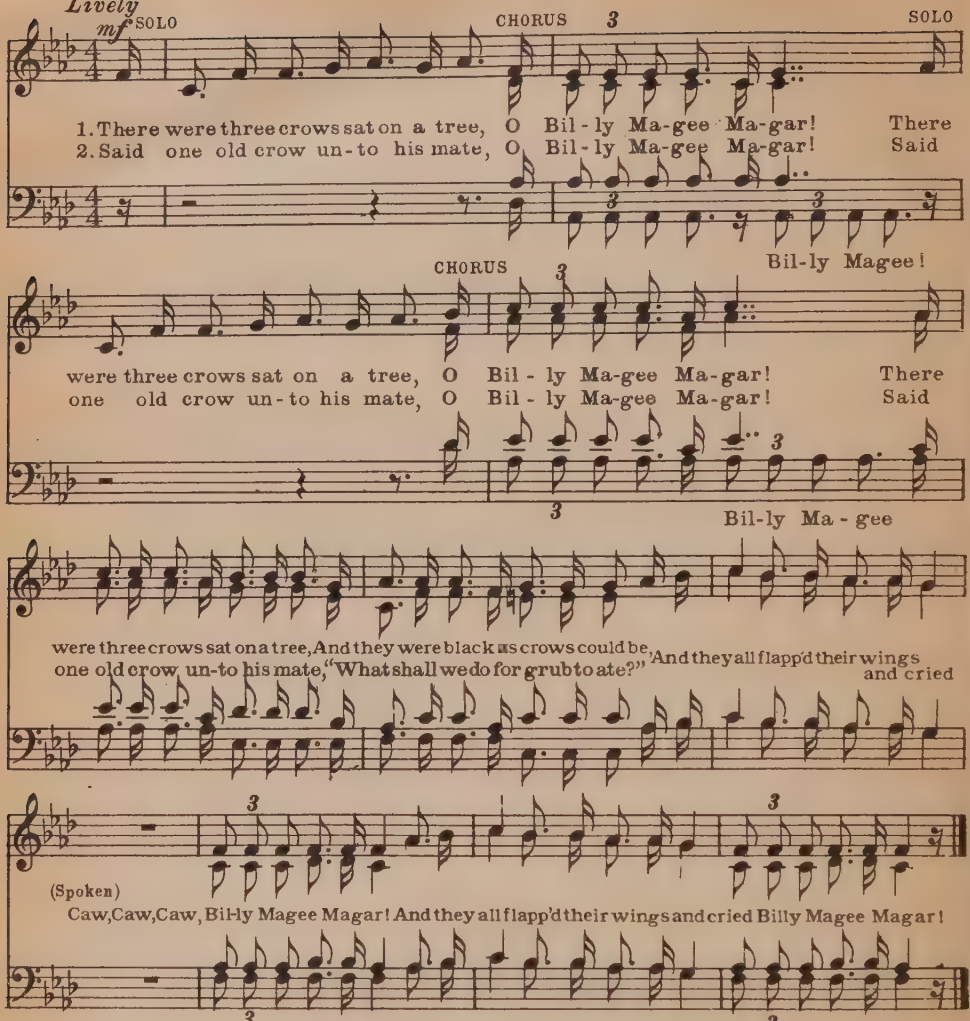
1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Peter Gray; ___ He
2. Now Pe-ter Gray he fell in love, All with a nice young girl; ___ The
3. But just as they were going to wed, Her pa-pa he said "No!" ___ And
4. And Pe-ter Gray he went to trade For furs and oth-er skins, ___ Till
5. When Lu-cy An-na heard the news, She straightway took to bed, ___ And

CHORUS
TENORS

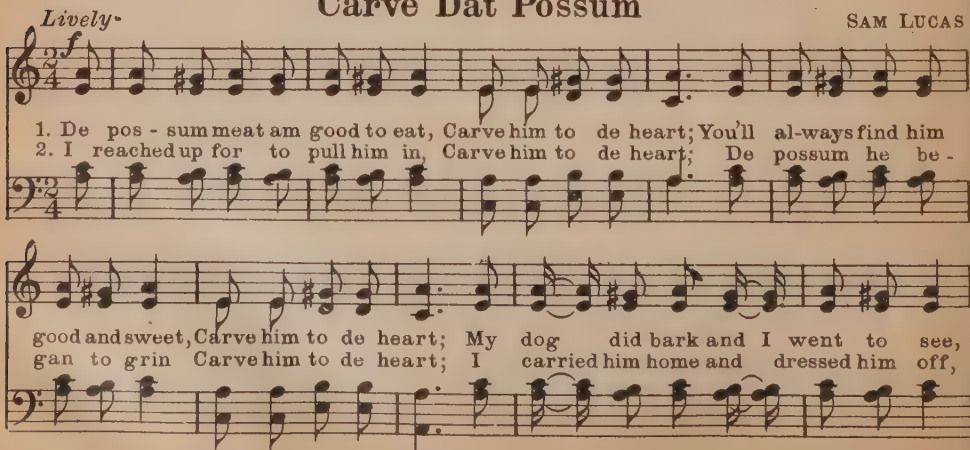
lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Pennsylvani-a.
first three letters of her name were L-U-C, An-na Quirl.
con-se-quently she was sent way off to O-hi-o. Blow, ye winds of the
he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Indians.
nev-er did get up a-gain un-til she di-i-ed.

BASSES

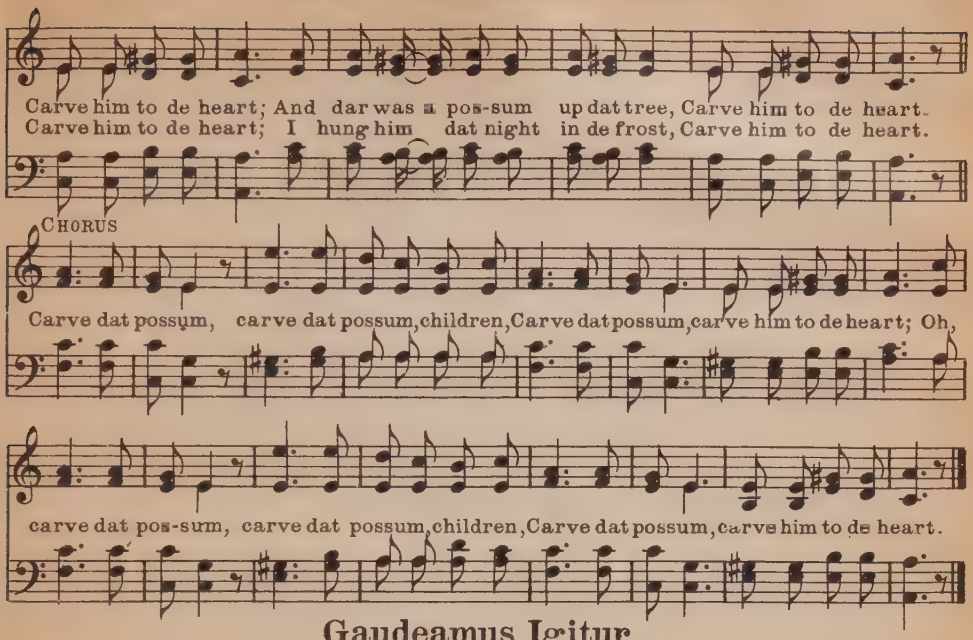
morn-ing, Blow, ye winds, heigho; Blow ye winds of the morning, Blow, blow, blow.

Crow Song

Lively
mf
SOLO
CHORUS
3
SOLO
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said
Bil-ly Magee!
CHORUS
were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! There
one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma-gee Ma-gar! Said
Bil-ly Ma - gee
were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"
And they all flapp'd their wings and cried
(Spoken)
Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapp'd their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Carve Dat Possum


Lively
f
SAM LUCAS
1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al-ways find him
2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De possum he be -
good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see,
gan to grin Carve him to de heart; I carried him home and dressed him off,

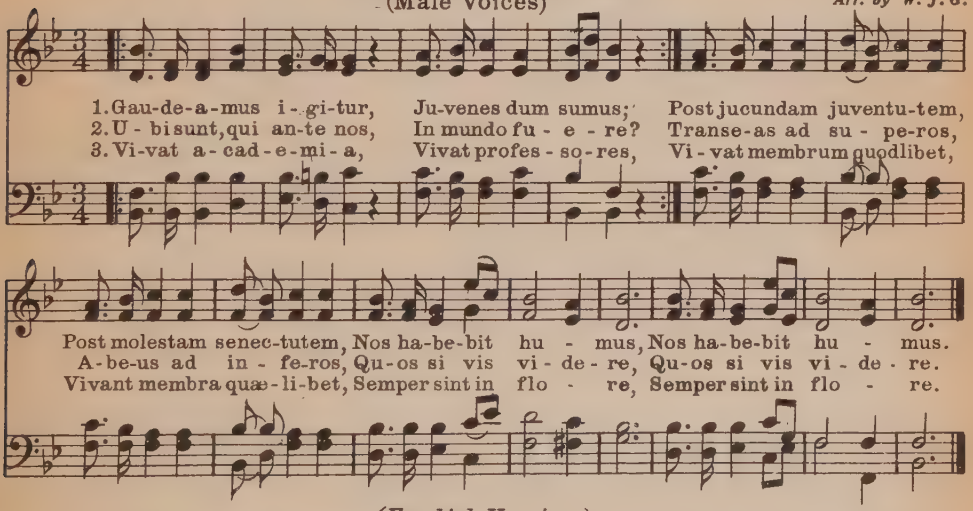
Carve Dat Possum—Concluded


Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum up dat tree, Carve him to de heart.
Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night in de frost, Carve him to de heart.
CHORUS
Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart; Oh,
carve dat pos-sum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

Gaudeamus Igitur

(Male Voices)

Arr. by W. J. G.


1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-venes dum sumus; Post jucundam juventu-tem,
2. U-bi sunt, qui an-te nos, In mundo fu-e-re? Transe-as ad su-pe-ros,
3. Vi-vat a-cad-e-mi-a, Vivat profes-so-res, Vi-vat membrum quodlibet,
Post molestam senec-tutem, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.
A-be-us ad in-fe-ros, Qu-os si vis vi-de-re, Qu-os si vis vi-de-re.
Vivant membra quæ-li-bet, Semper sint in flo-re, Semper sint in flo-re.

(English Version.)

1. Let us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us;
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.

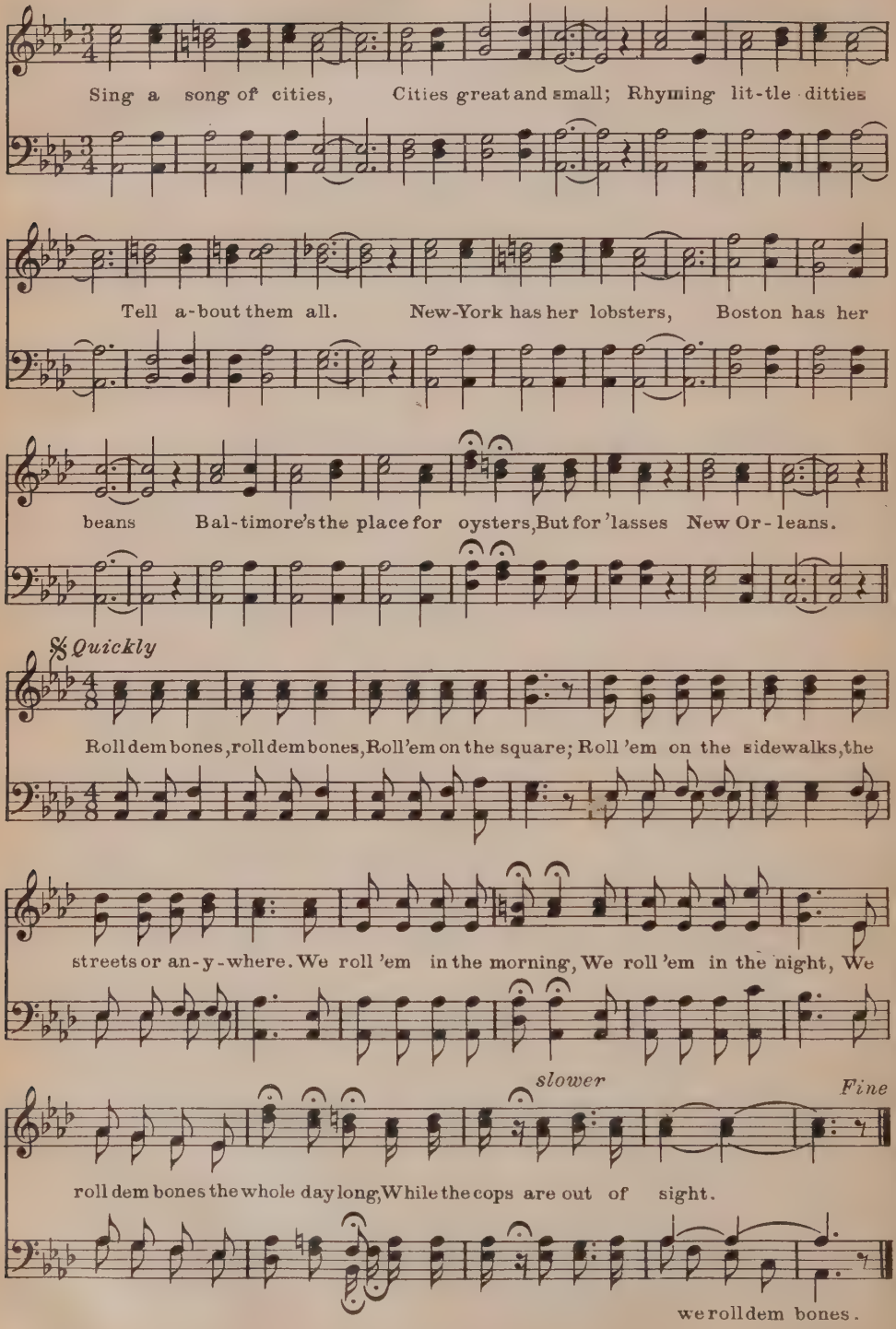
2 Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never;
Seek the god's serene abode
Cross the dol'rous Stygian flood;
There they dwell forever.

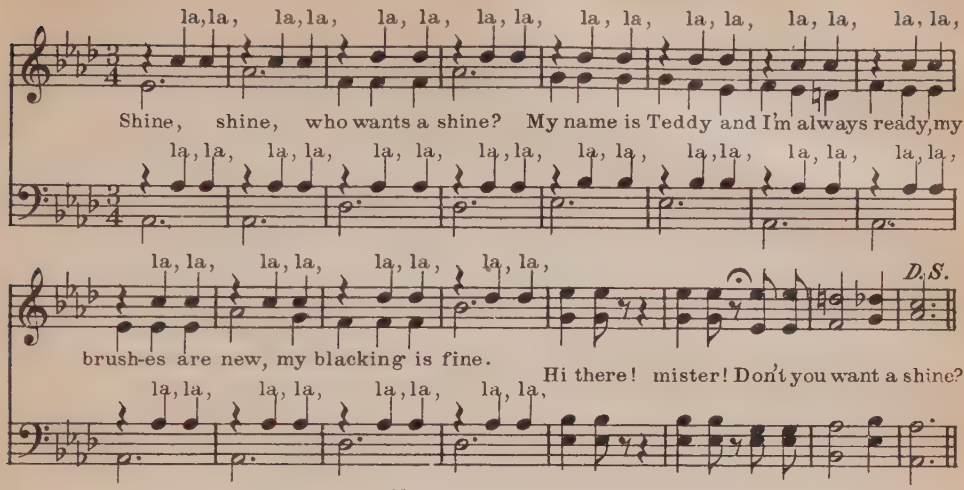
3. Raise we, then, the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

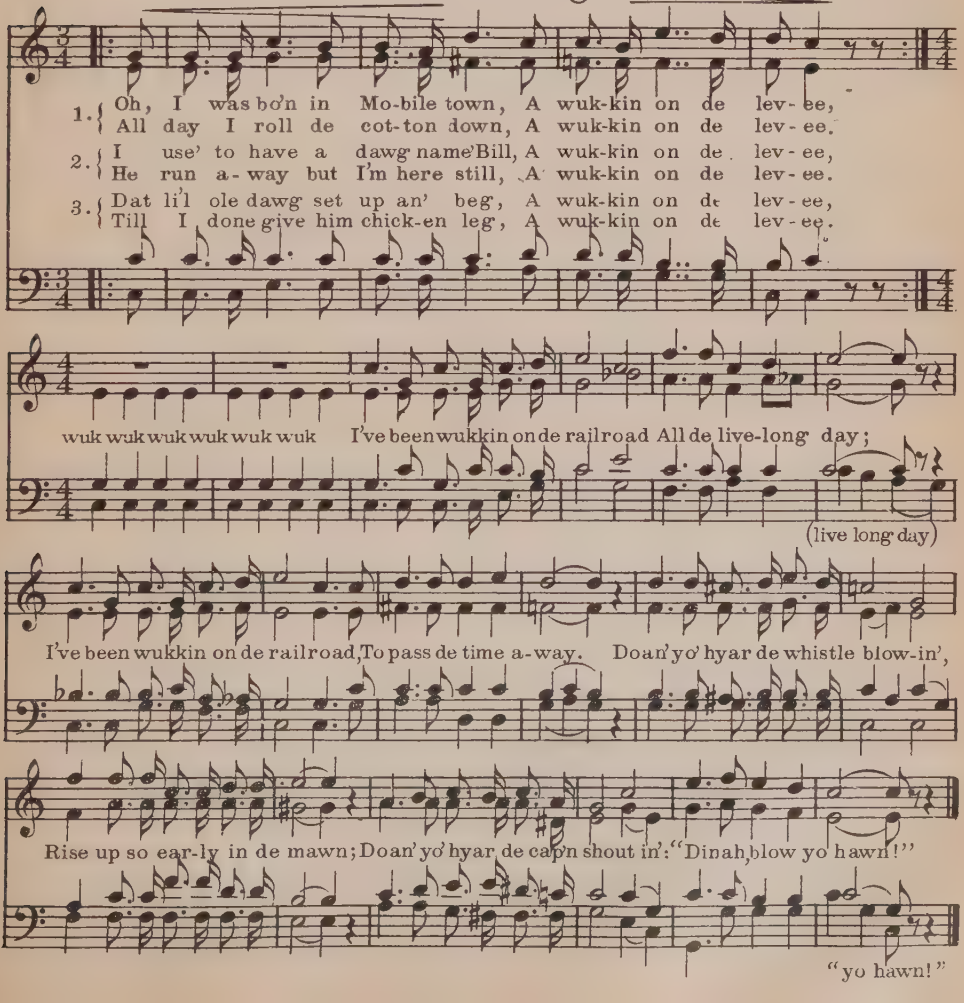
Street Urchins' Medley

(Male Voices)

Arr. by J. W. B.

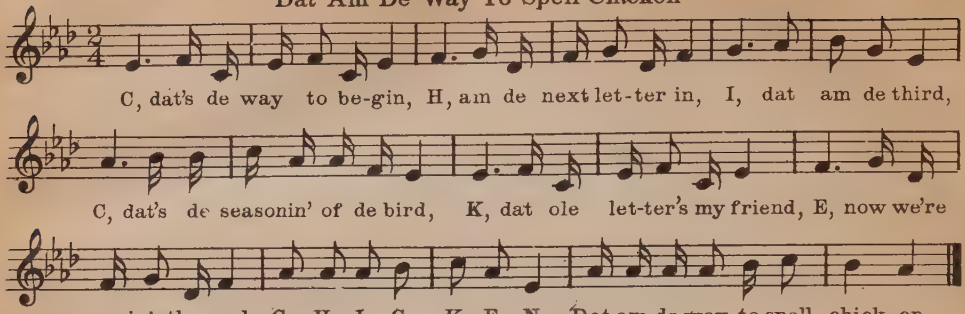

Sing a song of cities, Cities great and small; Rhyming lit-tle ditties
Tell a-bout them all. New-York has her lobsters, Boston has her
beans Bal-timore's the place for oysters, But for 'lasses New Or-leans.
𝄋 Quickly
Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, Roll 'em on the square; Roll 'em on the sidewalks, the
streets or an-y-where. We roll 'em in the morning, We roll 'em in the night, We
slower
Fine
roll dem bones the whole day long, While the cops are out of sight.
we roll dem bones.


la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Teddy and I'm always ready, my
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
D.S.
brush-es are new, my blacking is fine.
Hi there! mister! Don't you want a shine?
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Levee Song

1. Oh, I was bo'n in Mo-bile town, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
All day I roll de cot-ton down, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.
2. I use' to have a dawg name'Bill, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
He run a-way but I'm here still, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.
3. Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee,
Till I done give him chick-en leg, A wuk-kin on de lev-ee.
wuk wuk wuk wuk wuk wuk I've been wukkin on de railroad All de live-long day;
(live long day)
I've been wukkin on de railroad, To pass de time a-way. Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blow-in',
Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shout in': "Dinah, blow yo hawn!"
"yo hawn!"

Tangled Tunes

Dat Am De Way To Spell Chicken


C, dat's de way to be-gin, H, am de next let-ter in, I, dat am de third,
C, dat's de seasonin' of de bird, K, dat ole let-ter's my friend, E, now we're
near-in' the end, C - H - I - C - K - E - N. Dat am de way to spell chick-en.

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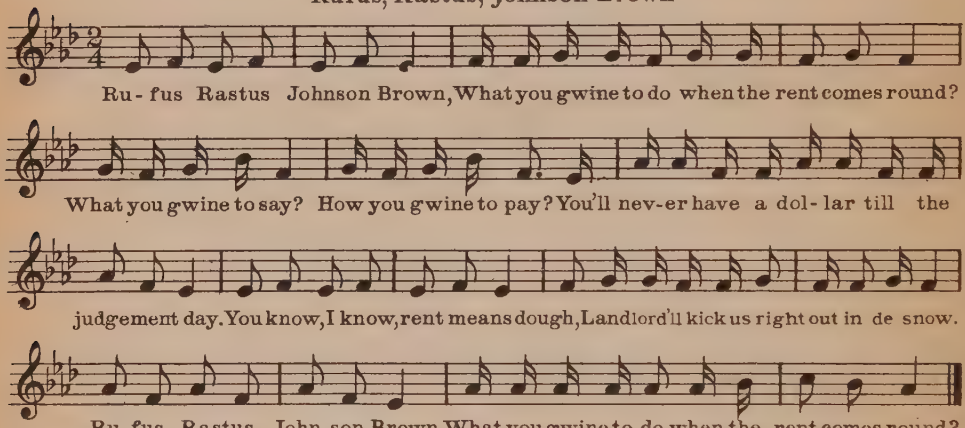
Rufus, Rastus, Johnson Brown


Ru - fus Rastus Johnson Brown, What you gwine to do when the rent comes round?
What you gwine to say? How you gwine to pay? You'll nev-er have a dol - lar till the
judgement day. You know, I know, rent means dough, Landlord'll kick us right out in de snow.
Ru-fus Rastus John-son Brown What you gwine to do when the rent comes round?

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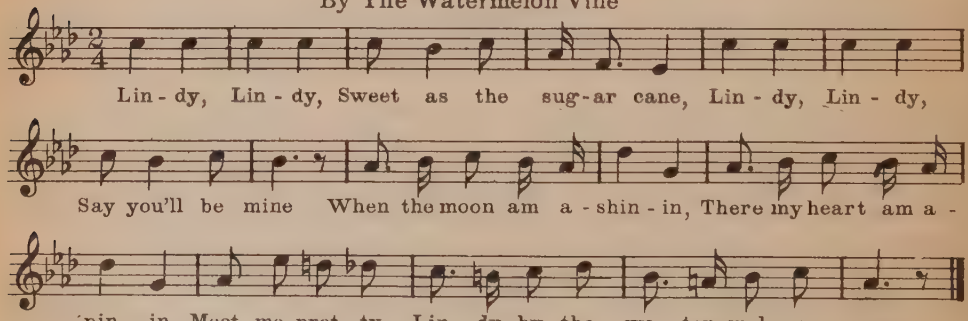
Complete song with words and music, 50 cts., postpaid.

By The Watermelon Vine


Lin - dy, Lin - dy, Sweet as the sug-ar cane, Lin - dy, Lin - dy,
Say you'll be mine When the moon am a - shin - in, There my heart am a -
pin - in, Meet me pret - ty Lin - dy by the wa - ter-mel - on vine.

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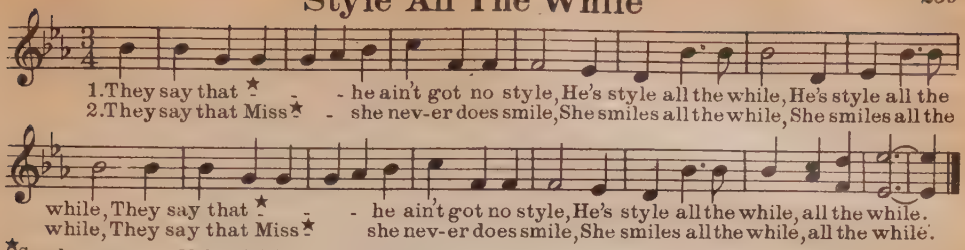
The three numbers on this page may be sung simultaneously and given in that way, they make a fine stunt number for recreational singing. The few harmonic clashes will not detract from the fun of singing three different songs at the same time.

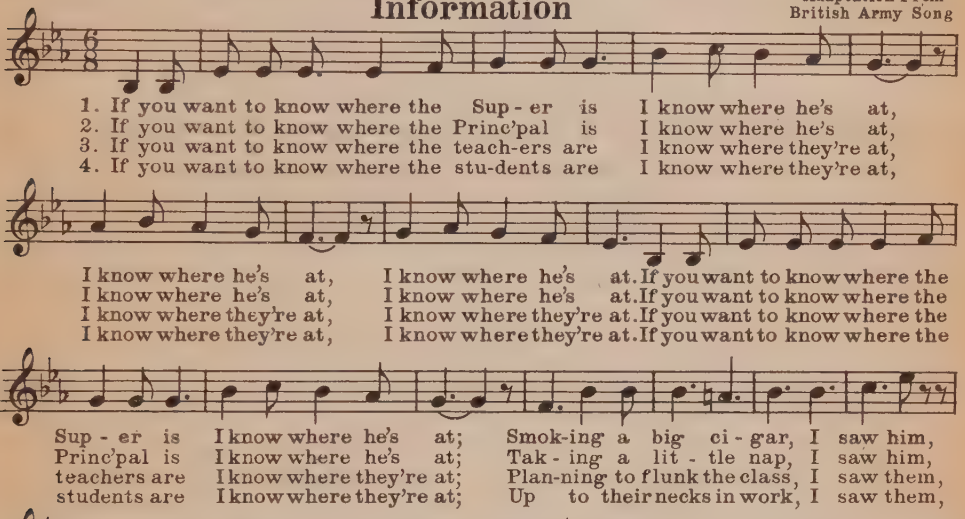
Style All The While


1. They say that ★ - - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, He's style all the
2. They say that Miss ★ - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, She smiles all the
while, They say that ★ - - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, all the while.
while, They say that Miss ★ she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, all the while.

★Supply any name. Make additional verses to suit the occasion.

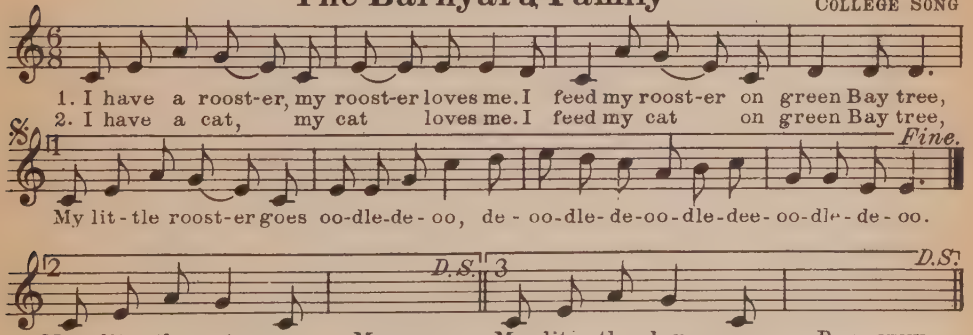
Information

Adaptation From British Army Song


1. If you want to know where the Sup - er is I know where he's at,
2. If you want to know where the Princ'pal is I know where he's at,
3. If you want to know where the teach-ers are I know where they're at,
4. If you want to know where the stu-dents are I know where they're at,
I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the
I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the
Sup - er is I know where he's at; Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him,
Princ'pal is I know where he's at; Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him,
teachers are I know where they're at; Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them,
students are I know where they're at; Up to their necks in work, I saw them,
I saw him, Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him smok-ing a big ci - gar.
I saw him, Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him tak- ing a lit - tle nap.
I saw them, Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them plan-ning to flunk the class.
I saw them, Up to their necks in work, I saw them up to their necks in work.

The Barnyard Family

COLLEGE SONG


1. I have a roost-er, my roost-er loves me. I feed my roost-er on green Bay tree,
2. I have a cat, my cat loves me. I feed my cat on green Bay tree,
Fine.
My lit - tle roost-er goes oo-dle-de- oo, de - oo-dle- de-oo-dle-dee- oo-dle- de- oo.
D.S.
D.S.
My lit - tle cat goes Me - ow. My lit - tle dog goes Bow-wow.

3. Dog-Bowwow 4. Sheep-Ba-a-a-a 5. Cow-Moo-o-o 6. Crow-Caw-Caw

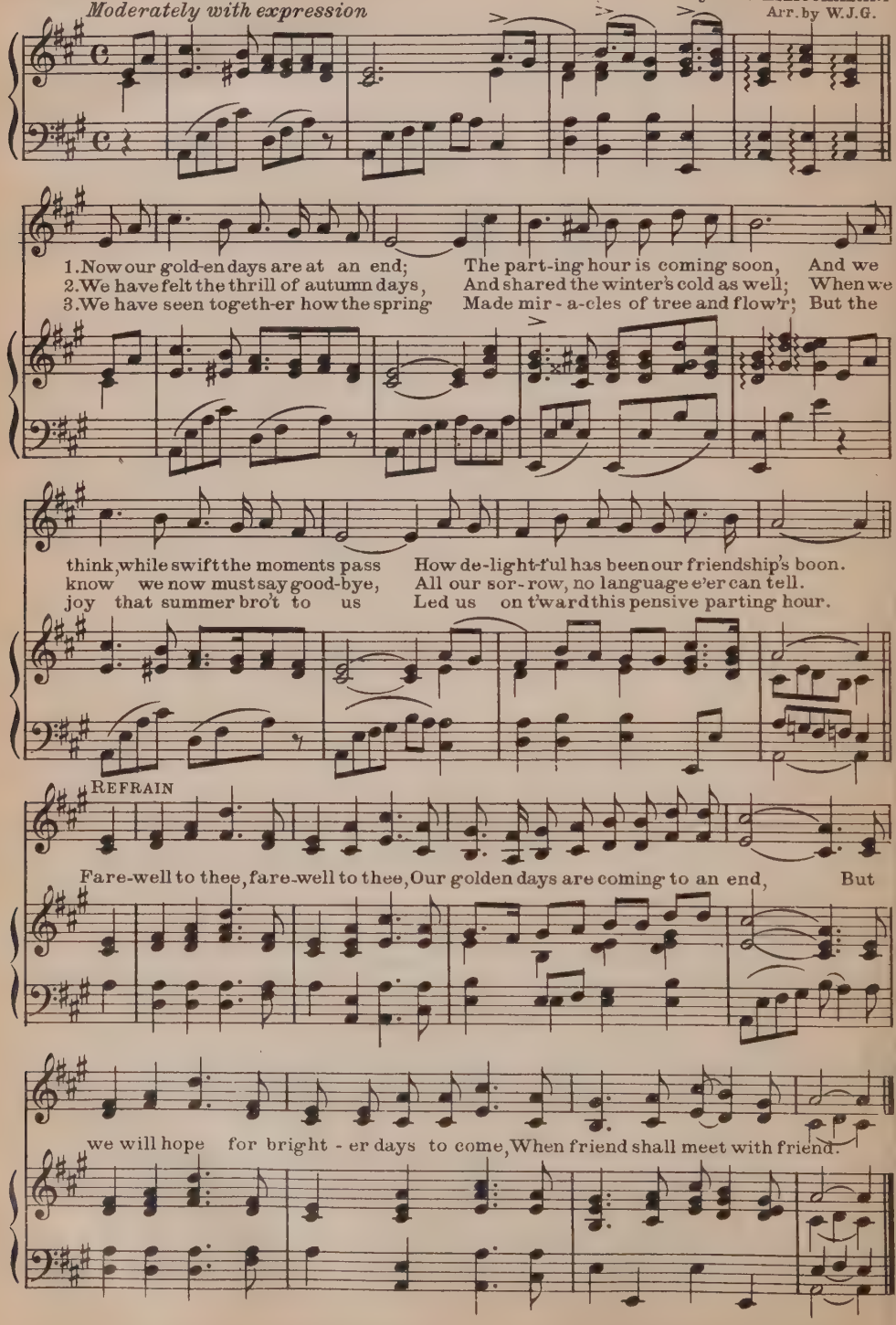
After third ending with dog call, sing last two measures of cat call and then go back to sign, finishing with rooster call. Any number of verses may be used but in each case after the new animal call has been sung, all preceding endings are sung in inverse order ending with the rooster call. Thus, if six animal calls were used in following order: rooster, cat, dog, sheep, cow, crow, the song would end: My little crow goes, caw-caw; my little cow goes, moo-o; my little sheep goes, Ba-a-a; and so on back to rooster call.

Farewell To Thee

This plaintive melody, usually appearing under the title "Aloha Oe," is said to have been written by former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. In the original text, it is a love song of parting.

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN — QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Moderately with expression — Arr. by W.J.G.


1. Now our gold-en days are at an end; The part-ing hour is coming soon, And we
2. We have felt the thrill of autumn days, And shared the winter's cold as well; When we
3. We have seen toget-h-er how the spring Made mir - a-cles of tree and flow'r; But the
think, while swift the moments pass How de-light-ful has been our friendship's boon.
know we now must say good-bye, All our sor - row, no language e'er can tell.
joy that summer bro't to us Led us on t'ward this pensive parting hour.
REFRAIN
Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Our golden days are coming to an end, But
we will hope for bright - er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.

PART THREE

A SUPPLEMENT OF

SPIRITUALS

Arranged by

WALTER GOODELL

NOTE: All special arrangements and harmonizations, as well as all original matter in this supplement, are covered by the copyright appearing on the back of the first title page of this book; therefore they cannot be used without infringement.

Roll, Jordan, Roll

SPIRITUAL

Strongly rhythmic

f–p

1. Roll, Jor - dan, roll, roll, Jor - dan, roll, I

roll

Fine.

want to go to hea - ven when I die, To hear Jor - dan roll.

Oh, broth-ers, you ought t' have been there, Yes, yes, my

been there, been there,

roll *D. C. al Fine*

Lord, my Lord! A sit-ting in the king-dom, To hear Jor-dan, Jor-dan roll.

roll

2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, etc.
3. Oh, sinners, you ought, etc.
4. Oh, mourners, you ought, etc.
5. Oh, seekers, you ought t'have been there, etc.
6. Oh, mothers, you ought, etc.
7. Oh, sisters, you ought, etc.

Oh, Wasn't That A Wide River

With strong rhythm

SPIRITUAL

1. Oh, was-n't that a wide, wide riv-er, riv-er of Jor-dan, Lord?

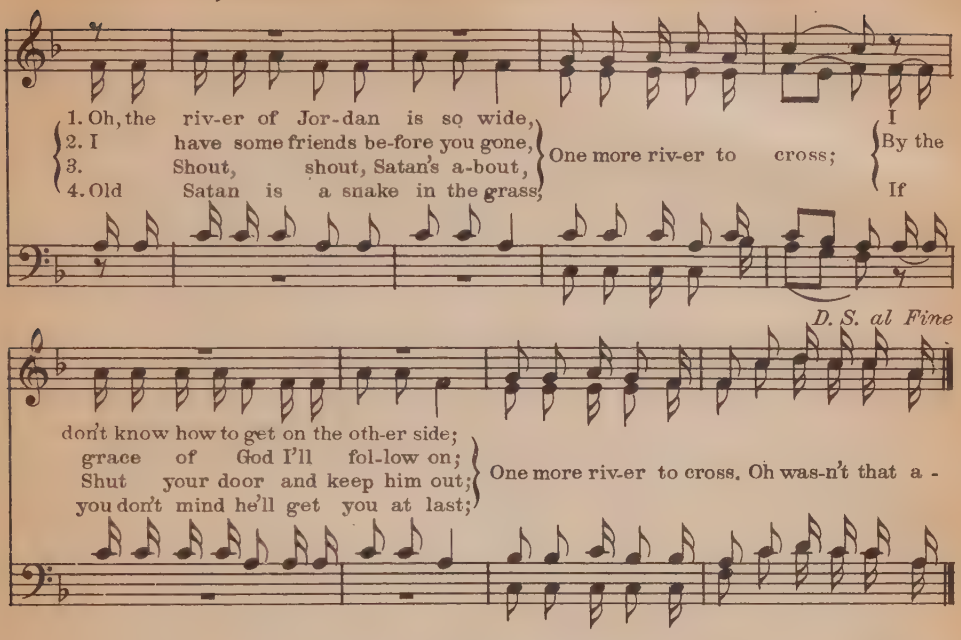
wide

1 2

Wide, wide riv-er! There's one more riv-er to cross. Oh, was-n't that a cross.

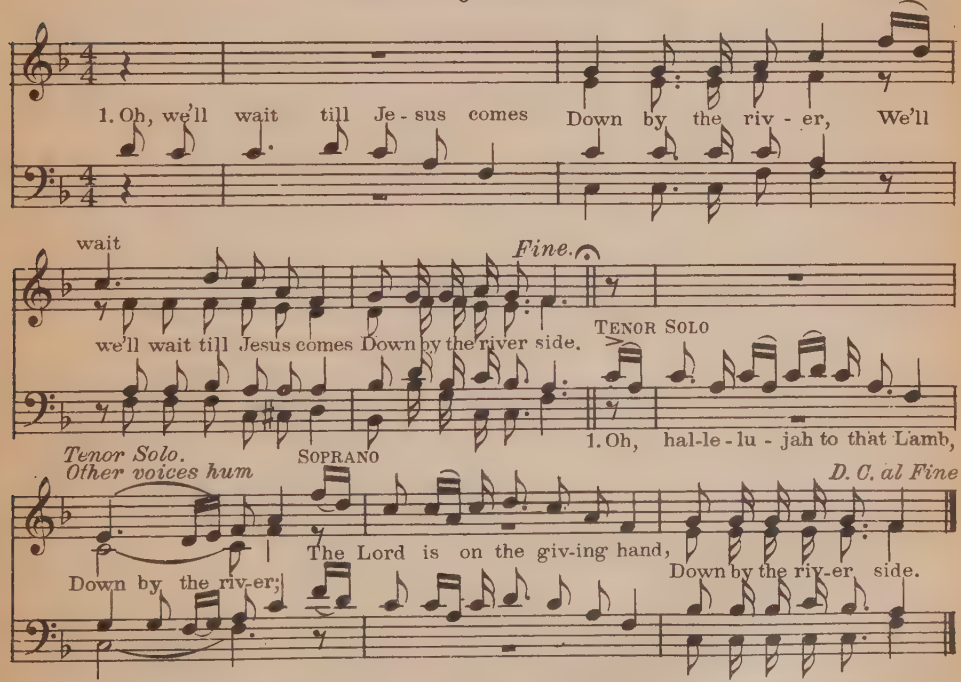
Fine

Oh, Wasn't That A Wide River - Concluded


1. Oh, the riv-er of Jor-dan is so wide,
2. I have some friends be-fore you gone,
3. Shout, shout, Satan's a-bout,
4. Old Satan is a snake in the grass;
One more riv-er to cross;
I
By the
If
D. S. al Fine
don't know how to get on the oth-er side;
grace of God I'll fol-low on;
Shut your door and keep him out;
you don't mind he'll get you at last;
One more riv-er to cross. Oh was-n't that a -

Down By The River

SPIRITUAL

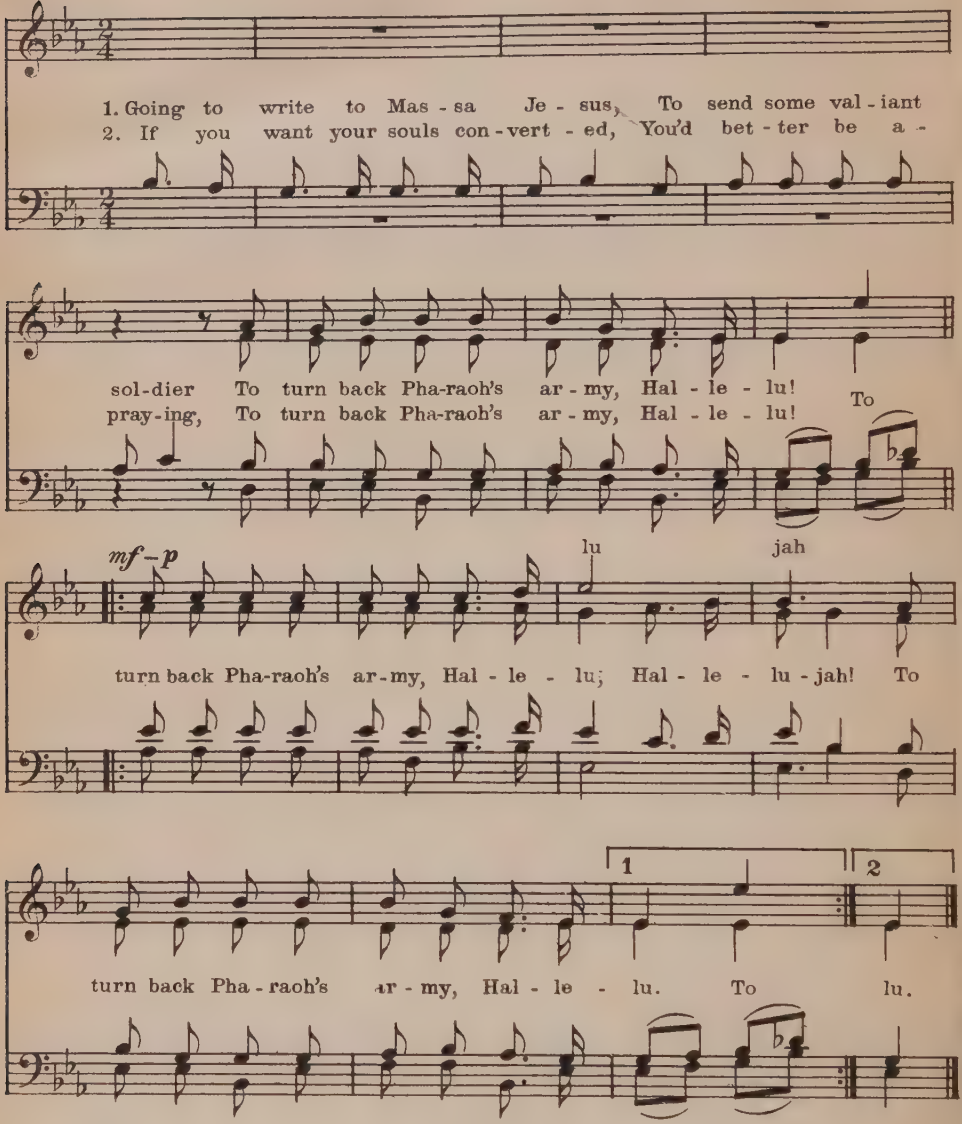

1. Oh, we'll wait till Je-sus comes Down by the riv-er, We'll
wait
Fine.
we'll wait till Jesus comes Down by the river side.
TENOR SOLO
1. Oh, hal-le-lu-jah to that Lamb,
Tenor Solo.
Other voices hum
SOPRANO
D. C. al Fine
The Lord is on the giv-ing hand,
Down by the riv-er;
Down by the riv-er side.

2. Oh, we are pilgrims here below,
Down by the river;
Oh, soon to glory we will go,
Down by the river side.

3 Oh, little did I think that He was so nigh,
Down by the river;
He spake, and made me laugh and cry,
Down by the river side.

Turn Back Pharaoh's Army

SPIRITUAL


1. Going to write to Mas - sa Je - sus, To send some val - iant
2. If you want your souls con - vert - ed, You'd bet - ter be a -
sol-dier To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu!
pray-ing, To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu!
To
lu
jah
mf–p
turn back Pha-raoh's ar-my, Hal - le - lu; Hal - le - lu - jah! To
1
2
turn back Pha - raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu. To lu.

3. You say you are a soldier,
Fighting for your Saviour,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, etc.

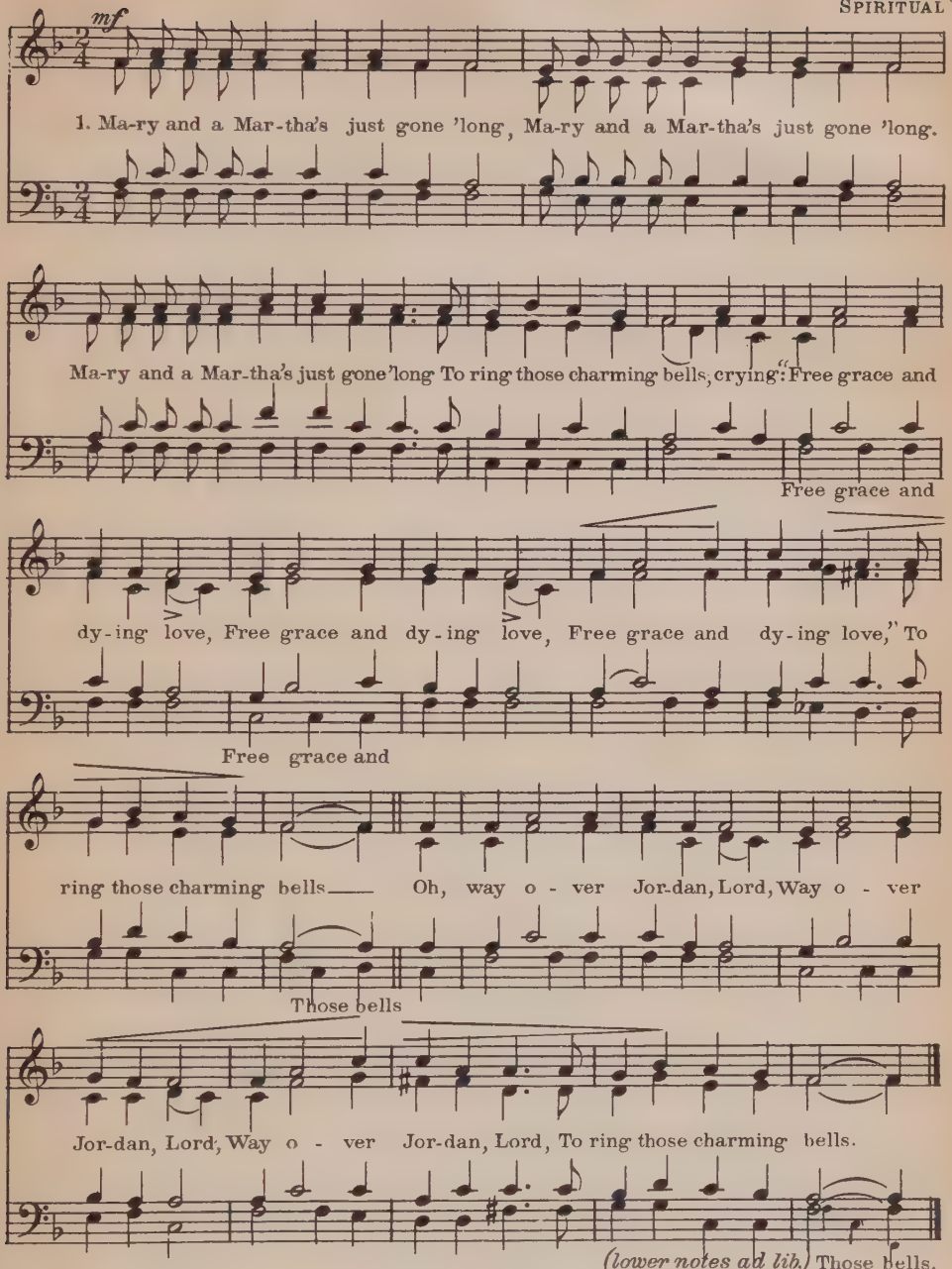
4. When the children were in bondage,
They cried unto the Lord,
He turned back Pharaoh's army, etc.

5. When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over,
And turned back Pharaoh's army, etc.

6. When Pharaoh crossed the water,
The waters came together,
And drowned ole Pharaoh's army, etc.

Mary And Martha

SPIRITUAL


mf
1. Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long, Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long.
Ma-ry and a Mar-tha's just gone 'long To ring those charming bells, crying "Free grace and
Free grace and
dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love," To
Free grace and
ring those charming bells—— Oh, way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver
Those bells
Jor-dan, Lord, Way o - ver Jor-dan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.
(lower notes ad lib.) Those bells.

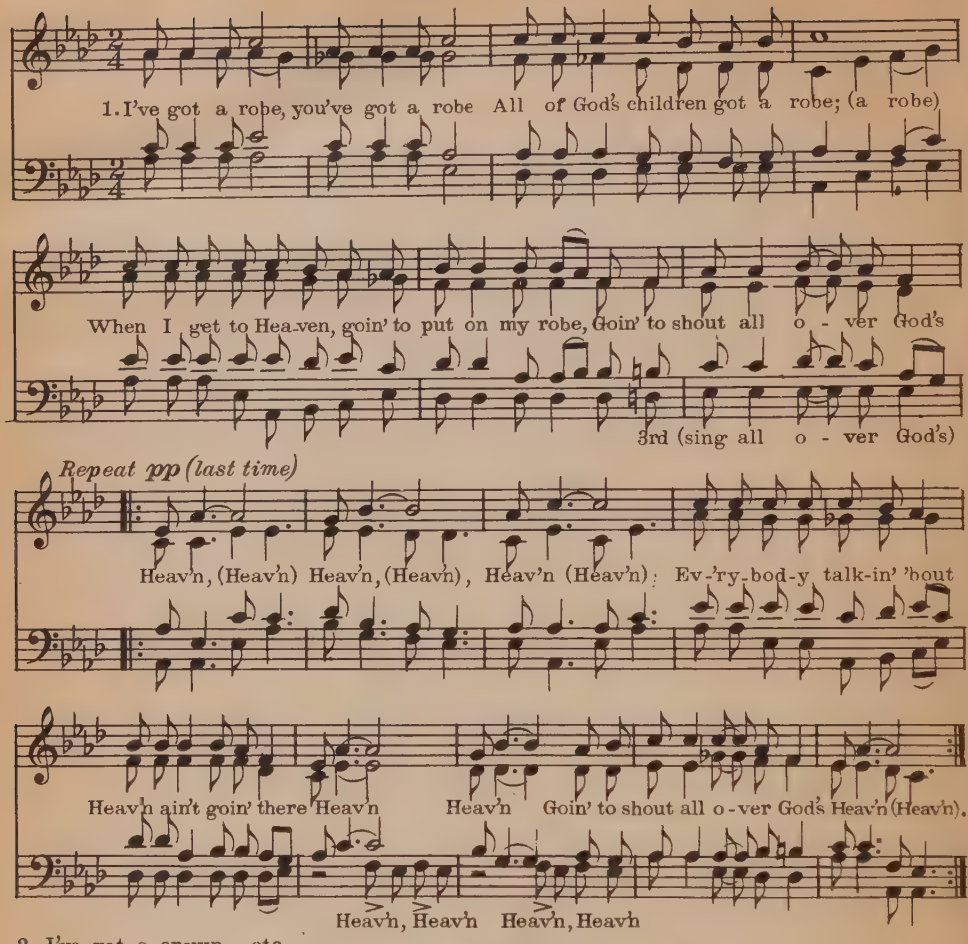
2.
The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells.—
Cho.—Crying "Free grace," etc.

3.
My father and mother's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells.—
Cho.—Crying "Free grace," etc.

4.
The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells.—
Cho.—Crying "Free grace," etc.

Heav'n, Heav'n

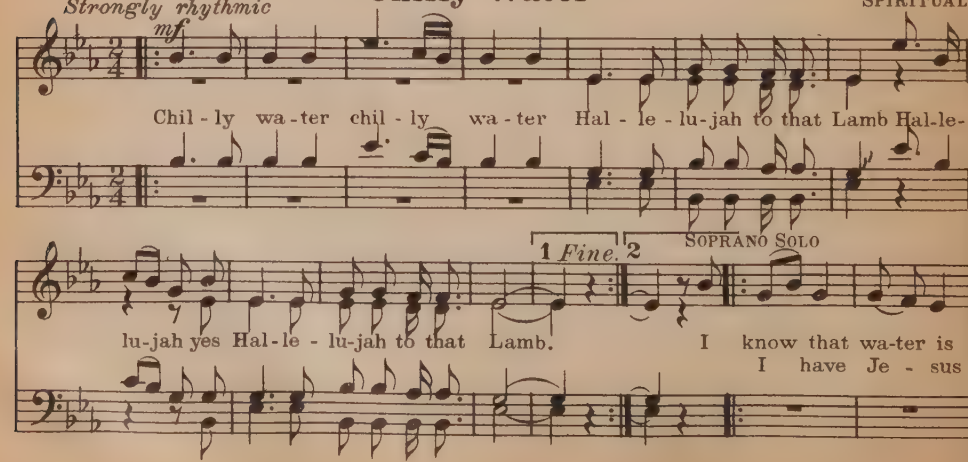
SPIRITUAL


1. I've got a robe, you've got a robe All of God's children got a robe; (a robe)
When I get to Hea-ven, goin' to put on my robe, Goin' to shout all o - ver God's
3rd (sing all o - ver God's)
Repeat pp (last time)
Heav'n, (Heav'n) Heav'n, (Heav'n), Heav'n (Heav'n); Ev-'ry-bod-y talk-in' 'bout
Heav'n ain't goin' there Heav'n Heav'n Goin' to shout all o-ver God's Heav'n (Heav'n).
Heav'n, Heav'n Heav'n, Heav'n

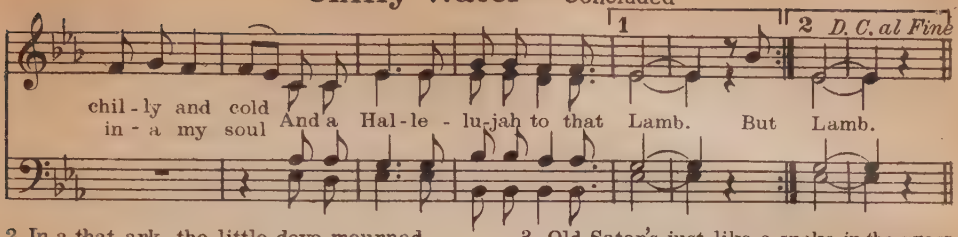
2. I've got a crown—etc.
3. I've got a song—etc. *"sing" instead of "shout"*

Chilly Water

SPIRITUAL


Strongly rhythmic
mf
Chil - ly wa - ter chil - ly wa - ter Hal - le - lu-jah to that Lamb Hal-le-
1 Fine. 2
SOPRANO SOLO
lu-jah yes Hal-le - lu-jah to that Lamb. I know that wa-ter is
I have Je - sus

Chilly Water — Concluded



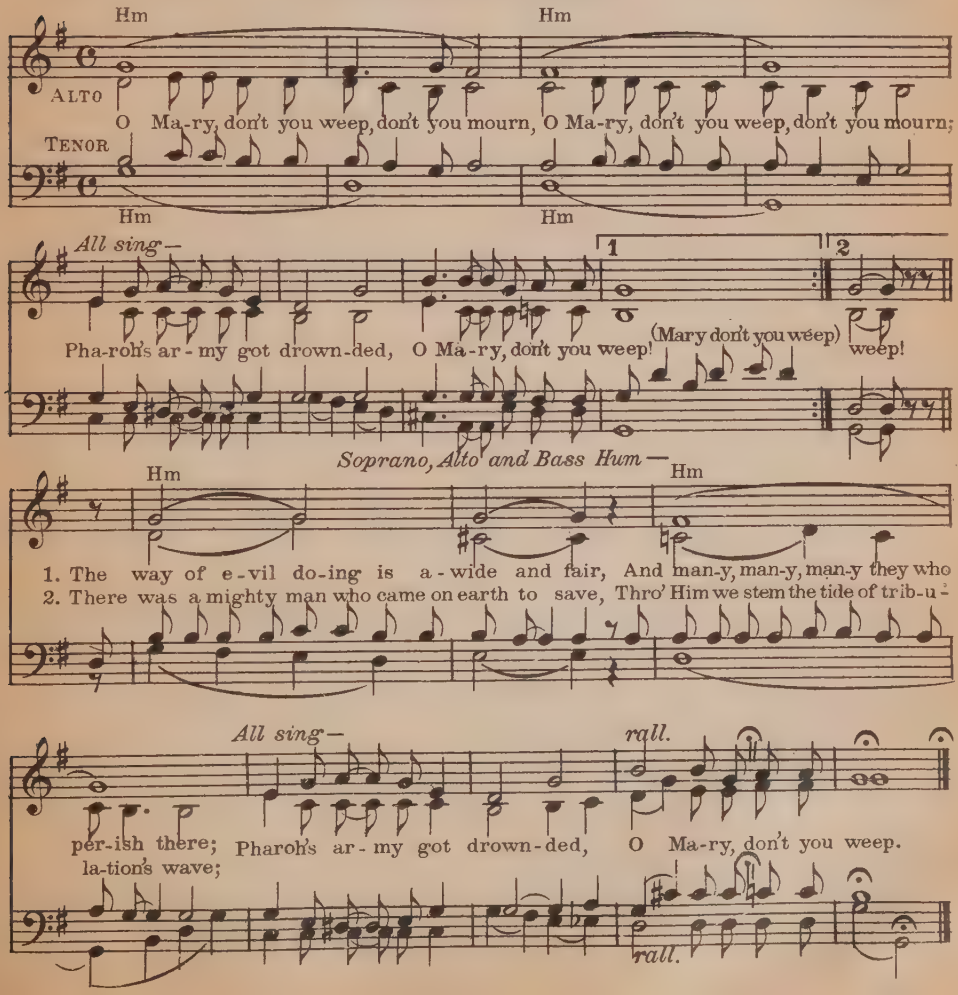
2. In a-that ark, the little dove mourned,
And hallelujah to that Lamb,
Christ Jesus standing as the corner stone,
And hallelujah to that Lamb.

3. Old Satan's just like a snake in the grass,
And hallelujah to that Lamb,
Watching for to bite you as a-you pass,
And hallelujah to that Lamb.

4. O brothers and sisters, one and all,
And hallelujah to that Lamb,
You had better be ready when the roll is called,
And hallelujah to that Lamb.

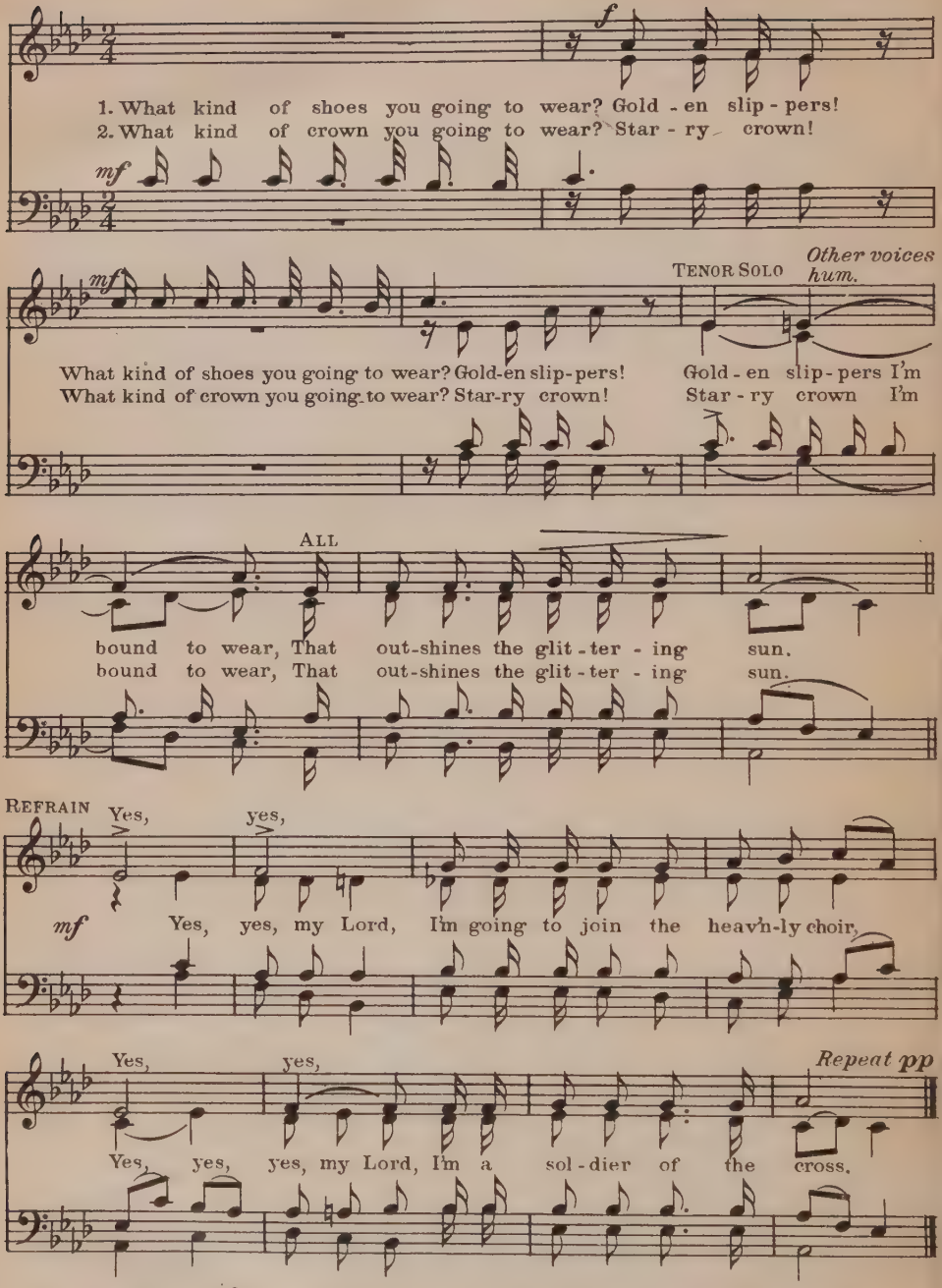
O Mary, Don't You Weep

Tenor and Alto duet. Soprano and Bass humming.

SPIRITUAL

Hm
Hm
ALTO
O Ma-ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Ma-ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn;
TENOR
Hm
Hm
All sing—
1
2
Pha-roh's ar - my got drown-ded, O Ma-ry, don't you weep!
(Mary don't you weep)
weep!
Soprano, Alto and Bass Hum —
Hm
Hm
1. The way of e-vil do-ing is a-wide and fair, And man-y, man-y, man-y they who
2. There was a mighty man who came on earth to save, Thro' Him we stem the tide of trib-u-
All sing—
rall.
per-ish there; Pharoh's ar - my got drown-ded, O Ma-ry, don't you weep.
la-tion's wave;
rall.

What Kind Of Shoes

SPIRITUAL


1. What kind of shoes you going to wear? Gold - en slip - pers!
2. What kind of crown you going to wear? Star - ry crown!
f
mf
TENOR SOLO
Other voices hum.
What kind of shoes you going to wear? Gold-en slip-pers! Gold - en slip - pers I'm
What kind of crown you going to wear? Star-ry crown! Star - ry crown I'm
ALL
bound to wear, That out-shines the glit - ter - ing sun.
bound to wear, That out-shines the glit - ter - ing sun.
REFRAIN
Yes, yes,
mf
Yes, yes, my Lord, I'm going to join the heav'n-ly choir,
Yes, yes,
Repeat pp
Yes, yes, yes, my Lord, I'm a sol - dier of the cross.

3.

What kind of robe you going to wear? White robe!
What kind of robe you going to wear? White robe!
Long white robe I'm bound to wear,
That outshines the glittering sun.

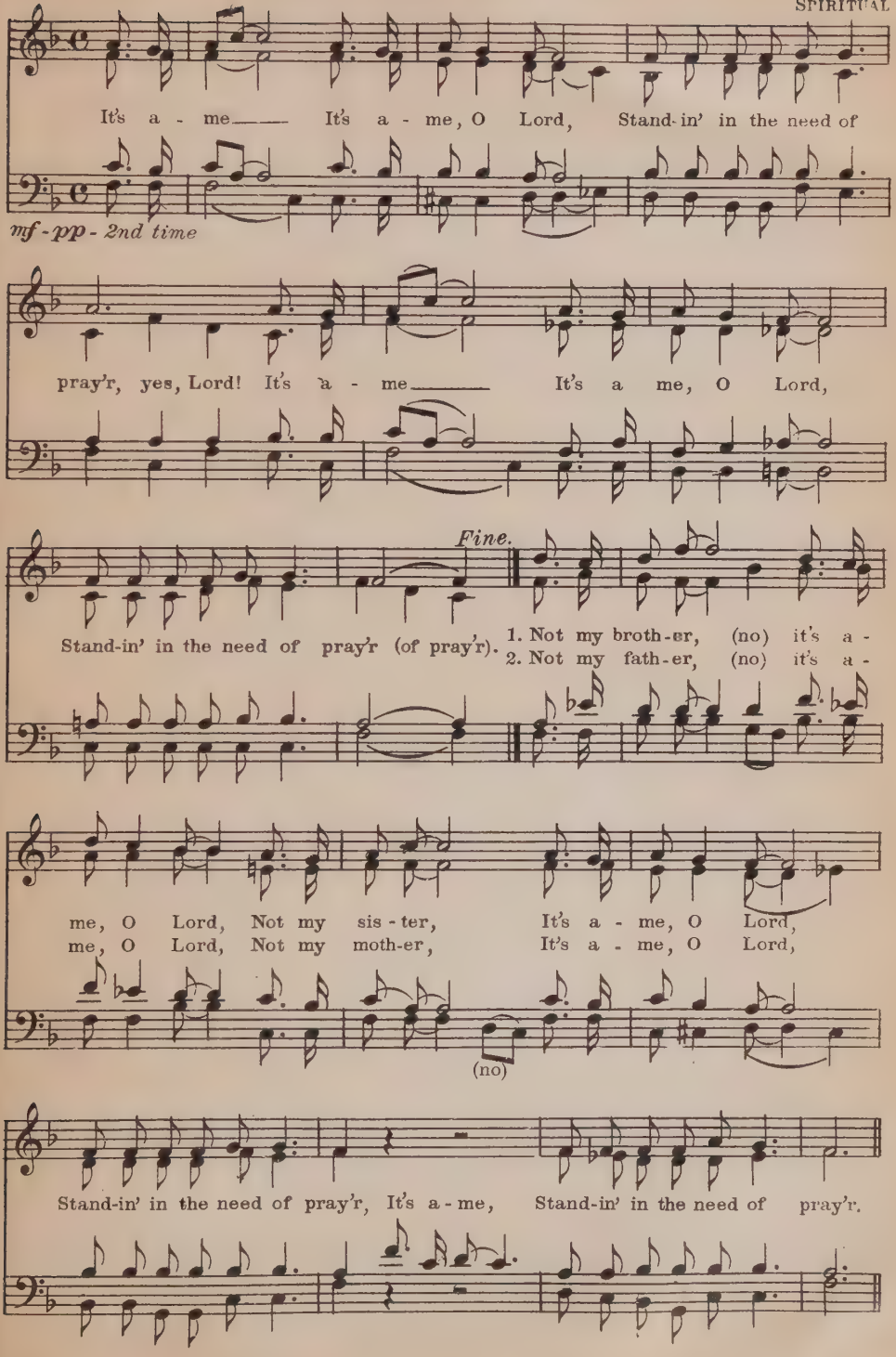
4.

What kind of song you going to sing? New song!
What kind of harp you going to play? Golden harp!
Golden harp I'm bound to play,
That outshines the glittering sun.

It's a-Me, O Lord

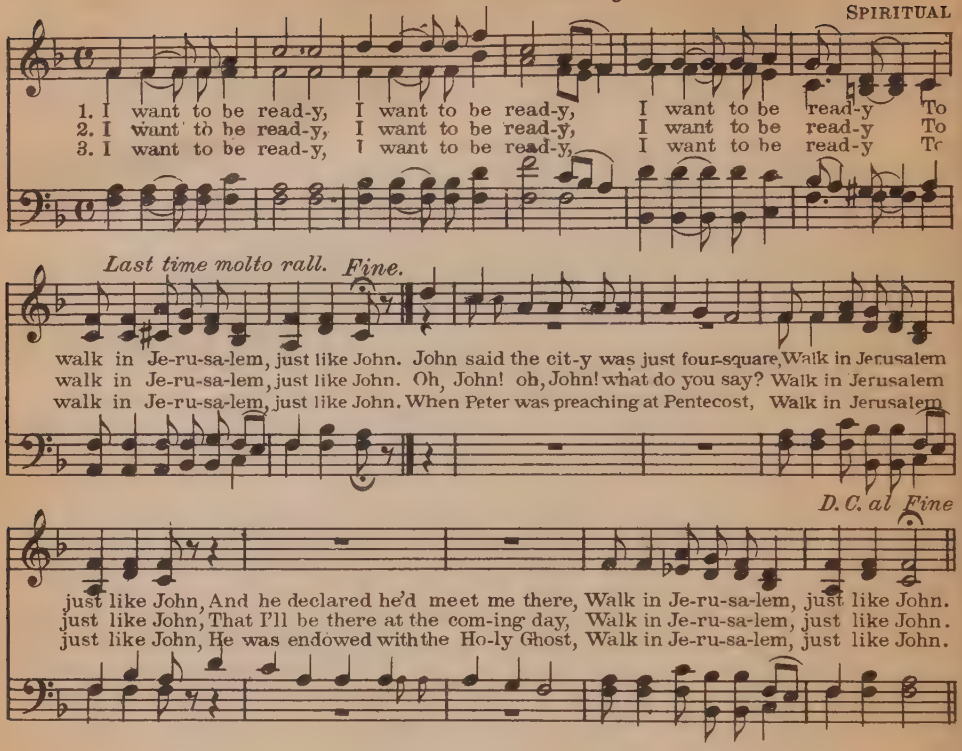
(Standin' in the Need of Prayer)

SPIRITUAL


It's a - me—— It's a - me, O Lord, Stand-in' in the need of
mf - pp - 2nd time
pray'r, yes, Lord! It's a - me—— It's a me, O Lord,
Fine.
Stand-in' in the need of pray'r (of pray'r).
1. Not my broth-er, (no) it's a -
2. Not my fath-er, (no) it's a -
me, O Lord, Not my sis - ter, It's a - me, O Lord,
me, O Lord, Not my moth-er, It's a - me, O Lord,
(no)
Stand-in' in the need of pray'r, It's a - me, Stand-in' in the need of pray'r.

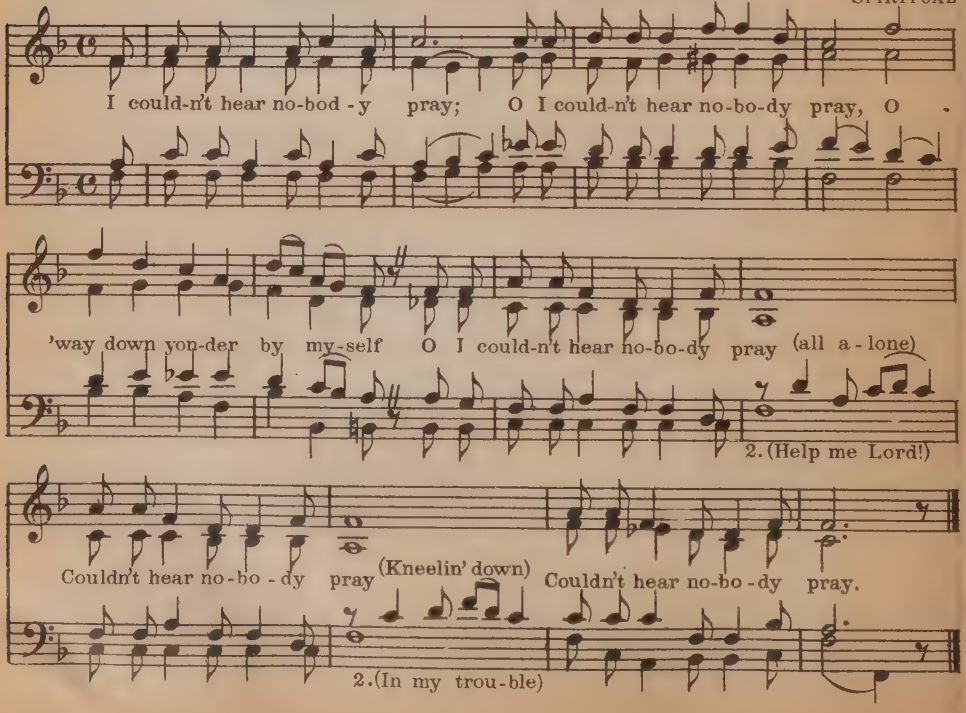
I Want To Be Ready

SPIRITUAL


1. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To
2. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To
3. I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y, I want to be read-y To
Last time molto rall. Fine.
walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. John said the cit-y was just four-square, Walk in Jerusalem
walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. Oh, John! oh, John! what do you say? Walk in Jerusalem
walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John. When Peter was preaching at Pentecost, Walk in Jerusalem
D.C. al Fine
just like John, And he declared he'd meet me there, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.
just like John, That I'll be there at the com-ing day, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.
just like John, He was endowed with the Ho-ly Ghost, Walk in Je-ru-sa-lem, just like John.

Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

SPIRITUAL


I could-n't hear no-bod-y pray; O I could-n't hear no-bo-dy pray, O
'way down yon-der by my-self O I could-n't hear no-bo-dy pray (all a-lone)
2. (Help me Lord!)
Couldn't hear no-bo-dy pray (Kneelin' down) Couldn't hear no-bo-dy pray.
2. (In my trou-ble)

Deep River

Lento
p–pp

SPIRITUAL

Deep____ Riv-er, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, Deep____

p–pp

Stop, last time only. 1 2 *Fine.*

Riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to camp-ground. camp-ground.

mf

Oh, don't you want to go to that gos-pel feast, That

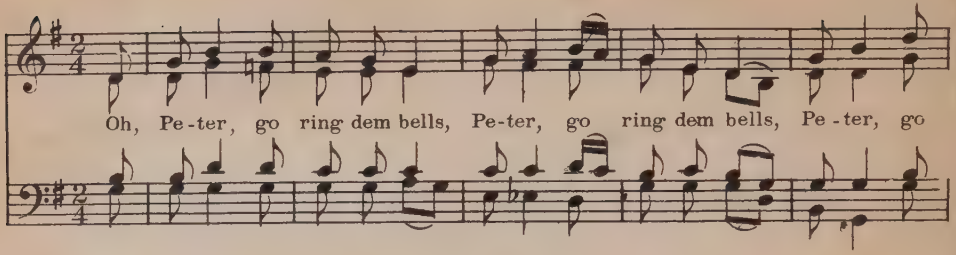
prom - is'd land where all is peace? Oh,

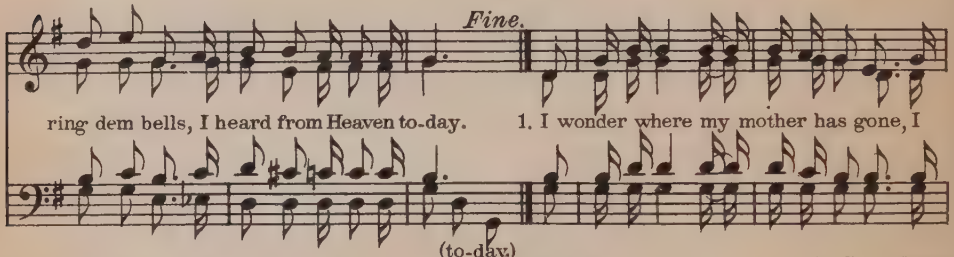
D. C. al Fine

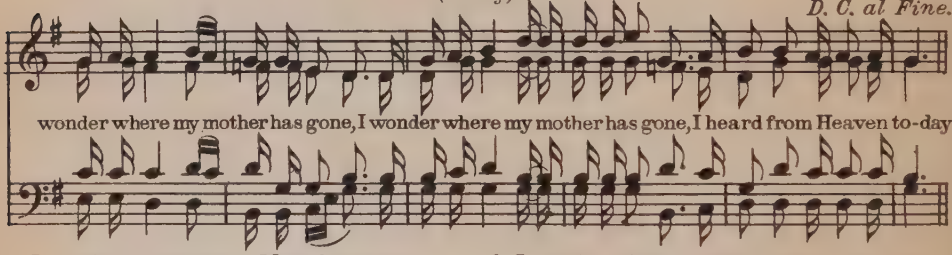
don't you want to go to that prom - is'd land where all is peace?

Oh, Peter, Go Ring Dem Bells!

SPIRITUAL



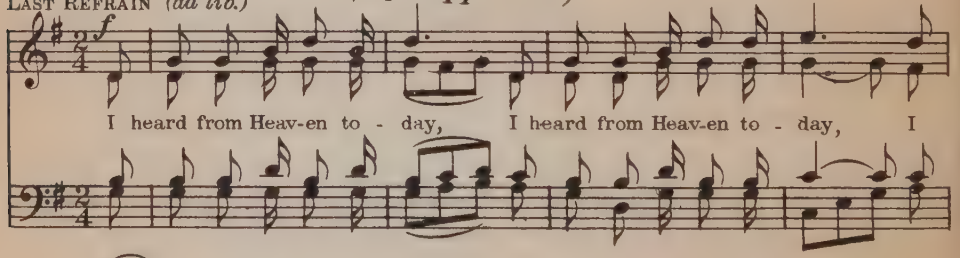


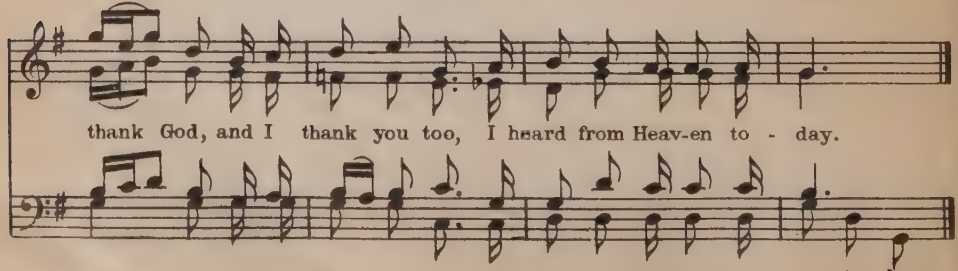


2. I wonder where sister Mary has gone,
I wonder where sister Mary has gone,
I wonder where sister Martha has gone,
I heard from Heaven to-day.

3. I wonder where brother Moses has gone,
I wonder where brother Daniel has gone,
I wonder where ol' Elijah has gone,
I heard from Heaven to-day.

LAST REFRAIN *(ad lib.)* *(Repeat pp - ad lib.)*





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*Complete orchestral and band parts for all the selections marked with asterisks are included in the instrumentation of the Golden Book of Favorite Songs. Send for information regarding this instrumentation.

HALL & McCREARY COMPANY, CHICAGO

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